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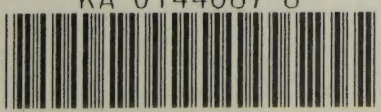

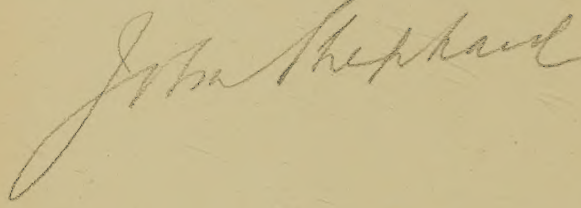

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# THE LIFE OF

# EDWARD WHITE BENSON

# THE LIFE OF

# EDWARD WHITE BENSON

## SOMETIME ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

BY HIS SON

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON

OF ETON COLLEGE

*"Not only to believe on Him, but also to suffer for His sake, having the same conflict which ye saw in me, and now hear to be in me."*

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

London

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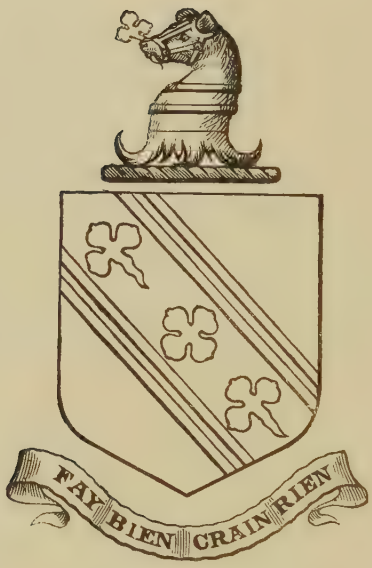
Mayall, photo Brighton. Walker & Boutall, photo

*Edward White Benson, D.D.*
*Head Master of Wellington College.*
*1867.*

## *To My Mother.*

*To her who loved him best, whom he loved best;*
*To her, who gave her life to guard, to tend,*
*To comfort; loving wife, deep-hearted friend,*
*True comrade, to the threshold of his rest:—*
*Not with unreasoning worship softly drest*
*To please his mood, but subtly wise to blend*
*Large love with tender counsel, to unbend*
*The anxious brow, and cheer the labouring breast.*

*Therefore, because to-day the sacred fires*
*Of Love and Loss burn gently, fragrantly,*
*I who have drawn his likeness, drawn with tears,*
*Proud tears, and infinite longings, great desires,*
*The loving labour of laborious years*
*In love, in hope, I consecrate to thee.*




ARCHBISHOP BENSON'S ARMS.

# PREFACE.

WHEN I was beginning to consider the possibility of writing a Memoir of my father, I received the following letter from the Bishop of Durham, to whom a common friend had written saying that he had dissuaded me from attempting it:—

AUCKLAND CASTLE,
BISHOP AUCKLAND.
*Dec.* 29, 1896.

MY DEAR ARTHUR,

I feel very strongly that it would be almost 'impiety' for any one to attempt to write your father's Life but yourself. The work comes to you as a sacred charge. Every one I am sure who has knowledge will feel the same.

Forgive me for writing. It will be a great and difficult work, but it is your work.

Ever yours affectionately,

B. F. DUNELM.

These words, from one of my father's oldest and dearest friends, practically removed any doubts I had entertained on the subject. I accordingly made up my mind to attempt the task. I have been marvellously assisted by certain conditions; (1) by the perfect order in which

my father kept his letters and papers; (2) by the readiness with which his friends and contemporaries contributed their recollections; and (3) by the extreme fulness with which in later days he wrote in his Diary the daily events of his life, so that the account of his Primacy is mainly autobiographical; indeed, the existence of this Diary, which is one of the most complete and candid documents which it has ever been my lot to study, made the relation of the years of his Primacy a comparatively easy task.

I may perhaps say a word further of the Diary: not a quarter of what my father wrote is here given: for many reasons it would be impossible, consistently with the exercise of a seemly discretion, to publish it in full in the present generation; but it is so minute in detail, so frankly outspoken in criticism and appreciation, and reveals so deep a devotion and so eager a character, that I cannot help hoping that it may eventually be possible to give more of it to the world.

Up till the time of his acceptance of the Primacy my father was brought into connection with interesting people, but not with public events; he was not given to wasting much time in ambitious reveries; the work that he was engaged in, the position that he occupied, always, most characteristically, appeared to him to be the most important work and the most momentous position in England. His biography is simply the history of an intensely vivid nature, touching life at many points—through antiquity, history, art, religion, literature and tradition, and throwing itself with equal ardour into all. The day was never long enough for my father, and even at night he lived in fantastic and fiery dreams.

There appeared to be no choice between slowly and gradually evolving an elaborate work, which should be a minute contribution to the ecclesiastical history of the time,—and for that my professional life as well as my own capacity afforded little opportunity—and sketching in broad outlines and rapid strokes, with as much living detail as possible, a biographical portrait. I have therefore not hurried the reader through the earlier years, in order to expand the more eventful scenes of the Primacy, but have endeavoured to let the life reveal the gradual growth in holiness, in purpose, and in wisdom which by degrees of grace fitted my father to wield a great influence, to direct a huge organisation, and to inspire potent ideals. It seemed better to attempt to draw as careful a picture of my father's life and character as possible, and to touch on events through the medium of personality rather than reveal personality through events; and it has seemed the truest piety to preserve as far as possible the due proportions of light and shade in the biography; if the attitude I have adopted may seem almost too detached or critical, I honoured and loved my father too much to be misunderstood by any who knew what our relations were. As to reticence, I hold that I discharge a greater duty by drawing a true picture of a man of intense vigour and decision, of eager life and lively faith, in these uncertain, frivolous and restless days, than if I held my tongue and allowed his radiant example to appeal only to the narrower circle of those whose privilege it was to know and love that stately presence, that commanding look, and that swift and generous spirit while it was still with us on earth.

It need hardly be said that a work of this kind could

not possibly have been undertaken or carried through without the cordial sympathy and active assistance of my father's dear friends and fellow-labourers. I enumerate below a few of those to whom I have special obligations, or who have rendered me the most definite help;—and I cannot express my gratitude too strongly for the affectionate patience with which they have answered my enquiries, and for the eager warmth and unfailing sympathy with which they have met me. But besides those to whom I here express my particular thanks, there are innumerable other friends who have given me the most ready and willing aid; and I can only express my regret that I have not space to extend still further my list of benefactors. Of my mother's sympathy and assistance this is perhaps not the place to speak, but any reader of the book will see how much I owe her all through; and I may also add that I could hardly have accomplished my task at all, if it had not been for the loving help given me by my sister, who has not only offered very many fruitful suggestions, but has largely cooperated with me in the arrangement and construction of the second volume.

My thanks are due in the first place to Her Majesty the Queen, for the gracious permission accorded me to publish both letters of her own written to my father, and also other documents; to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, for a similar privilege; to the Bishop of Winchester, who has given me the most generous assistance and wise criticism throughout; to Canon C. B. Hutchinson and Mr Edmund Gosse, who have seen the book through its initial stages, and suggested many necessary additions and corrections, besides supplying me with interesting reminiscences; to Chancellor Dibdin, who has not only put his own

essay at my disposal, but has given me much help of a special and technical kind. For valuable contributions, careful advice, or the loan of important letters, to Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, the Lady Mabel Lindsay, Miss Wordsworth, Miss Susan Wordsworth, the Rev. R. M. Moorsom, Mr Arthur Coleridge, Archdeacon Gifford, Mr H. Lee Warner, Professor Henry Sidgwick, the Rev. Arthur Carr, Mr E. M. Oakeley, the Rev. Walter Moyle, the Dean of Lincoln, the Dean of Westminster, the Bishop of Durham, the Bishop of St Asaph, the Bishop of St Andrews, the Bishop of Salisbury, the Dean of Rochester, Canon F. E. Carter, the Rev. J. A. Reeve, of Lambeth, the Rev. Professor Mason, the Archbishop of York, the Archbishop of Capetown, the Lord Chancellor, Viscount Halifax, the Bishop of Wakefield, Bishop Blyth, the Bishop of Natal, Bishop Macrorie, Sir Richard Webster, Q.C., M.P., the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P., the Right Hon. Sir Henry Fowler, M.P., Lord Ashcombe, Lord Stanmore, the Right Hon. J. G. Talbot, M.P., the Hon. W. F. D. Smith, M.P., Mr H. Picton, M.P., the Right Hon. Herbert Gladstone, M.P., the Rev. F. W. Puller, the Rev. Chancellor Crowfoot, the Rev. Chancellor Worlledge, the Rev. Prebendary Maddison, the Very Rev. A. J. Macleane, Mr Henry Wagner, Dr A. W. Verrall, the Rev. C. W. Penny[1], the Rev. L. J. White-Thomson, the Rev. Prebendary Tucker, the Rev. R. M. Blakiston, the Rev. J. S. Brownrigg, the Rev. C. E. Fox, Secretary of the C.M.S., Miss A. Hutchinson, Mrs Margoliouth, Mr Duncan M^c^Innes, Mr Athelstan Riley, Mr Alexis Larpent, the Rev. Montague Fowler, the Rev. Colin Campbell, the Rev. E. L. Ridge, the Editor and Proprietor of the

[1] Mr Penny died March 30th, 1898.

*Quarterly Review*, the Editor of the *National Review*, and all others who in response to my appeal sent me letters and papers of interest. To my cousin, William Hatchett Jackson, of Keble College, Oxford, who has assisted me with the proofs and given me much useful information; to Mr R. Harold Paget, of Oxford, who has compiled the Index and Contents; to Mr F. E. B. Duff, of King's College, Cambridge, who has arranged the Bibliography; and to my friend, Hugh R. E. Childers, of the Inner Temple, who has revised, verified and corrected the book throughout.

ARCHBISHOP BENSON'S BOOKPLATE.

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# CHAPTER I.

## EARLY LIFE AND FAMILY.

"*Vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum*
*Splendet in mensa tenui salinum.*" HORACE.

THE name Benson is pre-eminently unromantic; it suggests (quite erroneously) a Hebrew patronymic, being as a matter of fact, as Mr Henry Bradshaw proved, nothing but the Scandinavian name Björnson, a hunter's appellation, "Son of the Bear." It has no patrician savour, nor any particular historical associations; moreover no certain connection can be established between the family of the Archbishop and the families of the few eminent Bensons.

The Archbishop was descended from a stock of Yorkshire yeomen—"dalesmen" to give them their proper name—"the rude forefathers of the hamlet"—"simple persons," as Michel Angelo said, "who wore no gold on their garments"; or as Lucretius wrote:

> An ancient race, to simple duties vowed,
> In narrow bounds an easy life endured[1].

The earliest ancestor discoverable is a certain Thomas Benson, Ranger or *Forestiarius* of the Nidderdale Forest belonging to Fountains Abbey. He acquired the freehold, on the dissolution of the Abbey, of the forest lodge of Branga which he inhabited. On the small estate, now

[1] "*Anticum genus ut pietate repletum,*
*Perfacile angustis tolerarit finibus aevum.*" LUCR. II. 1167.

known as Banger Houses, near the secluded hamlet of Thornthwaite, in the parish of Pateley Bridge, ruled a succession of sturdy yeomen, son inheriting from father for nearly three hundred years. Then came a generation of mercantile enterprise. About the middle of the eighteenth century a Christopher Benson, who enjoyed the patriarchal title of "Old Christopher" in the dale, made a modest fortune, and acquired land and houses at Pateley Bridge, and at the end of the same century we find two of his sons, Christopher and Edward Benson, the former a substantial York merchant, and the latter a prosperous man of business living in a prebendal house in the Close at Ripon.

Edward's eldest son, White Benson, was born at Ripon in 1777, the same year in which his father succeeded to an estate left him by Mr Francis White, the Chapter Clerk of Ripon, for no better reason than that they had often been partners in a rubber of whist.

Christopher Benson of York left two daughters, both well-endowed with this world's goods. One of them, Eleanor Sarah, married her first cousin, White Benson, the Archbishop's grandfather: the other married a large mill-owner of Skipton, Mr William Sidgwick, my mother's grandfather; thus the Archbishop and his future wife were second cousins.

White Benson, a brilliant and attractive young fellow, went into the Army, entering the 6th Royals, Warwickshire Regiment. He was the friend and boon companion of his Colonel, Prince William Frederick, afterwards Duke of Gloucester: he left the Army with the rank of Captain, having by reckless extravagance and high play dissipated a handsome fortune; his wife's estate of Harefield, close to Pateley Bridge, was sold to pay his debts. He had mild literary tastes, and published a volume of poems and ballads.

White Benson's sister married first a lawyer named

Margaret (Hodgson)
Mrs. Christopher Benson
from a miniature.

Christopher Benson
in the Uniform of the Yorkshire Yeomanry.
from a miniature.

Captain White Benson,
(6th Royal Warwickshire Regiment)
from a miniature.

Mary (Crofts)
Mrs. William Selzmith
from a Sketch [illegible]
by [illegible]

Mc Queen Bros. sc

Skepper, and secondly Basil Montagu, Q.C. Her daughter by the previous marriage married Bryan Waller Procter, the poet, better known as Barry Cornwall. Thus the Archbishop's second cousin was Adelaide Anne Procter, the poetical writer.

Mrs Basil Montagu's daughter, Emily Montagu, married a Count William de Viry, and secondly the Count de Revel; her children, also the Archbishop's second cousins, were Albert de Viry, an officer in the French Army, now dead, and Marie de Viry, who is still alive as Sœur Marguerite in a Convent at Annecy, of which she has been Superior.

Mrs White Benson was left a young widow with an only son, Edward White Benson (1800—1843), my grandfather, a clever, sickly child; he received a careful scientific education. The movements of the pair are difficult to trace. Mrs White Benson, in the hopes of finding health for the frail child, took houses in various parts of the country. We hear of the little boy going to Bishopthorpe and being petted by Archbishop Vernon Harcourt and his daughters; I have still in my possession some books given him by the Countess of Mansfield, a daughter of Archbishop Markham, who had known Captain Benson. They visited London, and met Mr Wordsworth the poet at the Montagus' house. The boy, who little dreamed that his own son was to be Archbishop of Canterbury, left on record that the most awe-inspiring sight he had ever seen was Archbishop Vernon Harcourt of York, in his wig, descending from his carriage at the west door of York Minster.

Mrs White Benson eventually married the Rev. Stephen Jackson, curate-in-charge of Sheldon in Warwickshire: here her son was brought up, writing and reading much, and practising chemical expériments in the production of colours. Edward White Benson, possessing a modest

competence out of the wreck of his father's fortune, married young,—a Miss Harriet Baker,—and endeavoured to supplement his little income by setting up as a chemical manufacturer in Birmingham. It is curious to note that the Baker family were staunch Unitarians; but Harriet Baker joined the Church of England before her marriage to my grandfather, who was a strong Evangelical.

They were married in August 1826, and my father was born on July 14th, 1829, being the eldest child. The house in which he first saw the light was No. 72, Lombard Street, Birmingham, then a pleasant street of old-fashioned houses, with gardens; it is now overbuilt with factories.

My grandfather was an author; he published two books, *Education at Home* and *Essays on the Works of God*, besides being a contributor to scientific journals and encyclopaedias. Botany was also a hobby of his, and he was gratified by receiving the diploma of Fellow from the Royal Botanical Society of Edinburgh. The *Osmunda Regalis* was his favourite plant, and in the picture we possess of him he is represented as sitting in his red leather armchair with a sprig of this noble fern between his fingers. The beds of *Osmunda Regalis* in the wet Cornish valleys were always a delight to my father from early association, and not only would he not allow us to pick off sprays, but he used to be extremely indignant with collectors who dug up specimens.

My grandfather was a considerable inventor, his chief discoveries being the "nitric acid dipping-bath" for electrotyping purposes, a method of producing soda carbonate, a process for manufacturing white-lead which is still known by his name, a process for the manufacture of cobalt, certain photographic improvements, and several other minor inventions. But he was a most unbusiness-like man, and, though considerable fortunes were made out of

No. 72, LOMBARD STREET, BIRMINGHAM.
THE HOUSE WHERE THE ARCHBISHOP WAS BORN.

*From a drawing by Henry Tuite.*

*To face page 4, vol. i*

at least three of his inventions, he never succeeded in acquiring any money for himself.

One word about my father's brothers and sisters; the family consisted, beside my father, of:

1. Harriet, who died young.

2. Eleanor Bowes, born 1833, who married, as his second wife, Mr Thomas Hare, of Gosbury Hill, Hook, Surrey. Mr Hare was the inventor of a well-known system of Parliamentary Representation[1], the methods which he advocated being adopted in Denmark. He was Assistant Charity Commissioner for many years. Mrs Hare died in 1890, and her only child predeceased her.

3. Christopher, born 1835, who was paralysed as a child, and never recovered the use of his limbs. He lived for the greater part of his life in Germany, at Wiesbaden; he married Agnes, daughter of Professor Walker of Oxford, and died in 1890.

4. Emmeline, born 1837, who, of the eight, alone survives, married the Rev. George Girdlestone Woodhouse, Vicar of Yealmpton near Plymouth (who died in 1897), and has several surviving children.

5. Ada, born 1840, who was first Headmistress successively of the High Schools at Norwich, Oxford and Bedford. She married Mr Andrew McDowall, and died in 1882, leaving two children. She was one of the pioneers of the Girls' High School movement.

6. Charles, born 1842, who was for many years Manager of the Oakeley Slate Quarries at Portmadoc in North Wales. He died in 1893.

7. William, twin-brother of Charles, who died as a child.

It is a curious fact that of old Mr Christopher Benson's descendants no fewer than twelve have adopted the

[1] *The Election of Representatives, Parliamentary and Municipal.* London, Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans and Roberts, 1859 (3 subsequent editions).

profession of teaching, either at the University or at public schools; that ten have taken first-class honours at one or other University, and that fourteen have published books of some kind. This is, I think, a singular record of kindred tastes and literary activity.

My father was not baptized till the 31st March, 1830. The view which even religious-minded Churchmen took of baptism was very different from the view which prevails now. At St Martin's Church, Birmingham, on Sundays, there were held what were called "public christenings," at which the persons to be baptized were arranged round the Communion rails, and sprinkled from the font with a brush, like a Roman asperging brush. Some of the candidates would be nine or ten years old, some younger children, some infants carried in a parent's or sponsor's arms. But it is interesting to record that Mrs Chavasse, daughter of Mr Stephen Jackson and thus my father's half-aunt, remembers that my grandfather, though a pronounced Evangelical, and holding high Sacramental views in suspicion, used to say that these "public" christenings were a scandal, and that consequently the Archbishop was baptized "privately," that is, by special appointment, by the Rev. J. Byers, in St Martin's Church, together with three other children, the parents and sponsors only being present. She was staying with my grandparents at the time, but was prevented from attending the ceremony.

My father could just remember his maternal grandfather, Mr Thomas Baker, who had been Headmaster of the Lancastrian School, and was afterwards Inspector of the Birmingham Markets. His portrait represents a clerical-looking personage in a high-collared black coat and a carefully tied white tie, with his fingers, emerging from long cuffs, curiously arranged on the table before him as though he were playing the piano. My father used often

to go and see him as a little boy, and sit talking to him while he smoked his long "churchwarden" pipes. He was very much marked with the small-pox, and as he smoked used to rest the end of his pipe-stem against his face so as not to be incommoded by the smoke trickling from it. My father imagined that the scars of the small-pox on his face were caused by this habit, and thought that the old gentleman, indifferent about his complexion, preferred to persist in doing this, although each time he did so a fresh scar was the result.

One of my father's earliest recollections, stamped on his mind by childish terror, is that as he played one evening by the nursery windows in Lombard Street, Birmingham, looking out on the red-lighted windows of the laboratory, —a building, formerly a coach-house, which stood at the end of the garden,—a muffled explosion was heard, the glass of the laboratory windows flew out and descended in a tinkling shower, and a great burst of white smoke volleyed out through the panes; a moment later he saw his mother, white-faced, run down the path, and in a few minutes she returned with the laboratory assistant half leading, half supporting his father between them, his face streaming with blood, up the garden paths. Some detonating powder in a mortar had exploded; the room was all wrecked; a ledger on the table cut in two: his father was long and seriously ill from the shock, but his eyesight was not permanently injured as, foreseeing the explosion, he had had time to shelter his face with his hands. My father had been with him in the laboratory, during the progress of the experiment, a few moments before.

Shortly after this my grandfather, wishing to augment his modest revenues, accepted the Managership of large alkali works at Stoke near Droitwich, which had been lately built and contained what was then said to be the

tallest chimney in England. He thereupon settled at Wychbold, a little rustic village near Droitwich, not far from the little Church of Upton. The whole region was then quieter and more pastoral than it is now. A pleasant road, now disfigured by a raised footpath of cinders, leads from Droitwich to Upton; near the road in the hamlet of Wychbold is a comfortable modern house now called Elm Court. This in the thirties was a low irregular timbered house called Ivy Cottage, and was occupied by Mr Benson, or as he was called in the neighbourhood, Mr White Benson. Next to Ivy Cottage is a quaint gabled farm-house, with black oak timbers, standing back from the road.

Ivy Cottage had a large garden and was overshadowed by tall trees; at the end of the garden stood a building, formerly a stable, used by my grandfather as a laboratory for chemical experiments. When I visited Wychbold some time ago, I found an old man who remembered him and said of him enthusiastically, "Yes, he was the first man who made lucifer matches in England." It was true that he had a small manufactory of matches in 1828, which he retained until his accident; but I do not imagine that he was the first, though perhaps among the earliest, to produce lucifers.

The Stoke works were a couple of miles away from Wychbold; my grandfather preferred the country air of Upton for himself and his young family, being glad of the walk to and from the works morning and evening. Ivy Cottage soon proved too small for the growing family; he therefore took a farm-house close to Wychbold called Brook House, a simple old-fashioned red-brick grange. The farm-buildings were used by a neighbouring farmer; but my grandfather retained the pleasant sunny garden, with a little ha-ha looking over some fields, at the bottom

of which ran the brook from which the house took its name. There were old orchard trees all about, and a great climbing pear-tree on the wall of the dairy.

With this house most of my father's early memories were connected. It was not a large house, there being but a parlour and dining-room, a little room upstairs, called the book-room, where my grandfather worked, and a few bed-rooms. Here my father could recollect being taken upstairs every Sunday, after the early dinner, and lifted in his father's arms, to look at an engraving of Paracelsus, a philosopher for whom my father had a great admiration and affection in later years: the picture always hung close to his desk at Addington. The worn aspect of the man with his long nose, deep-set eyes, and expression of painful expectation impressed itself very deeply on his childish mind.

My father's early recollections of Church at Upton are curious and worth recording: (I noted them down from his talk in 1878:) the Church was aisleless, and the middle passage with high pews on each side led up to the Chancel-arch in which was a three-decker fifteen feet high. The clerk wore a wig and immense horn spectacles. He was a shoemaker, dressed in black, with a white tie. Some of the pews were long, some square; their own was the latter. In the gallery there sat "the music"—a clarionet, flute, violin and 'cello; the clerk gave out "20th Psalm of David" and the fiddles tuned for a moment and then played it once. Then they struck up, and the clerk, absolutely alone, in a majestic voice which swayed up and down without regard to time, sang it through, like the braying of an ass: not a soul else joined in; the farmers amused and smiling at each other; my grandfather standing upright like a pillar, without a smile.

My father used often to describe to us his recollections of my grandfather. He was a pale slim man with large

eyes, very like his cousins the Sidgwicks—there is a strong resemblance in his portrait to Professor Henry Sidgwick. In 1890 my father met Professor Tyndall for the first time at the Bel Alp in Switzerland, and made great friends with him. He said to me afterwards that Professor Tyndall both in face and manner recalled his father to him so strongly that he took to him the moment he saw him. He must have been a man of great force of character; he was a strong Evangelical Churchman, and a man of singular unworldliness and piety. He was a total abstainer of an almost bigoted type; in one of his many serious illnesses he refused all stimulants, and was only saved by an energetic doctor who poured brandy down his throat when he had sunk into semi-unconsciousness. One of his characteristics was a horror, inherited by my father, of talking about money-matters, which he thought highly improper. But this reticence led afterwards to a serious catastrophe which will be related later.

My grandfather dressed very precisely in black—a low waistcoat showing a frilled front, a black stock, a dress coat, with a bunch of seals dangling from his fob; black pantaloons with white stockings; pumps in the house; out of doors he wore high boots and a large carefully-brushed beaver hat and black gloves. This precise attention to details of dress was imbibed by my father, who used, we thought as children, to be unnecessarily exacting in the matter of hats and gloves. I well recollect, the first time he came down to see me at Eton, the unintentional misery he caused me, then a very untidy lower boy, by brushing the collar of my jacket in the playing-fields before several of my friends.

My father was at first a sickly child; but a long holiday spent at Rampside, near Barrow-in-Furness, with his cousin the Rev. William Sidgwick, who had a curacy

E. W. BENSON (SEN.), THE ARCHBISHOP'S FATHER.

*From a pencil sketch.*

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there, and whose daughter he was afterwards to marry, and with his other Sidgwick cousins, in Yorkshire, quite set him up, and he returned so brown and well that for a time his family quite gave up calling him "White" as absurd; but he was generally known till the Rugby days by that name, when Edward was substituted for it.

The future Archbishop was not at all a "good" child. Mrs Welchman, formerly Miss Palmer, and sister of one of my father's schoolfellows, says, "White was always a pickle"; she goes on to say that she remembers going to dine there one day with her mother, when White was "particularly naughty," and was only quieted by a threat from Mrs Palmer that she would have to put him in her pocket and carry him away with her: she remembers him regarding Mrs Palmer with serious alarm in his wide-open blue eyes.

Old Mrs William Sidgwick, daughter of Christopher Benson of York, my father's great-aunt, lived at Skipton,

THE GATEHOUSE, SKIPTON CASTLE.

in the Castle, where my father spent many happy holidays; she was a widow, and with her lived her sons James and Christopher, who retired from the mills at an early age; a younger brother, Robert, also lived there till his marriage; their brother, the Rev. William Sidgwick, my maternal grandfather, left the curacy of Bamborough, near Wakefield, whither he had gone from Rampside, to become headmaster of the Skipton Grammar School; the eldest, John Benson Sidgwick, senior partner in the High Mills, was living in the house his father had built at Stonegappe, near Cononley, a lonely secluded house in a wooded dingle of the moors. Charlotte Brontë acted as governess to my cousins at Stonegappe for a few months in 1839. Few traditions of her connection with the Sidgwicks survive[1]. She was, according to her own account, very unkindly treated, but it is clear that she had no gifts for the management of children and was also in a very morbid condition the whole time. My cousin Benson Sidgwick, now Vicar of Ashby Parva, certainly on one occasion threw a Bible at Miss Brontë: and all that another cousin can recollect of her is that if she was invited to walk to Church with them she thought she was being ordered about like a slave; if she was not invited, she imagined she was excluded from the family circle. Both Mr and Mrs John Sidgwick were extraordinarily benevolent people, much beloved, and would not wittingly have given pain to any one connected with them. William Carr, my mother's great-uncle, who was Vicar of Bolton Abbey, was also a cousin of my father's, so that the whole place was a nest of relations.

Old Mrs Sidgwick was rather a *grande dame* at Skipton and my father was in some terror of her, though he admired

[1] It has been often stated, I believe erroneously, that the Yorke family in *Shirley* were drawn from the Sidgwicks.

and reverenced her greatly. But everyone was very kind to him; he paid many visits to Yorkshire as a boy, going from house to house, and his letters are full of parties and picnics, riding and shooting.

On one of his visits to Stonegappe[1] occurred the incident that made him for so many years of his life hold shooting in abhorrence: it was nothing more than the piteous cries of a wounded hare shot by one of the party, I think by my father himself. He was seized with sickness, being extraordinarily sensitive to the sight of suffering, gave his gun to the keeper, and going home, registered a vow that he would never shoot again.

As a child I remember that his view of cruelty to animals seemed extravagant to us; he never allowed us to read books about hunting or wild sport, and I can well recollect his taking away from me a book given to me by some indiscreet friend, which contained pictures, to me delightful, of wounded elephants, harpooned hippopotamuses and slaughtered bisons. In later life he became more tolerant of field sports, and even made over the shooting at Addington to me.

I may here insert the early recollections of my father by his cousin Margaret Cooper, daughter of Mr John Benson Sidgwick of Stonegappe.

Mrs Cooper writes:

The first time I saw your father was when he came to Stonegappe as a little boy in frocks and pinafores. I should think about five years old. He stayed a long time with us. He was dressed in our nursery by our nurse, and did lessons with us in our schoolroom. He came very brown from the sea-side so that it must have been summer; and though I don't recollect much I remember playing in the hayfield. On Sunday afternoons

[1] Stonegappe was sold in 1847 by Mr Sidgwick to Mr Lace, who had married Mrs William Sidgwick's sister, so that my father continued to go there.

we always said the Catechism and Bible verses to my father, and I recollect quite well your father stood between me and William; and after this my father taught us things from the Bible, or talked to us in an interesting way. One circumstance I recollect perfectly; and have often thought of it since your father was made Archbishop. We were near the fire, which looks as if he had stayed some time with us—William was sitting on my father's right knee, your father on a low stool at his left side—and my father said, "I wonder which of you two boys I shall see Archbishop of Canterbury." Then came various questions—"What is Archbishop of Canterbury?" etc. etc. I named this to your father when he was here in 1893, but he did not recollect it, nor did he seem to remember anything of that first visit.

He came to us I think in the summer of 1844, and went with us to stay at Swarcliff with my grandfather Greenwood. He also went with us to the sea-side. We were about three weeks at Seaton Carew near Hartlepool. My father was with us part of the time, and your father and he had many interesting talks on various subjects. The one I remember best was on Dr Arnold and Rugby School. What I noticed was that he was so much more able to discuss matters with my father than was possible to other boys of his age.

In the summer of 1874 my father, who was then Chancellor of Lincoln, took my eldest brother Martin and myself on a round of visits to our Yorkshire relations. As the Sidgwicks played so large a part in my father's early life I venture to describe them. We stayed at The Raikes, Skipton, my uncle Robert Sidgwick's house.

The morning after our arrival we went up to the Castle, rather in solemn silence as if to assist at some rite, to see uncle James: it was understood that he would be displeased if we did not go to him at once. We went up under the Church and across the little lawn below the Castle; we were shown, as far as I can recollect, into a room with curious alcoves and a large bookcase. Uncle James was a small delicate man, with high collars and a black silk cravat wound many times round his neck: he

wore a swallow-tailed coat very tight at the waist, and had a dangling bunch of seals. He did not seem to wish to detain us, but brought out a netted purse before we went, and handed my brother and myself each a sovereign, saying, "I always give my young relatives of the third generation a sovereign, when they come to see me for the first time—*and never again.*"

James Sidgwick had retired for many years from the High Mills, and had done little since, except read: he did not join much in conversation, but late in the evening was pleased to retail the incautious statements made by members of the party, with corrections. He was something of a cynic, and a high Tory. Being liable to cold, he habitually sat in a kind of porter's chair with a wicker-work hood; he used to walk in the Castle Bailey every morning at eight, but was rarely seen abroad during the rest of the day.

In the afternoon we went to see uncle Christopher: he had retired young from the business; he had been a strong Evangelical, but was a great student and thinker in Theology, and became a very High Churchman. He devoted his fortune to building and endowing Christ Church, Skipton. It was one of the earliest Churches of the Gothic revival, and was described by Archbishop Longley, then Bishop of Ripon, as "a chaste and beautiful design." It had a stone altar, and, under the Chancel, a mortuary chapel; every detail in the Church was carefully worked out, and seems now almost pathetically ugly and stiff. It was furnished with an organ, turned by hand, in order that only the very limited number of tunes that the founder approved of might be sung.

He also built the Church Schools in Water Street; here in old days he kept his books in a house adjoining the school, and came down from the Castle for service at

7 a.m. at Christ Church, and after breakfast retired to the hermitage to read till three,—when he returned to the Castle to dine,—with the intermediate refreshment of a slice of sponge cake, which was kept under a bell-glass on the table, and eaten at the stroke of twelve. He was a man of settled habits. To the end of his life, he had two hats, made after a fashion which he approved in 1840, sent him annually from Lincoln and Bennett. He was fond of *Bradshaw*, and always kept a copy by him, to work out cross-country journeys, which he never took.

After the Board School came to Skipton, he closed his own school, and converted the School-room into his own library. It was here we saw him—I remember a magnificent looking old man, with a somewhat leonine face, dressed like a Quaker, with a swallow-tail coat and frilled shirt-front, sitting in the midst of his books, which lay in some confusion ; he talked long and affectionately with my father, but took little notice of us.

He was a great Liturgiologist in days when such things were not well understood ; he used to take long walks with Richard Ward, whom he had appointed to Christ Church, discussing the rubrics point by point. My father has told me that his own early taste for ecclesiastical things was mainly derived from him, adding that some of Mr Christopher's remembered comments were even useful to him in his judgment in the Lincoln case. "Our business in ritual," he used to say, "is to discuss not what we should like, but what is right." This Christopher carried out in the minutest details in his own Church, such as having a vessel of water by the font, because of the words "the font, which shall then be filled"—"not full," he used to say, "but filled." He would allow no representations of saints in the windows. "St John does not say, Little children, keep yourselves from idolatry, but from 'idols,' that is from

representations." He reserved the first three presentations to the living to himself, but by the speedy death or resignation of the first three incumbents, the patronage passed from his hands; he wrote several tracts on ecclesiastical subjects. He is buried at the east end of the Church which he founded. "Istius ecclesiae stabilitor" has been cut more recently in the small stone which he ordered to be his only memorial.

The third brother—the Rev. William Sidgwick, of Trinity College, Cambridge, and a Wrangler,—was, as has been said, Master of the Skipton Grammar School. He married Mary Crofts, a niece of Mr Carr of Bolton Abbey, and brought up by him as a daughter. William Sidgwick died early, leaving four sons and two daughters, my mother being his youngest child.

About 1836 my father began his first lessons. His father had curious and original ideas on the subject of education, and in order to train my father in a sense of responsibility and to acquaint him with the value of time, he never prescribed any particular hours at which his lessons should be done. My grandfather breakfasted late, the asthma from which he suffered giving him often very broken nights. At breakfast he had a fancy for sitting with his legs not under the table but sideways to it, while he ate his simple meal of tea and dry toast, hearing my father his lessons meanwhile. He used to be very irritable in spite of his theories about Home Teaching, if the lessons were not prepared *ad unguem*, and would say to his sister, Mrs Chavasse, after the boy had gone to school, that he thought a father was a very bad teacher for a child, and that he would never attempt such a thing again. Then the next day's lessons were set, and soon after that my grandfather set out for the works; the boy generally accompanying him and being allowed to ramble about,

talk to the workmen, and ask what questions he liked. It was there that he acquired the extreme love for the conversation of simple working people which was afterwards characteristic of him. He was not always in later life a very patient listener, and unnecessary digressions by leisurely people were often a trial to him, but to the lengthy explanations of mechanics or labouring men he used to extend a patience which we as children often remarked upon; "I like to hear him explain it in his own way," he used to say.

In the course of the morning the boy had to find his way back for the early dinner, his father remaining at the works. And then for the rest of the day he was free to do his work when he liked.

He used to shut himself up in the book-room and try to work: but his attention was often distracted by the books all round the room. Mrs Chavasse, who used often to stay with them in early days, and was a great ally of my father's, writes:

> I am bound to say your grandfather's books, and above all *talking*, was a great temptation to your father. A constant cry was "now, White, *do* go on with your lessons"—"Aunt Mary Ann, just let me read you this, it is only a little bit of Southey. I shall get it off my mind and really be able to work *then*." Then came a few of White's opinions about literature in general. It was a hard task to get the lessons all done. At that time he was between 10 and 11 years of age.

One memorable winter afternoon when he was much behindhand with his work, his mother found him perched on the top of the library steps, reading Shakespeare. "Now, White," she said, "you had better finish your work"; and slipped out of the room again.

The boy, entranced by the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, read on, vowing to himself that it should only be one page more, but at last he turned a page and found a little

engraving of Bottom standing in the forest glade with the ass's head on him. The picture, in the dimly lighted room, struck him dumb with horror. It never occurred to him to think of it as other than a true picture of a sentient being; such a monster then might be seen on earth, met with perhaps in the lonely lanes by Upton. He gazed on it with growing terror and at last summoned up courage to put the book back on the shelf: but he used to tell us that for weeks the thought of the picture being there, on the high shelf, was a nightmare to him, and it was not for years that he dared open the volume. We still possess the little Shakespeare in its dingy grey cover, but the volume containing the *Midsummer Night's Dream* is missing, a fact which my father frequently deplored.

I think that this is perhaps the best place to insert some autobiographical recollections of his childhood, written by my father at Cambridge shortly after his mother's death in 1849:

"One of the earliest if not the earliest thing in my remembrance is the being held by my mother's arm round my knees against her bosom, and looking into her face. I remember no thoughts, no words, no other remembrances even, but that she was beside a window and her face was towards the light—nothing else but a pure sensation of happiness.

"And I must have been a very young child when I used to sit upon a chair beside my mother's dressing-table, and watch her dressing her hair. My first ideas of all beauty were from my mother's face. I well remember thinking how different my own face in the looking-glass was from hers. That it was nothing but pleasure to gaze at her—while there was a misty sort of dislike to seeing myself.

"Since then I have been told that my babyish admiration of her loveliness was not misplaced. All distinctness

of recollection is much later; and now I only think of her high forehead and clear eye, and the command in her lower face which has awed me many a time in my schoolboy days.

"I was at first a little, thin, pale fellow whose life was not considered very sure. But it was a few months before my 6th birthday that I came back from Rampside and the Yorkshire Round, stout and strong and well—re-made for life as I believe it proved—and burnt so dark, that my grandmother and aunt had given up calling me by my second name, because it was so strangely ludicrous a misnomer. My father came to fetch me from Lichfield; while I had been away they had removed to Wychbold, to an old rambling little house right well deserving its name of Ivy Cottage. The occasion of the change was my father's engagement as Manager of the British Alkali Works at Stoke, then very extensive and prosperous.

"It was in the twilight of an evening in the end of summer that—on the top of a coach which I remember was called the True Blue—we reached the cottage. I had been most anxious to get in before dark, lest I should not see the new home—and I remember well the dark green house, with its tiled roof against the gray sky, and the trees behind, and the meadow beside it, and the garden in front and the garden gate: and then my mother's exclamation of delight at seeing her weakly boy grown and well-looking—and the pleasure that my little sisters, who had sat up so much after bed-time to see me, took both in me and in an Indian Rubber Bouncing-Ball blown full of air, and shut in a net of red and blue and yellow, which had been given me for our joint enjoyment.

"I have flitting notions about my fairy sister that evening, her bright cheeks, her warm kisses, and the pressure of her little hands and arms—at this time and for years Harriet

SILHOUETTES OF EDWARD WHITE BENSON (SEN.) AND HARRIET (BAKER) BENSON,
THE FATHER AND MOTHER OF THE ARCHBISHOP.

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was wholly my favourite—nearer to my own age she was, and I think that her being very different from myself had much to do with this feeling.

"We did not stay long at Ivy Cottage. It had been only taken until a larger house away from the village was empty. To this then we removed. It was called the Brook House. It was a farm-house, with farm-yard and barns and a lawn, large gardens and a good orchard. In front a sunk fence, the scene of many an adventure and many a bruise, separated the lawn from a meadow—rare haymakings there were witnessed—which sloped down to the brook from which the house was called: it was a pretty brook shaded with willows, with one or two dark pools, of the depth of which we had most awful and mysterious notions—beside one of these an old man used day by day to take his seat to angle; there is a sketch of it which Uncle Alfred took with the old fisherman at his post—the brook crossed the road which ran past the end of the house, and then turned along the side of the road and up by some cottages. We three knew every gap in the hedges, every cleft in the sandstone side of the brook, every possible ford or half ford, far round about—and I can see them now, and the cottages and the simple folks that lived there, and how much they used to make of us children, enticing us to eat honey and fruit, and the clownish boys giving us handfuls of birds' eggs—beyond the brook the lane ran up into the Worcester Road. It was a fine dusk elmy lane then, and owls which we used to suppose had very fearful powers over lonely boys dwelt there innumerable—but in the warm late evenings of summer I used to like to walk there with my mother and hear them, though always keeping very close beside her.

"At the Brook House, as afterwards at Winson Green, my father used to teach me Latin and Geometry and the

easy parts of Algebra, while at his breakfast, and at his spare time from dinner. I made progress, but was very idle, and sadly addicted to lying; I used to be severely punished, but it was my most easily besetting sin. I can even remember monstrous figments which when quite a child I used to relate to strangers, for I was immensely talkative—and herein differed Harriet from me. One of the bitterest, if not the bitterest, reproaches I ever knew, was once when a person said that the thing amiss, whatever it may have been, must have been done by Harriet, though she had denied it; my mother said, 'Harriet never told an untruth'—and I firmly believe it might have been said with as much truth fourteen or fifteen years later as it was then."

In illustration of this last statement I remember my father telling me that when they lived at Brook House he was returning alone from the village, and in the dust of the road, on the bridge which crossed the stream, he saw lying a thing that looked like a snake, with objects like small wheels on its head, that were running round and round at a furious rate so that the dust flew up in clouds. He was too much frightened to examine it, but ran home and told his mother. He was sent, to substantiate his history, to look for the object and bring it home, but it was gone; and he was whipped for telling a lie. "Yet, I can see it still," he used to say, "as it lay there." And it is a clear instance of a vivid childish imagination.

My grandfather, finding his family growing up, began to cast about for some means of increasing his limited income, and endeavoured to turn to account some of his chemical discoveries; a patent for the manufacture of cobalt was obtained, and he eventually went into partnership with some friends for the manufacture of white-lead in 1838. They founded the British White-Lead Company,

and built large works on Birmingham Heath. My grandfather invested his whole fortune in the concern. His health at this time began to decline; he took an old house with a pleasant garden at Winson Green, some way from the Works, but finding the daily walks too much for him, moved first to Spring Hill in Birmingham, and finally into a small house in the Works, which had been built for a Manager. In this house my father's life was mainly spent, till he left school. He used to speak of the Works as being then quite in the country, with much open, even wild, ground all about. He used to recall with particular delight the adjacent canal where water-flags grew luxuriantly.

The business at first prospered greatly, but eventually in 1842, owing to insufficient capital, the Company failed; the worry told on my grandfather's health, never very strong, and in Feb. 1843 he died, rather suddenly, after enduring horrible sufferings, from an internal tumour.

On his death the partners made an arrangement with my grandmother greatly to her disadvantage, though kindly meant.

They offered her the house for life, and in lieu of the income that my grandfather received as partner, they gave her an annuity to terminate with her life. It was an unfortunate thing that she accepted it, but she shared my grandfather's views about money, and took exactly what was offered her. She was in strong health herself and no doubt thought that she would eventually be able to save money: the Works were closed, but my grandmother retained the house, and the children had the run of the disused buildings.

In a little room that had formerly been an office, in the silent and deserted factory, my father established an Oratory; here was a table rudely draped, and stools for

kneeling. The walls were hung with rubbings of brasses from neighbouring Churches; on the table stood a plain wooden Cross, made by an old carpenter and paid for out of the boy's scanty pocket-money. It is very characteristic of my father's critical love of detail that he told me what a blow it had been to him when he found that the carpenter had neatly rounded off the ends of the Cross, to make it look more finished, instead of leaving them square. Here he said the Canonical Hours daily, alone, or with some school friend—and he had several—of like tastes.

But what redeems this story from the domain of precocious sentiment is, that my father was much annoyed by surreptitious visits made to his private Chapel by his sisters, in his enforced absence at school, and to show that Grace was not yet wholly triumphant, he made an ingenious device which automatically both recorded and avenged the advent of any intruding worshipper: he had as yet no democratic views about the right to worship, and, as he afterwards said, his interest in liturgical things was for many years mainly an aesthetic one. Still it may be noted that in one of his earliest letters, written to his uncle William Jackson, in 1843, the following postscript, dashed in hastily in his odd formal handwriting, occurs: "*Dear Uncle, if I continue to wish to be a clergyman, do you think there is any probability of it? E. W. B.*"

My father entered King Edward's School at Birmingham at the age of eleven; Mr Prince Lee, afterwards Bishop of Manchester, being Headmaster. His first year was a very happy one; he was in the form of the Rev. George Moyle, afterwards Headmaster of Chudleigh School, a strict disciplinarian but a just and kindly teacher. "I like Mr Moyle as well as it is possible to love a master," he wrote to his uncle. He used to say that he owed more to Mr Moyle than to any of his other teachers except Prince Lee,

THE BIG SCHOOL, KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL, BIRMINGHAM.

*From a photograph by F. O. Lane, Esq., M.A.*

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because he grounded him well and made him work. My father many years after said to Mr Moyle's son (Walter Moyle, who was in the Sixth Form at Wellington just before my father left, and is now Rector of Ashcombe near Dawlish), "If I had not worked that first year under your father, I could never have recovered the time lost afterwards." To show how unsophisticated my father was in educational things, he has told me that when he was first with Mr Moyle, he was told to make up some nonsense verses in Latin which were to scan and not construe. He thought at once with immense pleasure of a sort of cipher in the *Penny* or *Saturday Magazine*, by which, by substituting given words for numbers, Latin verses were produced. He therefore presented his astonished master with a copy of flowing elegiacs written out in a beautiful hand, on "Spring," and, in spite of his tearful protestations that he thought that was how he was expected to do them, he was seriously taken to task for dishonesty.

But this period of diligence did not last long; he was transferred at the end of his first year to a very different kind of master, and had a period of unmitigated wretchedness; his home education had been desultory and he had never learnt how to manage his time: under Mr Moyle's firm and kindly rule this difficulty had been non-existent, but he was now left more to his own resources, and the result was that, as he told me, for weeks together, he believed, he was caned every day. Let one instance suffice. The first time that he showed up composition to his new form-master, writing, as was his wont, "White Benson" at the top, he was greeted with "very impertinent for a boy to write his *sobriquet* at the top of his paper: stand out!" The result of this kind of discipline was that he became idle, frivolous, disobedient, rebellious and thoroughly unhappy.

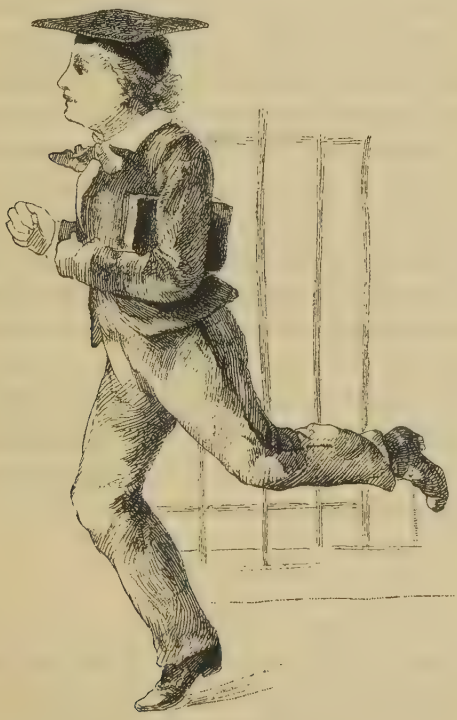
At home, too, things were in a melancholy condition; the Works had been closed; his father, whose health was miserable, was in constant pain, spent sleepless nights and suffered from great dejection of spirits. Early in 1843 he died, and the boy at the most critical period of his life lost his father's wise and affectionate control.

On the other hand he gained influence and self-respect from his school friendships which gave him great delight. Brooke Foss Westcott, now Bishop of Durham, was then a senior boy, and my father has told me with what awe he used to watch the First Class round Prince Lee's desk, Westcott leaning his head on his hand, the only boy who was permitted this luxury. Owing to their respective positions in the school, my father hardly made his acquaintance while at Birmingham. But there was a boy a year older than himself, Joseph Barber Lightfoot, the late Bishop of Durham,—whose mother then lived a little way out of Birmingham,—with whom he was soon on terms of intimacy. Other friends were Fred Wickenden, afterwards a Prebendary of Lincoln, a boy keenly devoted to art and antiquities, and very dearly beloved by my father; C. B. Hutchinson, Master at Rugby and now Canon of Canterbury, R. M. Moorsom and his brother, Constantine Moorsom, now Moorsom Maude, agent to Lord Harewood, Charles Evans, afterwards Headmaster of King Edward's School, J. T. Pearse, now Rector of Chiddingstone, Kent, A. H. Louis[1], A. A. Ellis, late Vicar of Stotfold, E. J. Purbrick, afterwards Rector of Stonyhurst, Provincial of the English Jesuits, and now Provincial of the Jesuits in the United States, Henry Palmer, and many others. Westcott's father was a scientific man and Secretary to the Botanical

[1] Alfred H. Louis, who gained the first exhibition at King Edward's School in 1847, beating Lightfoot: took an aegrotat degree at Trinity, was called to the Bar, and was sub-editor of the *Spectator*.

Gardens at Birmingham. Lightfoot's father was an accountant, formerly of Liverpool, his mother a Miss Barber sister of the well-known artist. Moorsom's father was Admiral Moorsom, a railway director; Wickenden's father a well-known Birmingham surgeon. They were all day boys.

The road leading from Birmingham to the White-Lead Works at Birmingham Heath bifurcated at one point; and by the other branch of the road Lightfoot daily made his way to school; the two boys made an arrangement to meet here, waiting for each other, if there was time. The



THE ARCHBISHOP AS A BOY, CIRCA 1841.
*After a drawing by a Schoolfellow.*

first that arrived, if the time pressed, had to place a stone in a hole in the wall as a signal that he had been there.

The boys also took long walks together on the half-holidays, and explored the antiquities of the neighbourhood. They were keen theologians and discussed what they read with freedom. Lightfoot was famous in those days for his capacity for bearing pain, and my father has seen him submitting his hand to be squeezed by anyone who liked to try; one friend of great strength squeezed his hand so hard that Lightfoot became white with pain. "Shall I stop?" said the tormentor. "No," with a faint groan, "Go on."

I may here mention an amusing incident connected with my father's first appearance in print in the year 1842. He and Henry Palmer, mentioned above, conceived a great admiration for some questions set them weekly on the Gospel of St Matthew by one of the masters; they took them down, and eventually, without considering that they were not their own, had them printed at a cost of some four pounds and exposed for sale, "for the use of schools" in a small green paper cover. This curious little book, of which I have a copy, was my father's first literary venture. Needless to say not more than a copy or two sold, and financial ruin stared them in the face. My father confessed and the money was paid; but a correspondence on the subject may here be inserted. It is interesting to know that the reconciliation was completed.

*To Henry Palmer.*

SIR,

Will you be kind enough to pay Wrightsons and Webbs the half of the £3. 15*s.* which is owing to them for the Matthew Questions? I will pay my share; you can then do what you like with that half of the copies still remaining, which falls to your share, I will take mine. The letter which you sent me being overweight, I have had to pay 2*d.* for it; this you *must* have known.

You know as well as I do, that the letter in which I called

you a rogue was written in joke, but as you have chosen to take it in earnest, Remember—"qui capit, ille facit," "He whom the cap fits must wear it."

I say also as you have assigned a reason why *I* am a *fool*, I will tell *you* why you are a *rogue*. You wish to break off all connection between us. Be it so.

E. W. B.

*H. Palmer to E. W. B.*

(Reply to preceding.)

Read quickly.

Read this note as if nothing had arisen between us.

I have mistaken and wronged you in your letter, and am sorry for it, but all the same you have wronged me.

I did *not* suppose that your letter was a joke, but—knowing that your first was—I wrote one which was intended as a joke, but which from your second letter I thought you had wilfully misconstrued.

You wrong me for supposing that I wished to get out of the Matthew Questions—such a purpose never entered my thoughts—on the contrary, I have increased means of paying my share and an opportunity of very likely disposing of the *whole*.

The letter, I did *not* send overweight on purpose. I am surprised you should think so.

I do *not* wish to break off with you, and can explain why I was not disposed to receive your letter as a joke at this particular time.

You mistake and deceive yourself in your threat. If you wish to make up with me *as I do with you*, I am waiting outside to see you.

H. Palmer.

Not long after my grandfather's death, my grandmother very wisely got my father a member's ticket for the Free Library at Birmingham. He fell in with the Tracts for the Times, and read them with avidity, finally taking out the book and reading it as he walked homewards. As he walked he heard behind him a light footstep, and looking up saw to his great surprise his mother who had walked into

Birmingham. "What book have you got, White?" He handed it to her in silence, knowing that her strong Protestantism would take fright. She looked at the title and they walked on for some time in silence; presently she gave him the book back. "I don't care for the book, White, nor for the people who write such things: but I don't wish to stop you reading what you wish: only you ought to think, would your father have approved of it?" "Yes, mother, I have thought of that, and I think he *would* wish me to be acquainted with what is going on in the Church." "Very well, White, then I haven't another word to say."

When my father was in his sixteenth year an incident occurred which nearly changed the course of his whole life. A partner in a commercial house at Birmingham, who had been a personal friend of my grandfather's, hearing that Mrs Benson was not well off, wrote to her a very kind letter offering to take her eldest son into the business on very favourable terms, with an eventual prospect of a partnership: he added "it is as good as making his fortune." Mrs Benson consulted her late husband's half-brother William Jackson, who wrote to Prince Lee to ask his advice. Prince Lee replied that Benson was a boy of very great promise and should be kept at school. Mrs Benson thereupon went with William Jackson and his sister Mrs Chavasse, to call upon Prince Lee, who told her that he was confident that the boy would never make a man of business, but that he would probably do exceedingly well if he stuck to school and went to the University. The result of this was that William Jackson and John Benson Sidgwick offered to pay my father's expenses at school, and to start him at the University, an offer which was gratefully accepted.

One word here must be said about the William Jackson

mentioned above. He was my grandfather's half-brother by Mrs White Benson's second marriage to the Rev Stephen Jackson. He was a Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford, and Bampton Lecturer in 1875. He was a man of great gifts, an admirable preacher and a considerable antiquary. He gave my father the most liberal assistance in the form of books and money, and my father constantly consulted him and profited by his affectionate and sensible advice; I do not think my father ever had a truer or more generous friend.

The impression which he produced on his schoolfellows was a very strong one. Canon C. B. Hutchinson, his life-long friend, writes:

He was a quick and eager reader, and his circle of subjects was very wide. The "Old Library" at Birmingham was an excellent one: there he might be found every day, between morning and afternoon school, intent on the volume he had before him. Long before he left school for Cambridge he had read, in his private work, the whole of Livy—a very unusual achievement for a boy at school—and the whole of Herodotus and Thucydides. His interleaved copy of Herodotus, with exquisitely written notes on every page, was an object of admiration—I had almost said of veneration—to his friends, and proved the care and thoroughness of his work. His memory was quick and retentive, and he could repeat poetry or prose, Greek, Latin and English, with delightful expression and unhesitating flow. Among other things, I think he could have recited most of the Psalter without a book, and a considerable part of it in the Latin Version, of which he was very fond. This gift of his was a special enjoyment to a few intimate companions, with whom he used to take long walks in holiday afternoons, or still longer excursions on the few "whole holidays" that were given, as the Queen's birthday, and Founder's Day. On one of these we started, Benson and Lightfoot and I, to walk from Birmingham to Coventry and examine its churches and quaint buildings; and I remember that as we walked there he gave us a clear account of the arguments on either side, in Cardinal Wiseman's Controversy with Dr Turton, the Bishop of Ely: and on our way back he cheered our flagging spirits and put

fresh springiness into our tired legs by his graphic stories, or vigorous recitations. And so, instead of dropping on the road, we accomplished our 40 miles' walk, and reached home quite lively.

He was very fond of architecture and could sketch quickly, with a light and effective touch; and as he always read up the history and antiquities of the places or churches we visited, he was an admirable guide and companion. It was while still at School that he laid the foundation of his remarkable knowledge of Liturgies and Church Ritual; studies that he pursued *con amore*; for with a spirit of devotion and reverence, he united a love of order and dignity in Ceremonial: and it was a thoroughly characteristic answer that he gave to a friend who asked him "What he would like to be." "I should like to be a Canon, and recite the daily offices in my Cathedral."

His entire freedom from affectation or self-consciousness, his modesty and courtesy and consideration for others, with his constant high standard of thought and conduct, and his winning smile and sympathetic manner, secured him great influence and esteem amongst all his schoolfellows. As an illustration of the effect produced on others by the simple dignity and graciousness of his manner, a leading Physician of the Midland Counties who had invited Benson with other schoolfellows to keep his son's birthday, ventured a prophecy as he pointed at Benson—"that boy is a born courtier, and he will prove it later on." But it was not this feature that impressed his companions, though they never had a doubt that a brilliant future awaited him; it was the feeling that there was in him something higher, purer, more spiritual than they could realise elsewhere, which made us all feel while with him that we could live a better life, frame fairer ideals, and feel more able to carry them into practice than at other times.

A schoolfellow met us one morning on our way down to First Lesson,—"And how is the Bensonian Etheriality?" he said. The euphuistic affectation was absurd: but I have often since thought it conveyed a striking truth: for indeed he seemed to live in a refined pellucid atmosphere. "Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely," were the objects that he set before him, and exemplified by thought and word and deed.

The Rev. R. M. Moorsom, another schoolfellow, writes:

He did not play at cricket or football or racquets or fives or even hockey, nor at rounders and cloisters-cricket, except very

rarely; and as he had pluck and enthusiasm we often wondered why he did not join in our games. But gradually a vague unexpressed idea arose in our minds that he had to begin the struggle of life earlier than the rest of us, that his father being dead he had to prepare early to work for the support of his mother and sisters and crippled brother, and that he was even then putting away the pleasures of life and at its outset choosing its duties rather than its enjoyments. So we honoured him, though he could not throw away halfcrowns on amusements, or spend his afternoons in games with us; he had to fill his father's works again with machinery and workmen; that was his youthful ambition, and we thought him a nobler fellow than ourselves for turning away from what delighted us and choosing what would aid his family; and we respected him greatly.

Even when at school he was a keen Churchman; he astonished us by the energy with which he spoke of the crime of plundering the Church in the sixteenth century, of the cruelties inflicted on the monks, and of the just vengeance of God in punishing those families who still held to their sacrilege and their booty. He would glory in the thought that he was being educated in a Church school founded with Church money, by wise Churchmen who had rescued Church property from the greedy hands of the King.

I subjoin one of my father's early letters, written when he was nearly fifteen.

*To his Mother: on a visit to Mrs William Sidgwick, his great-aunt.*

SKIPTON CASTLE.
*Thursday evening.*
(1844.)

MY DEAR MAMA,

I arrived in Manchester on Tuesday morning without any *very* serious accident; the utmost damage I sustained was breaking the egg in my coat pocket, and getting my fingers well bedaubed. There were many things that struck me as I passed them, but I have forgotten them all, for railway travelling is to me just like dreaming. The only things I remember are Stafford Station, and Stafford Castle "Bosom'd high 'mid tufted trees."

When I got to Manchester I waited some time for my uncle, but as he did not come, I got a ticket porter and went to his office. When I came there he was not in, so I walked into his sitting-room, took a book, sat me down and looked at the pictures,—as for reading it was impossible to attempt it, for all the letters ran over the edge of the book like the milestones on the railroad. About 12 o'clock my uncle[1] came in and said I had told him the wrong time for the arrival of the train, and that I had kept him waiting above an hour! Then he took me to see the town, we went pretty near all over it, and he took me to the Athenaeum and set my name down. Then we went home again and had dinner. I do not like Manchester; the buildings are nasty, though handsome, and the streets are too clean to be comfortable. A Mr Lodge dined with us, "a youngish man, rather handsome —tall—good business—several thousands"—so said my uncle. After dinner Mr Lodge and my uncle wanted to have some talk, and I went to the Athenaeum, and read *Martin Chuzzlewit*, last number. I then went back to the office, and went with my uncle to tea with Mr John Wilson, a calico printer. He has a beautiful house about four miles out of town. We had a very good tea in cups about as big as a milk basin, almost put my head in them—not quite though—he showed us a most beautiful collection of Italian pictures, all except one or two on disagreeable subjects—for instance, Apollo flaying Marsyas, he is stripping the skin from his arm, and thrusting his fist in to make it come off more easily —nice idea that! We left Mr Wilson's at about 10 o'clock, went home, went to bed, went to sleep, but awoke with a start, thinking that the bed ran against Stafford Castle and made my nose bleed. My uncle wanted me very much to stay another day, to see the flower show, but I was afraid my aunt might not like it, so I did not. I went by the mail at seven o'clock next morning,—I never enjoyed a ride more in my life. I must tell you about it some time. By the bye, I almost forgot to tell you, but all the way in the railroad, I could not help thinking of a text in Isaiah, "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain shall be brought low, and the crooked shall be made straight, etc."

When I came to Skipton I gave the guard and coachman a shilling between them, at which they grumbled very much, and assured me it was not enough. The footman met me there and

[1] Mr, afterwards Sir Thomas Baker.

carried my bag for me. The Castle was about a quarter of the size I expected, "I looked, I stared, etc."

"So narrow seemed the towers, the court so small."

Wordsworth—Hem!—My cousins were none of them at home, but my Aunt was walking in the Castle Yard. She was very glad to see me.

I am so tired with pleasure, I don't know what to do. My Aunt is not at all strict, except that I am obliged to eat bread and butter with a knife and fork. Mr Robert Sidgwick is come home, he is just like my papa in manners, voice and everything.

I remain, my dear Mama,

Your affectionate son,

E. W. Benson.

## CHAPTER II.

### SCHOOL LIFE.

"*Tela manu jam tum tenera puerilia torsit.*" VIRGIL.

THE influences under which my father's life were moulded were, I have shown, very various, and singularly favourable to the production of an independent and affectionate disposition.

There was first the piety of his father's character, a piety broadened by intimate acquaintance with matters scientific. Then he had a very affectionate and cultivated home circle, full of interest in books and art; but at the same time there was no kind of luxury, indeed, the bracing discipline of poverty—not the poverty which degrades, but the poverty which condemns the unnecessary and is strict with itself. On the other hand he had plenty of genial social influences in his numerous visits to the friendly country houses of his various cousins and relations at Skipton and the neighbourhood. Lastly he was under the influence of a profoundly stimulating teacher, who exercised a personal fascination on his pupils both in the direction of literary taste and religious feeling. From Lee he caught the sacred fire, the desire of knowledge; the belief that while it is the imperative duty of every man to *do*, it is no less imperative, in order to make doing effective, to *know*. Then too he was surrounded by an equally

enthusiastic and congenial circle of intimate friends. With all these things, with health and wit and light-heartedness and a sense of duty, and a love of things fair and pure, and personal charm and beauty, he was well equipped for happiness—happiness of which he experienced much in his life, though I think seldom consciously.

For Prince Lee he had an almost romantic attachment. He was never tired of talking of his teaching. In the first place Lee had a marvellous memory, seldom using a book in school, and being able to repeat page after page of Thucydides without a mistake. The consequence of this was that all his scholars who resolved to be not only like him but exactly like him, learnt immense portions of the classics by heart. My father, whose memory, though lively, can never have been accurate, learnt as many as five or six books of Virgil by heart, and could for many years repeat them continuously. The great delight of the boys was, however, the Greek Testament teaching, into which Lee threw himself with such remarkable energy, that he would often keep his First Class long after the appointed hour and yet never provoke a murmur. Lee had been Craven Scholar, Fellow of Trinity, and an assistant of Arnold's at Rugby. He was the son of a former Secretary of the Royal Society. Besides being a classical scholar he was a widely read and cultivated man, and not only illustrated his teaching with quotations from Wordsworth and Walter Scott, but heaped scorn upon boys who could not appreciate or identify an English quotation.

Lee's teaching was of the old-fashioned kind, and consisted in very close analysis of words and the defining of what are called "shades of meaning" or "*nuances*." Without intentional irreverence, it may be said that words in Lee's hands became like the "portmanteau" words in *Alice in Wonderland*, stuffed full of divers senses,—fuller indeed

than the original author ever intended. That however mattered little, as long as the result was intense intellectual enjoyment and interest on the part of the pupils. Such teaching of course is apt to lose sight of the fact that the best word-artists use words instinctively rather than deliberately. Lee's teaching might have turned out an ingenious stylist like Tacitus or Thucydides, a writer observant and compressed, but would never have produced the simple lucidity of Virgil or Homer. But the result was fruitful. In the case of Bishop Westcott it left traces in the ingenious, almost fanciful pressing of words that made him, it is reported, say to the evangelist who asked him whether he was saved, "Do you mean σωθείς, σῳζόμενος or σεσωσμένος?" On Bishop Lightfoot, a man of harder and more strictly logical mind, the results were admirable. In my father, so far as regarded written expression, the results were not altogether fortunate. As a young man he wrote a most elaborate uneasy English, and in his later years he wrote a style which must be called crabbed and bewildering. He tried to pack the sense of a sentence into an epithet and had a curious love for strained and fanciful words. He sacrificed structure to preciosity and lucidity to ornament. The result was that my father's most deliberate style was like that of Tacitus or Thucydides, full of points and overcharged with matter —"sense" enough to furnish a dozen sermons out of one— not uninteresting to read, though not alluring, and claiming the reader's attention rather than enchaining it; his best sermons and addresses are those written under some pressure; when he preached or spoke extempore, the thought expanded naturally in simple and telling language, but when he delivered orally what he had written carefully the effect was stilted, because of the compression and excision he had employed.

Lee had a great personal fascination; everything about him was idealised; he suffered from ill-health, and the boys used to gaze at him with wonder as he taught with pale brow and kindling eye, often knowing that he had not tasted food that day and that he was in constant pain. But besides being most inspiringly taught in school, the promising boys were often invited to his house, and to hear him talk about books or turn over portfolios of engravings was a treat that they coveted and long remembered. His system was to stimulate intellectual tastes, and to leave the boys with a great deal of leisure time to pursue any subject that attracted them; the best boys were not sacrificed to the mediocre and unintellectual. Lee was exactly in his right place as a schoolmaster; he had the intense desire to impart information at all times and places; but he had the schoolmaster's impatience of correction, and was not fitted to deal with independent minds. Severity, not out of place in a schoolmaster, is a bad outfit for a leader of men. Lee was not, it must be confessed, a successful Bishop, and it is to be regretted that he ever accepted the Bishopric of Manchester—pressed on him by the strong wish of the Prince Consort—which he held until his death.

My father's reverence for Lee was reverence as for a character almost divine; I shall never forget how in 1877, in Cornwall, when we were being entertained by a leading clergyman of the diocese, our host said to my father genially at dinner, "By the way, Bishop, you were under Lee at Birmingham, were you not?" "Yes, indeed," said my father, all in a glow. Then followed a highly disparaging criticism. There was a silence, and my father grew quite white—then he said to his host, "You can hardly expect me to agree to that, when I owe to him all that I was or am or ever shall be." Our host tried

to qualify the expression: but my father was completely upset, and hardly said a word for the rest of the evening. As we went to bed he said to me, "Lee was the greatest man I have ever come within the influence of—the greatest and the best—you see how people are misunderstood."

After Bishop Lee's death a memorial sermon by my father, entitled after its text CAΛΠΙCEI,—"the Trumpet shall sound"—was printed with some biographical notes by J. F. Wickenden and other former pupils.

In this sermon, my father thus speaks of Prince Lee:—

"The boy, who, with all a boy's faults, tendencies, fancies, indolent and dangerous inclinations, came under his influence, was first spell-bound by what he heard and saw, and then it began to have a strange effect on him. It awoke first a craving for the intellectual as against the selfish; then the intellectual itself began to seem unsatisfying for all its beauty and for all its wisdom: he began to long for the spiritual, and to his surprise here, too, he found himself understood, and met and upraised.

"Let me be more definite. Never less and seldom more than twenty-five boys were at one time under his influence as his own proud scholars at the head of his school. For about ten years at Birmingham they came to him and left him in even flow: their intercourse with him was hourly, and their loyalty absolute. The love of him was always at the height; they were bound together by it then and ever since: it was the perfectness of affection for him which has made so many of them seek his own profession. And how was it established? Whatever gentleness, whatever courtesy, whatever strictest honour he showed to the greatest, was paid to these boys in fullest measure, and on them he lavished all his stores; for them he took the poets, Latin and Greek, and read them like no pedant; he wrought out with exquisite taste and truth the pictures

that were in words, and more, the touch of feeling, the pathos, the moral greatness, but above all things, again and again let me say it, the very *truth.*

"And then for them the life of Athens was lived over again—for them the very art of Athens rose vividly as in a vision, and linked itself with endless illustration to the arts of later date. And this was a new means of winning, and purifying, and exalting. To him that art only was precious which was true to nature and the inner truth: that which was merely imitative he scorned as he did that which was merely gorgeous. Through all these helps and stages the language of the princes of human speech, above all the difficult language and intricate thought of the greatest of historians, grew absolutely into life, as he would not only first draw out the very inmost sense of every letter, and then illuminate it by later lights of history and experience, but would many a time break out in his very language and make him felt as familiarly as a contemporary author. And yet the chief power lay in the method: it was not so much the teaching he infused as the ardour he aroused, as the truth-seeking spirit he created, in those who were worthy."

And again:

"This one thing is the first and last they learned of him, that the personal friendship of Jesus Christ our Lord was that gift which God was incarnate to bestow on every man who sought it.

"And the second thing to which he turned ever more and more with a trust more full of awe, and yet ever more full of resolute confidence, was the thought that that Personal Friend would come again to judge the world.

"It is a boyish recollection, dear to many, how—reading with them the Greek Testament, and expounding with his own most lucid and yet thrilling forms of expression, in

terms that never missed one touch of accurate scholarship, yet never withdrew the thought an instant from the sanctity and divine truth which it enfolded—he one day broke off in an uncontrollable throb of emotion at the words, 'To them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation.'

"It was but half understood that day: it was wonderingly spoken of many a time afterwards; but later it was felt to be the very keynote of his life by one or two to whom full twenty years after he said—'There is but one word I would wish to have upon my gravestone, and it is a Greek word of course,' he added with a smile, 'it is the word ΣΑΛΠΙΓΕΙ —"The trumpet shall sound,"'—'Yes,' he said again, 'The trumpet *shall* sound.'"

Lee was appointed Bishop of Manchester in 1847. The boys subscribed for and presented him with a testimonial, my father acting as secretary and being the moving spirit. Lee was very unpopular at the time among a certain section of the Birmingham people, and the most cruel and baseless slanders were insinuated about his private life; the boys espoused his cause with the utmost warmth and manifested the most violent indignation against the offenders. Lee was represented as an unfit person both on theological and private grounds to be made a Bishop, and after enduring for some time, with Christian fortitude, statements which worked like poison in his sensitive nature, actually brought a lawsuit in which his character was triumphantly vindicated.

Lee had the power of self-control to a remarkable degree, but as a matter of fact his sensitiveness both mental and physical was abnormal. My father has told me that on the occasion of his first large Confirmation at Manchester, he was so much upset by the incessant motion of figures in front of him that he was obliged to retire in

utter prostration several times in the course of the service. His continuing the service under such conditions is a sufficient proof of the constraint he could put upon himself.

*To J. B. Lightfoot, a description of Dr Prince Lee's appointment to the Bishopric of Manchester.*

BIRMINGHAM HEATH.
*October 22nd*, 1847.

MY DEAR LIGHTFOOT,

Here then beginneth

KING EDWARD'S HERALD.

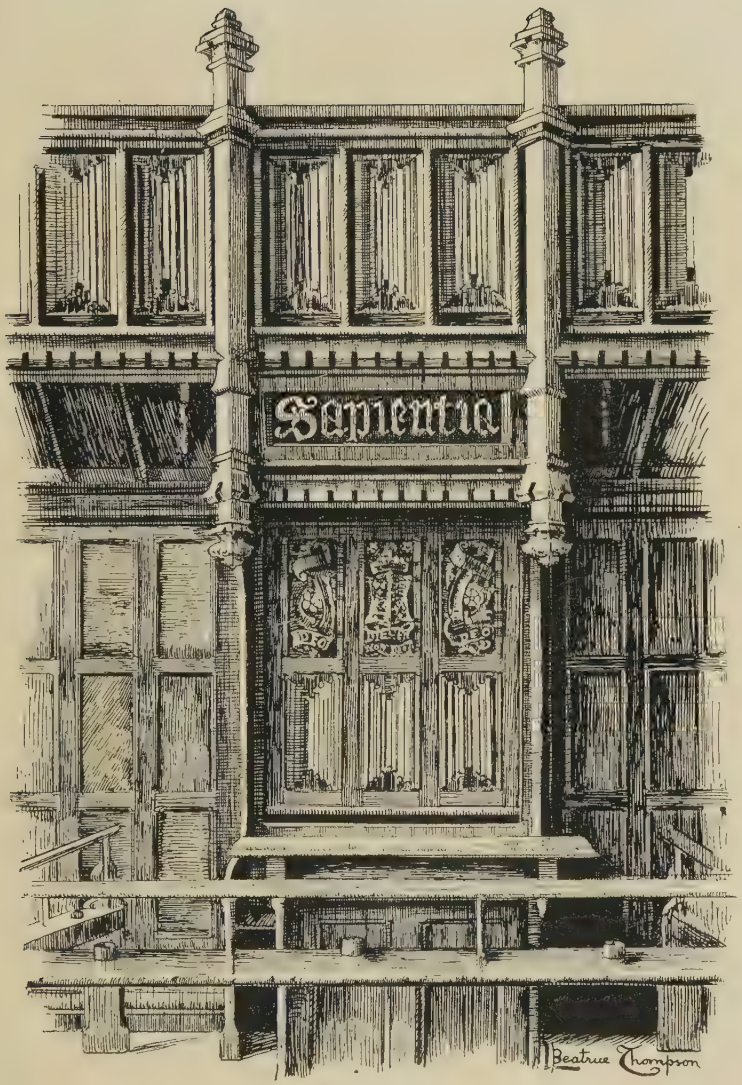
*Thursday the 14th of October* 1847.

Mr Lee and Mr Abbott together gave us a Lecture on the Pendulum from eleven o'clock to half-past twelve in the Lecture Room. A few minutes before the half-hour Mr Lee said, "while you are here I may as well give you the subject for your copy—Latin verse, isn't it—take for your motto 'Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,' and you may treat it in any way you like—and as I shall not be able to be with you to-morrow—(I am called away unexpectedly) I will set you some work to do on paper. That will do for the present"—and so upstairs we went, and Mr Lee followed us and gave us the fifth Book of Tacitus' Histories. "Only 26 Chapters, you see, you'll finish it easily." After that he staid in Birmingham till half past six. He was at the School of Design till ten minutes to six, and then hurried off. Next day (Friday) all that was known about him was that he was in London—not a soul, either boy or master, knew what he was gone for. Many were the odd surmises as to what could have taken him away so suddenly. *Saturday*—when we came into school Mr Lee was sitting back in his seat; he looked very pale—and certainly I thought looked at me in a very peculiar manner as I passed beside him—indeed all thought that there was something unusual in his manner. When he began to read prayers he read with difficulty, and was evidently much affected by something or other, for the corners of his mouth were working strangely. However, his voice soon grew stronger, and he read on to the end. Still nothing was known at all, but we soon after went up with Davison's Chapter on the union of free-will in man with

Divine fore-knowledge. Mr Lee gave us one of the fairest pieces of his own eloquence that I ever heard—he spoke of those who believed in fixed fate, so that man had no will of his own—and he alluded by way of illustration to the wretched criminal whose case had been just made known—and then said that if all the influences of the Holy Spirit upon him had been exercised only that he might incur the guilt of scorning them, and that because he could not do otherwise—and that if all the longings and prayers of the good men, aided by Christ's Spirit, and accepted for Christ's merits, had been a mere mechanical thing, then God was transformed—he was not *our* God—the God of Scripture, but a demon. And here Mr Lee's eyes filled with tears, he seemed almost choked, and he leant on his desk—and after repeated attempts, and with great difficulty, he said, "This is an awful subject, and one which is peculiarly interesting to me at this time." After a short time he went on—you know we have all seen him several times moved to tears, but I never saw him so much moved as then. All this of course increased the mystery, and his last sentence completely rooted out all idea of the Bishopric.

Shortly before half-past twelve he came to our desk and said, "as the services in the Church are peculiar to-morrow, I will excuse your attendance in the afternoon," so there was no hope of hearing anything more till Monday. On Sunday evening I went to my uncle's to meet Mama who had been nursing him; and to take her to Church. Mr Hodgson (the surgeon) had seen her and told her that Mr Lee was appointed Bishop of Manchester. When I knew it so for certain I was thunder-struck. I could have done anything—I could have laughed or cried or danced or sung or anything in the world but stand still and think—it was positively dreadful. Here was all cleared up and in such a manner. I really was so selfish that I did not feel glad a bit till I had walked two or three hundred yards—and then I thought how very wrongly I was doing—yet I could not help it, and my eyes filled with tears once or twice during the evening service.

Next day (Monday) when I got to the school, there were various rumours afloat—one of the reports in the lower part of the school was that Mr Lee had got £20,000 and was going to leave—but it was no laughing matter. Ellis had seen it in the paper, and Mr Lee had told the boarders himself on Sunday evening—he spoke to them of the familiar and happy intercourse




HEADMASTER'S DESK, KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL, BIRMINGHAM.

*From a drawing by L. Beatrice Thompson.*

*To face page 44, vol. i*

which he had had with them—that it must soon end—that it had pleased Her Majesty to appoint him first Bishop of Manchester, and all the wretched tale—and yet so joyful a one—again. On *Tuesday* N—— was brought before Mr Lee for having told and persisted in a falsehood to Mr Yates[1]—and at half-past twelve Mr Lee made Oh! such a speech to him and to the school. Truth was what he dwelt on as the foundation of all good—the contemplation of Truth—his own beloved Truth, and he spoke of how he had ever redeemed and would redeem to the last his pledge to extirpate falsehood, by God's help, from the school. If that fellow had not a heart of iron, he will be a changed being all his days. And then Mr Lee said that as N—— had been so severely dealt with in words, his corporal punishment should be but light—and so he made it. Was it not nobly done?

*Wednesday.* The first two classes had a meeting about a testimonial for Mr Lee.

The Committee chose for its Treasurers, Pearse and Thompson, and for its Secretary—yours obediently E. W. B. I was therefore requested to prepare a notice to be placed in all the desks.

Nothing more happened on Wednesday afternoon; we were of course all in a state of high excitement and no work was done.

On Wednesday evening I was alone to write the circular. You can have little idea how I felt in setting about it. It seemed such a privilege and honour to be actually setting down on paper what one thought of Mr Lee, and something that should be read by 500 boys about him, and how all would hate me if I did not praise him enough—and then the fear of overdoing it—and then the feeling that I *could not* possibly write down why I loved him, and why we ought all to love him—it was the strangest mixture of feelings I ever felt.

However by the end of the evening it was written and copied out—for it took me from tea-time till bed-time. I don't want you to think it was done in an off-hand way—a dashed-off thing, you know; but I really tried to make it as good as I could.

You must know that that malicious fool X——[2] has ventured

[1] 10th Wrangler 1844; Fellow of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, and Mathematical Master at Birmingham.

[2] A Birmingham medical man, who had a long quarrel with Dr Prince Lee about the Birmingham Hospital. He published libels on the character of Dr P. Lee, who eventually brought the action already alluded to against him.

to publish a protest to Lord John Russell and the Bishops, setting forth etc. etc.—I can't write it—and had the audacity to fix up a copy in the news room. I went full tear to the Library to pull it down, but found it was gone.

To-day the circulars came printed. We folded them up in school and distributed them in the desks afterwards—the fellows are, I believe, quite enthusiastic—as they ought to be. I send you a copy of the circular. I should like to know what the fellows think of it—for I shan't pretend that I don't care, or that I don't think about it; here, I believe, it is pretty well liked. This afternoon Mr Lee has had a letter sealed with the Royal Arms. The two Schools were assembled at half-past three P.M. to-day, and the Governors came in. Mr James Chance[1] spoke—what a gentlemanly man he is!—and told us the Governors gave us a week's holiday—till 1st Nov. Of course the fellows felt bound to cheer tremendously, and so they did—but the general expression as they sat down again was—"I'm not glad a bit if Mr Lee's to go."

O happy Lightfoot, happy all that enjoyed his latest teaching, and miserable me, that shall come back next half-year and see another in his place.

Lee was succeeded in the Headmastership by the Rev. E. H. Gifford, afterwards Archdeacon of London, for whose accurate and careful scholarship my father and his contemporaries had a great respect. But such devotion as Lee inspired is hardly transferable, and it is highly creditable to Dr Gifford that he was so successful as he was in succeeding a teacher of so enthusiastic a genius.

There are but few letters before this date, but as soon as his school-friend J. B. Lightfoot, who was one year his senior, went up to Cambridge in 1847 they began to correspond voluminously.

[1] A Governor of the school, of Trin. Coll., Camb. and 7th Wrangler: head of a firm of glassworkers in Birmingham.

## *To J. B. Lightfoot.*

EMBSAY KIRK[1].
*July* 23, 1847.

MY DEAR LIGHTFOOT,

All my old friends in ideas etc. are coming over again and puzzling me sadly. You may imagine the difficulties I feel when it is assumed as a matter of course, and a ground to argue upon, that Dr Arnold was a good man indeed but holding very mistaken and dangerous opinions. "*Nulla salus extra ecclesiam*" is the prime feeling; and love for the Church (i.e. of England) is what children are to be specially and above all things taught. But they now go a step further than I ever heard before. You must know that the Roman Church may be a true Church in Italy, but in England it is not only in error, but in heresy, and schismatical. All the love they have for the Sacraments, and love for Churches and Chancels as places especially holy in themselves, and all the veneration of the priestly character, seems inclined to furnish them with a high principle of action, but not, as I firmly believe, the highest. I hear much of the Church, Baptism, the Eucharist, and so on, but very little of *Christ's* Church, *Christ's* Baptism, the *Lord's* Supper. It is as if Christ had come down from Heaven as some great teacher to found a Society which should have power to save of itself all who belonged to it, and as if He had then gone away again; the Atonement and Mediation of Christ seem to be very little thought of in reality of feeling, however much they may be acknowledged in doctrine.

By the way I have met with something that rather startled me with regard to the Athanasian Creed. I saw the Latin Version of it the other day, and it begins with "Quicunque vult *salvus* esse"—now mind you, it is a very different thing to say "Whoever will be *saved*"—I could say the former myself without any shrinking; the Greek word indeed is σωθῆναι but I have an indistinct idea of having seen somewhere that the Latin was the original!

But I must conclude at once.—God bless you in Christ;

My dear fellow,

E. W. B.

[1] A house near Skipton to which Mr John Sidgwick moved from Stonegappe.

*To J. B. Lightfoot, at Trinity College, Cambridge.*

*Sunday Evening,*
*Oct. 3rd,* 1847.

My dear Lightfoot,

You really quite alarmed me by your paragraph on the 14th century. Dear me, do you take me for a Papist? But if you will read the last few pages of Waddington's first volume, and Guizot as he is there quoted, you will see that there was something else than Church Music and Gothic Architecture which the *Church* of the Middle Ages did for mankind.

Don't you think a very noble essay might be written comparing Heathen and Christian *Philosophy*? I do not think it could be dangerous to look at our faith in that light—and it would show how mean a thing is humanity raising itself to its greatest height, as compared with humanity raised by God above itself. Compare the *doctrines* of Socrates, that man cannot teach virtue, that it comes by divine grace; and that the best prayer man can offer is to commend himself to God because he knows nothing, with the doctrines taught by St Paul,—and the *practice* which Socrates' doctrines produced with the practice of the meanest Christian. How poor are such motives as that a son should honour his mother because she nursed him, and bore with his passionate humours, and that brothers are to be kind, and ἐγκράτεια[1] ought to be practised because it fits a man for the duties of a soldier or a statesman, if we compare with this, those gentle, simple words that 4000 years of human wisdom could not find, and that 10,000 more would not have found, "Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another."

In what a fearful and mysterious state that mind must have been which, knowing the existence of a God, and believing that he must be just, knew nothing of a life to come; do but think well of those mighty words ἅπαξ θανόντος οὔτις ἐστ' ἀνάστασις[2] (which we have heard quoted till they ring in our ears almost meaningless) and try to realise the state of mind which he must have had who wrote them. How dark and anarchical must all

[1] Self-control.

[2] "Once dead, there is no resurrection." Aesch. *Eum.* 648.

things have seemed, what a hopeless life was it for all but the pleasure-seeker, and what a changed prospect that must have been, what a day-star indeed upon the valley of the shadow of death, if any such philosopher could have caught the words "To them who by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory and honour and immortality, eternal life." I hope you will not think me troublesome, for you may laugh at me for laying so great a stress on so obvious a thing, but the words seem to me to carry a deeper meaning than meets the ear, and to be fully appreciated only if one places oneself as a heathen to whom the "good spell" came for the first time. I have been much struck by it lately myself, again and again.

(Thursday evening.) One word more and I have done, for I think this is really a very curious incidental proof of the different genius of humanity with and without revelation. Consider in those two passages what is the *Self* which is assumed in each,

πολλὰς δ' ἰφθίμους ψυχὰς Ἄϊδι προΐαψεν...
...αὐτοὺς δὲ ἑλώρια τεῦχε κύνεσσιν[1],

and παραστήσατε ἑαυτοὺς τῷ Θεῷ ὡς ἐκ νεκρῶν ζῶντας, καὶ τὰ μέλη ὑμῶν[2].

Mr Lee's portrait is painted, I believe; he is in his College dress, with a Testament in one hand and his gold pencil-case in the other! It's quite true.

I have had such a nice talk with Louis this afternoon, I have been building "churches in the air" gloriously, I daresay you will hear something about it from him. Do not reject the idea at once as visionary, for it is *not* impracticable—and many a large tree has grown from a smaller seed than six educated, thinking, energetic men might sow.

Believe me, my dear fellow, Yours most truly,

E. W. Benson.

They are all gone—Corrie left yesterday, the ultimus Romanorum.

[1] "And many valiant souls he sent to Hades...and made them a prey to dogs." *Il.* i. 4.

[2] "Yield yourselves unto God, as those that are alive from the dead, and your members...." Rom. vi. 13.

*To J. B. Lightfoot.*

*Oct.* 29, 1847.

Can you send me the Prayers for None, after the last Response? Do you keep Canonical Hours at all? By the way—I wanted to mention to you that we should not destroy each other's letters—let them be kept as a memorial of school days. Even when we are grown wiser and better, it will do us good to go over old times again with the very papers and ink that contained what were once our thoughts.

*To J. B. Lightfoot, on the formation of a small Society for holy living.*

*"Non nobis, Domine."*

*Sunday Evening,*
*Oct.* 31, 1847.

My dear Lightfoot,

This is a singularly auspicious day for commencing the first practical consideration of such a project as ours. On the 31st of October 1517, as I was told to-night, Luther affixed his theses to the gate of Wittenberg—and evermore is this day kept as the Birthday of the German Reformation. May we receive a small measure of the lion-like boldness of that noble and true-hearted monk, and if the Battle be not so great, yet is it to be fought with spiritual wickedness, and that too in high places; and we may trust that if hands and hearts be feeble, God hath ere now vouchsafed to give the victory to others than the strong.

How far Louis has told you of our conversation, or what project he has definitely mentioned, you do not inform me. Yet I think there cannot be any mistaking, in your words "the sooner something is done the better," which I think good and true. But we must remember how very young we are, and how very much unformed our minds are, in comparison with what they will be in the course of a few years. And therefore, (although I think that without some definite outward bonds of union we cannot hold together, and that it is very advisable that we should meet and have together a peculiar Service, and declare solemnly to each other, before God Almighty, what our intentions and resolutions are,) still these vows must not be perpetual—and a certain form

must be agreed upon by which they may be renounced—and all must be secret, we must observe strict silence, except to one another—at present I include only yourself, and Louis and myself —we must agree what *we* will do, and then we may consider about admitting others.

To consider, then, what we are to do. It must be nothing *new*. We must not seek for new truths; if we do so, if we seek any new Angels beside those who have been declared to us to be such, we are more likely than not to find that appearance of an Angel of Light, into which Satan transforms himself. We are then to seek to do nothing which we are not as Christians already concerned to do. At Baptism, you and I, before the Blessed Trinity, before all Angels, and the whole Church in heaven and earth, made three solemn vows. These vows have not yet been uttered by lip, by the other of us three, but he knows in his heart that they are binding upon him no less, and his solemn declaration we shall one day hear, I hope and trust. But now, we have not kept these vows. You have not kept yours, you know—and how often I have broken mine, God only knows, for it is beyond my power to reckon. Now I think that by such fellowship as this, rooted in love, between three only who are not ashamed to speak to each other of God and Christ and spiritual things, we may each under God's blessing mutually aid and forward one another, and then as we grow older, when increased knowledge and experience shall have given us power, we may better teach others in the way. One point particularly has struck me—we promised to renounce that which doubtless exists for *us*, the vain pomp and glory of the world. Have we even attempted this?

Again, the noblest object of all is one which few have as yet aimed at. The Kingdom of God was for the *Poor*. Oh! let the *Poor* have the Gospel preached unto them. Let us league with all our souls and hearts, and powers of mind and body, that it may be no more God's witness against us, "My people perish for lack of knowledge."

Let us determine while our hearts are still warm, and unchilled by the lessons of the world, to teach the *Poor*—and to alleviate the condition of those, with respect to whom disclosures occasionally reach our ears, that tell us how darkly and coldly the shadow of death yet rests upon thousands and tens of thousands in Christian England, the pride of the nations.

And again to promote the Spiritual Unity of the Church, even if the outward union may be difficult or even impossible to effect, should be our earnest endeavour.

All these things are noble objects to live for, to study for, to write for, to pray for, to die for. Yet we must ever bear in mind the immense danger of exalting any one doctrine too high. And again, that these are secondary objects; that we are neither to seek to perform our vows for the vow's sake, nor to fulfil Christ's words for Christianity's sake, nor to teach and raise the poor for the poor's sake, nor to unite the Church for the Church's sake, nor to learn and teach the Bible for the Bible's sake. But all is to be done for Christ's sake, to the Glory of God. According as we have this aim before us, or not, we shall certainly stand or fall. This is the difference between morality and religion; if we do any one work for its own sake, instead of God's, that work is none of His, and He will not prosper it, for He will not have man presume to do His work by other than His means.

For the means whereby we are to effect this, the weapons of our warfare are not carnal. Prayer, unceasing, fervent, is the surest means of attaining any end—this is a thing which requires great pains to realise, but Christ has given us the most practical assurances that it is so, and we dare not, will not, doubt it. God has saved cities for the prayer of righteous men that dwelt in them—and surely He who has wrought temporal deliverances will work spiritual ones.

We may begin this work now. Let our prayers rise up a continual incense before God, for the extension of His Kingdom, and the revival of the Church in our day; many outward ordinances want amending, a whole order of ministers in the Church has become extinct. Fasting and other spiritual helps are cast aside. It is all very well to talk of these things being only scaffolding and therefore not essential or important; but the building is not yet complete, and a strange architect is he who would throw away the scaffolding before it is. This, then, and others which will occur to each are things which we may now practise. Let us deny ourselves much, that we may have to give, and so help the poor outwardly; let us lose no opportunity that *may* occur of helping them spiritually. I do not believe that they are generally thankless, and even at the worst, we have only cast our bread upon the waters, as He commanded. We may have much influence on those about us for good, if we will only be bold.

Because we have not yet *seen* our Master, but only heard His voice, we are as slack in His service as if we had doubts of His existence. When we *do* see His face, then we shall no more be able to do as we now can do. Let me hear from you soon as to this —and perhaps Louis will write also. Should we, as I suggested to him, be ever able to co-operate as Clergymen in the same Parish Church, our united efforts might be productive of good by writing, if God will bless us, and our labours among the people would prevent our Christianity from becoming solely theoretic; and all pleasant and lovely things might be done in the Service of His House.

E. W. B.

## *To J. B. Lightfoot.*

Birmingham Heath.
*Feb.* 17, 1848.

My dear Lightfoot,

"*Self*"—I have been in Birmingham all the time and precious seedy have I become. So much so that for the last fortnight and hard upon a week before that, I have done nothing at all in the reading line. Indeed I am horrified in looking back upon the last eight weeks. And yet so delighted at having seen so much of the beloved Bishop and Bishopess. Wickenden has of course told you about the book-packing. Since then I have been there several times, and particularly on the Monday after his Enthronisation, which he spent at Birmingham. I lunched with them and he introduced me very kindly to Mr Gifford. I am the only fellow so far as I can find out that has seen him, and we go to school on Tuesday. He is certainly a very young man indeed, and rather bashful in his manner, but I hear that he was exceedingly liked at Shrewsbury and particularly for his justice. This is very promising for us who require so firm a hand. The Bishop said of him before his election that he would, if he came, raise the character of the School higher than it has ever been. But at lunch while discussing with Garbett and the Bishop the text of the Consecration Sermon which has caused such a disturbance here, he unluckily said that he believed instances might be found in the Greek Testament of the present passive used for the perfect, so that we must not take all for Gospel clearly. The Bishop's countenance of course fell directly, but as soon as possible he

referred the σωζομένους to his favourite imperfect tense, that answers so many difficulties. How he shone in comparison with all others! Greek quotations streamed from him like light from the sun.

The other evening when I was telling Ellis about the delight which Hare's letters gave me, as settling Hampden's[1] orthodoxy, he told me that he had been giving up all his time to the study of the trial and had not touched any classics for a week. "Oh," said I, "I don't care a rap about that. I am only rejoicing to be able to sympathise fully with Arnold's indignation at the condemnation of Hampden." The poor chap was quite upset for a moment, and then proceeded gravely to lay before me the awful earthquake that had been going on while I was snoozing quietly in the Lycian Sepulchres. For you must know that I have been head and ears in Fellowes's *Lycia*[2].

I was truly glad to hear of your brother's rising reputation. I should think he would be a very good preacher. What you say of those London parishes is truly terrible. Is not labour among those masses in reality a nobler life than such as I am proposing to myself? I am in great doubt now as to applying for the assistance of some Bristol folks with whom my Uncle has interest, who wish to help young men in my position and similar ones, to obtain University Education, in order to entering the Ministry. Now I cannot say that that is my fixed purpose, but rather school-teaching. My Uncle has set before me all the difficulties likely to beset me in that course, and would exert his influence for me if I would even say that I wished to be a Minister, though circumstances might incline me to be a schoolmaster. Now while on the one hand it seems like a flinging away of the help which God seems to have given me in these people, to relieve me from the difficulties into which I have been led by my original wilfulness in refusing to leave school contrary to the

[1] The Confirmation of Dr Hampden as Bishop of Hereford took place in Bow Church on Jan. 16, 1848. Three clergymen of the Diocese objected to the Confirmation on the ground that the Bishop had published works repugnant to the doctrines of the Established Church, and had been censured by the University of Oxford. The Commissioners refused to hear the objections, and confirmed the election in the usual form, and, on appeal, the Court of Queen's Bench being equally divided in opinion, the election stood.

[2] *An account of discoveries in Lycia, a Journal*, Lond. 1841, and *The Xanthian Marbles &c.*, Lond. 1843, by Sir Charles Fellowes.

wishes of all my friends, and while one might even consider this as a circumstance to determine one to be a Minister of God's Church, on the other hand I do not consider myself justified in turning away from a course which, to my view, presents equal hopes of usefulness; and well I know that if I were to say now merely that my wish was to be a Minister, I could not but think hereafter, in case I should be a schoolmaster, that I had deserted that, on the faith of which alone their help had been given me. And again, if I were to nail the weathercock to one point of the compass, the nails you know would soon get rusty with time and weather, and the weathercock would be looser than ever when they dropped out. But of this not a word to any one.

E. W. B.

P.S. Mama sends her kind regards, and having bound me by a promise before exacted, requires me to say that "she hopes you will be both wiser and better when you have read my letter, as I have devoted much time to it."

*From J. B. Lightfoot to E. W. Benson.*

TRINITY COLLEGE.
*March* 8, 1848.

MY DEAR BENSON,

The object of my greatest admiration is Westcott. I shall not attempt to tell you all his good qualities, for that would not be very possible, but imagine to yourself one of the most gentlemanly, quietest, humblest, and most conscientious of mankind! (to say nothing of cleverness) and you have my opinion of him. In fact the high men of this year are a very fine set altogether. You asked me, as I remember, for part of the Service for None: if you still want it tell me in your next and I will send it. About Canonical Hours: I keep them pretty regularly, but the College hours are very inconvenient for it.

And so "Self" has been very idle this vacation: so at least "Self" says, but is "Self" to be trusted? I fear not: especially as I am already informed from other quarters that he has been very hard at work. But, as editors say, "Judicent peritiores."

After all, I think I shall subside quietly into a curacy after

I have taken my degree: at least such is my present intention, and, wondrous to say, it has been the same for the last half-year nearly, with the exception of a few interruptions, of not very long continuance: not that I think it a more useful life than a schoolmaster's, but quite as useful, and more suited to myself. Wherever we turn there is no lack of work to be done, and comparatively few to do it, "and that number more than true." It is surprising how anyone who has health and opportunities can make up his mind to live in ease and idleness on a Fellowship: but it is very easy to talk coolly and dispassionately on such matters when there are no temptations in the way. At present one's only consideration is in what way most good can be done, but God only knows what it might be under different circumstances.

I am not at all settled in my Church views, that is, in matters of the so-called high and low Church parties; the more I read on the subject the less fixed I become, and I should be heartily thankful if I saw any prospect of coming to a decided conclusion on such points—yet I hope it may be so. One thing I am at present certain of, that I could not entertain such uncharitable views as those held by the extreme (so-called) high Church party. We have lately had a disgraceful instance of the want of charity occasioned by religious views in the Hampden controversy (I beg your pardon for alluding to it again). We might look in vain for that Christian virtue which hopeth all things and believeth all things, and if St John had said "hate one another" his precept could scarcely have been better fulfilled, at least to all appearance—yet it would be unfair to charge this uncharitableness all on the one party, and to overlook the same fault in the other. But in the one it seems to be inseparable from the system, and there must be something wrong in that belief which excites such feelings in men otherwise good and exemplary.

But there is one lesson that all may learn, as the truth of it is denied by none: that inward moral purity ought to be the first great aim of a Christian; and do we never,—do we not often—neglect this, while we are fighting for that which, to say the best of it, is disputed?

Yours very affectionately,

J. B. LIGHTFOOT.

*To J. B. Lightfoot.*

*Saturday Afternoon,*
*March* 18, 1848.

My dear Lightfoot,

Your observance of "Canonical Hours" is a terrible reproof to me, who am so negligent of that, ay, and of more important duties yet.

The fact is, I have to-day received a letter which, though very kindly put, sums up all in this sentence—"The members of your family who hoped to help (i.e. me at College) are likely to be disappointed"—and now what *am* I to do? I know not.

I might receive assistance if I would pledge myself to devote myself to the Ministry to the exclusion of school-teaching (which I cannot do) and deliver myself up bound hand and foot to the Evangelicals, which I will not do for the sake of anything. Who can say now this moment what will be my position one year hence—will it be that all the happy prospects of usefulness in the Church—the loved Church—are to be smeared out of my view for ever for a punishment of early sins and continued unworthiness—and into what course of life shall I be thrown?—"Behold the servant of the Lord; let Him do with me as seemeth good in His sight"—and yet what can I lack more than the will that He should so deal with me?—or will it be that now when all prospects have failed with me, and all earthly trust has crushed under me—for though I had a sort of terrible foreboding that something of the kind would befal me, yet I could not have conceived the position in which I now feel myself to be—will it be that His Right Arm will help me yet, as it did, I most surely believe, help poor P—— when he was in like distress—and yet how can I expect it when I feel how single-hearted and upright he was, and how unlike to him I am? Ora pro me.

In Christo salus.

Yours most affectionately,

White Benson.

*To J. B. Lightfoot.*

*March* 26, 1848.

.....Now I should not think it would be very hard to translate this[1] into a sort of memorial for College life, and thus to pursue self-denial without running any risk of breaking through the *duties* (for such they are) of friendship and hospitality. But there is another sort of gratification which sorely puzzles me as to the right and wrong of it—that given by books, pictures, busts, etc.—now if I had the means, the giving up of these would indeed be bitter self-denial to me, and I am not clear as to whether the denying them to oneself would not be even harmful, because they are intellectual gratifications, and I suppose the intellect is expanded by them very greatly.

The constant presence in Mr Dacre's thoughts of the sentence "How hardly," etc. brings to my mind a strange similarity of feeling which once happened to myself. The idea came first upon me, and then almost overwhelmingly, as I was standing last Midsummer alone upon a terrace in front of a noble house which belonged to one of my cousins, which he had lately left and which he purposed to sell. All about the house was most beautiful; a fine avenue, and his estate lying almost every side of it, and in front one of the most beautiful views in the most beautiful part of Yorkshire. You cannot think how crushingly Christ's words came over me, as I saw my cousin's property before me, and thought of his large and happy family. "He that forsaketh houses or lands or children or wife or friends for my sake, shall receive an hundred-fold with persecution now in this present life, and in the world to come life everlasting." You cannot think how I was haunted by those words for weeks and weeks; wherever I was, or went, or whatever I was about, those few words were ringing in my ears day and night. I do verily believe that *then* if I had had any extent of property in the world, I should have sacrificed it, and gone forth like Francis d'Assisi. But the impression passed away, and, with shame I say it, the words fall as dead upon my ear now, as if they had not been my whole thoughts. But I do pray God that if ever He should bless me with the two first, He will give me them as a trial, and give me strength to put them wholly to His service; and while my present mind lasts I hope that I may be enabled to resist the

[1] A passage from a devotional book that he had been discussing.

alluring prospects of comfort and happiness which the others hold out, and so forsake them as much as if I had had them and given them up after. What sacrifices would it not be worth to be able to say when life is nearly over, what St Paul says in to-night's second lesson[1]!

I had intended to say much to you about Newman, whom I heard preach a little while ago, a man in whom the severe mortifications of the Middle Ages are again revived. Christ help him. He taught me wondrous lessons.

Pray write soon. How rejoiced I am in Westcott's success—and how delighted with what I hear of him from all sides—and how mortified to think of the folly and wrongheadedness with which I used once to behave to him. Oh! how I do hope some day to know him.

Believe me, yours most affectionately,

E. W. Benson.

ORA . ORA . ORA . PRO . ME . MISERO.

*From J. B. Lightfoot to E. W. Benson.*

*April* 29, 1848.

My dear Benson,

And so you have been going to hear Mr Newman. I am afraid that the opinion of us two on the propriety of this would be at variance, but as long as you act up to your own conscientiously formed views on the matter, I have nothing to say. When you write next, will you tell me all about his sermon and how you liked it?

Now as to Evangelicalism—Pseudo-Evangelicalism I mean—I daresay you recollect some time ago on a Sunday evening (I think) as we were going to Church together, you spoke in what seemed to me then to be harsh terms of Evangelicalism, and I told you I thought you were uncharitable: well, I have very much modified my opinion, and I daresay that I should agree with you now. And we ought to feel grateful to the writers of the Oxford Tracts for their efforts against the absurdities of the Evangelical system, particularly the exaltation of preaching to the

[1] The Lesson, 2 Tim. iv. (Old Lectionary), contains the passage "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." It is also the Gospel of St Luke's Day, Oct. 18, and the words were applied to him in 1896 in many pulpits, and by many hearts.

detriment of praying. Mind, I have not altered my opinion of the utility of preaching which you were inclined at one time to underrate. But to see the way people run after popular preachers, and the preachers set themselves up as idols to their congregations, is enough to condemn the system: it is just the same longing after novelty, which impelled men of old to leave their parish Churches and run after mendicant friars and other itinerant preachers, for the sake of hearing something fresh. If there were no alternative but Tractarianism or Evangelicalism, I should not hesitate a moment in making my choice.

Yours most affectionately,

J. B. LIGHTFOOT.

*To J. B. Lightfoot on "High Church" doctrines.*

BIRMINGHAM HEATH.
*May* 3, 1848.

MY DEAR LIGHTFOOT,

You may well fancy that your last letter was by no means qualified to lull any apprehensions I might have had as to Tractarianism in you. However I am sure that it is no use to talk about these things in letters when you have no opportunity of explaining phrases which are liable to misconstruction. You have misapprehended one or two things in my last. But if you turn Tractarian again—in even a moderate sense of that very ambiguous word—after having been Tractarian once before, and Arnoldine once or twice—why then I do not think we shall stand much chance of working together in after life, and I do not believe we were ever intended to be separate.

I remember once making the remark to you that wherever you opened the New Testament you saw undoubted evidences in every page that it was what it professed to be, "the New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," and how utterly opposed to the spirit of Unitarianism was the way in which you see thick over every page the capital letters J.....C.....

Now if you could fancy persons holding Tractarian views placed in the position of the SS. Apostles, and writing letters of the same character to the different Churches, would the letters which would catch your eye be the same as they are now? Clearly not. There would be a goodly number of S's for Sacrament, and of H's for Holy—not used as that lovely

word ἅγιοι in St Paul is used, but said of all kinds of things and places and dead men and things—and above all there would be a great number of C's for Church and P's for Priests. I will not for an instant deny the truth of what you say of the High Churchman's character in general. Only remember that there must be something analogous in the beginning of every new system—*new*, I mean, to the state of society in which it makes its appearance, whether it be new altogether, or old revived—and consider that the next generation, at least the next after that, which springs from these High Churchmen, will be *born* to the High Church principles, and will go on in them, *not* as those who are bound to carry them out in practice, provided they support the externals in profession. Just in the same way as Methodism, which in its rise had so many things lovely and pleasant in it, the perfect uprightness of its professors, their unimpeachable morality, their prayings in churchyards, their shunning of all profanity, and even worldly merriment, the "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs" which "a man being merry" sang about his work, all this degenerated in their grandchildren into the same stern rigidity of demeanour, while within seven other spirits came, with "envy, hatred and malice, and all uncharitableness," with far too many of that happy company.

As to modern Heretics, think for one moment how utterly different they are from the ancient "Nicolaitans, whose doctrine I hate," or from any other sect which existed in Apostolic times, before you venture to apply the awful language of Holy Scripture against them to the Dissenters of this day.

Believe me, ever yours,

E. W. Benson.

## *To J. B. Lightfoot.*

Birmingham Heath.
*July* 5, 1848.

My dear Lightfoot,

I am sorry, very sorry, you could not come down to Birmingham for two or three days, though it was hardly to be expected. I should have been so rejoiced to see you once again. You do not know how I have seemed to *want* you lately; more so during last half-year than ever before. Every morning in

walking to school I was certain to be reminded of you by something or other; and young Guest and I used to be constantly "commemorating" your words, looks or deeds—and saying "I wish old Joe were walking along with us just as he did." However, no use crying, it won't be long, I hope, before our walks are resumed. 14th of October, Hurrah!

I must tell you that a letter of yours dated April 29th, which has never been properly answered yet, rather alarmed me when I first received it—and I certainly do think that there is a very strangely marked *Tractarian* sort of tone about it; if this were really so, I should be grieved indeed; I do hope you have not been blown round again, and that, because Evangelicalism is wrong, you therefore think its opposite right. Still my own notions on the subject are exceedingly vague and indefinite, much more so than when you were here.

Do not say anything to me about "conscientiously formed opinions as to the propriety" of going to hear Newman preach—for I have none. I went one Sunday evening in Lent because I wished to hear him, and I did hear him, and I am very glad that I did. He is a wonderful man truly, and spoke with a sort of Angel eloquence, if you comprehend me. Sweet, flowing, unlaboured language in short, very short, and very pithy and touching sentences. Such a style of preaching I never heard before, never hope again to hear. Yet it reminded me very forcibly of Arnold, and his appearance was exceedingly interesting; he was very much emaciated, and when he began his voice was very feeble, and he spoke with great difficulty, nay sometimes he gasped for breath; but his voice was very sweet, rather like Westcott's though. But oh, Lightfoot, never you turn Romanist if you are to have a face like that—it was awful—the terrible lines deeply ploughed all over his face, and the craft that sat upon his retreating forehead and sunken eyes. He was a strange spectacle altogether—and to think of that timid-looking, little, weak-voiced man having served old England as he has done. For his manner, I could not describe it to you more exactly than in the words which old Izaak Walton used of Hooker. "Of a mean stature and stooping, and yet more lowly in the thoughts of his soul; his body worn out, not with age, but study and holy mortifications;.....though he was not purblind, yet he was short or weak-sighted"—when N. began to preach the light near the pulpit was extinguished—"and where he fixt his eyes at the

beginning of the sermon, there they continued until it was ended." This was remarkably so in Newman. His subject was the Gospel of the day, the Parable of the Sower; the Wayside Hearers. He illustrated it beautifully by the manner in which *names* caught in casual conversation are listened to. How some names glide over the ear without in the least affecting us, while names of dear friends, or of public characters whom we view with love or admiration, cause a strange thrill within. How eagerly we listen to catch some piece of information about them, and how the *very name* recalls scenes and awakens in us thoughts, that supply us for hours with matter for reflection. He went on to apply this to religion, or rather to religious feeling; what a world of thought was stirred by the name Stephen, by the name Paul, by the name of the lowliest Christian who was known to us for some deed of devotion or piety; above all "by that most Holy and most Reverend Name, Our Lord Jesus Christ." Then if you had seen how his eye glistened and his whole face glowed, as he turned round to the Altar, lifting his Priest's cap, and bowing low, while he pronounced His name, and with such a voice—you could not but have felt your heart yearn towards him, and when you observed what a thrill ran through the congregation, you must have said, "Surely if there be a man whom God has raised up in this generation with more than common powers to glorify His Name, this man is he"—but how was it spoiled when he linked in "the Name of the Holy Mother of God"; when he joined together "Jesu! Maria!" How painful was it to think that he had been once an English Churchman; and yet how can we wonder at the change when we think of the thousands of prayers offered up abroad and at home, in Church and in Chamber, that Newman might be converted? I am very much inclined to that opinion of Pusey's which I well remember laughing at, that he was removed from us for that we valued him not as we should have done, and were unworthy of him. How sincerely do I hope that it may be as Pusey also said, "That he was only labouring in another portion of the Lord's Vineyard"; yet to my mind it is difficult, nay impossible, to conceive that he has not sinned the sin of those who have left their first love. Ora pro Jacobo[1] Henrico Newman.

But most sad of all was it to watch him during the chanting of the Loretto Litany. Through the invocations to the Blessed

[1] A not wholly uncharacteristic error for "Johanne."

Trinity, and those to most of the Saints, and the beginning of those to the Virgin, arx Davidis, Turris Sionis, Janua Coeli, etc. etc. he went on chanting indeed, but withal somewhat carelessly and looking about. But when they came to Spes peccatorum, auxilium fidorum, salus Christianorum—(to the Virgin, mind you) he clasped his hands fervently, and looked up with an expression of face, I had well-nigh said heavenly, but how far from that!

Well, Sir, I hope you are not tired of this very long account of Newman, but however to quote a passage of your letter—yes, *Yours*, Mr Consistency, *yours* who deprecate my going to hear him—"tell me *all* about his sermon and how you liked it."

When may I look out for None? My Breviary is finished with that exception. The Commemoratio Defunctorum with some extensive alterations.

Yours affectionately,

E. W. Benson.

*From J. B. Lightfoot.*

London.
*July* 19, 1848.

My dear Benson,

I am sorry the Tractarian tone of my letter should have alarmed you; you must not think too much of such opinions, unsettled as they are, as you meet with in my letters. If by the term Tractarian, you would include the extreme and violent sentiments of some of the Tracts, why then I am very far removed from that, perhaps quite as far as you yourself are; but if you would class Hook among the Tractarians why in that case I must confess that my opinions have taken a great leaning that way of late. And this not, I think, because I see so much objectionable in Evangelicalism, but for other independent reasons. Partly because I have got to look with suspicion on the doctrines held by Hampden and his party—there is so much self-satisfaction, and sometimes a spirit slightly verging on profaneness. (If the *Edinburgh Review* is to be taken as the organ of the party, not a little so.) Also I find that there can be as much want of Charity in the very condemnation of uncharitableness, as there is in the so-styled bigotry of the other party. In the next place I see the spirit which animates the High Churchman generally; such a sacrifice of self and selfish desires

to his principles, the fruits of which are clearly visible far and wide in the English Church: indeed High Churchmen (if I may use the word) seem to be the great regenerating element among us, the only one, I think, which will be able to withstand the assaults of Romanism and Protestant Dissent.

Lastly what I ought to have placed first; the truth of the opinions themselves; without this of course the other two points would be utterly worthless, but while they serve in some little degree to establish this, they become of great importance when supported by it, and are then themselves a great evidence in favour of what are called Church principles. This subject is too wide to treat of in a letter, even if I had the materials ready, but I have half a mind to trouble you with a word or two some of these days on Apostolical Succession.

People in general, as you know, have such strange and false notions about "Puseyism," they fancy it was some dish cooked by Dr Pusey and Co. at Oxford a few years since to deceive weak-minded people with, the authors of it being of course Jesuits in disguise—and they never dream that, whether right or wrong, it was the faith held by the confessors and martyrs of old, yea and by our own reformers too, whom they so much extol (and justly too) and by Taylor, that pattern of a Bishop, and Hooker, and by many others we could mention, of whom the world was not worthy. Perhaps you may smile at some things I have said here compared with my former opinions, but again I say do not lay too much stress upon them. I want to see you exceedingly to talk over these and other matters.

Very much obliged am I for your account of Newman, but, before I begin on that point, where is my inconsistency in *this*? I can't pretend that I am very consistent, so let that alone: but what is there inconsistent in saying "I don't think you did right in going to such and such a place, but as you have been, tell me what you heard"? For all I see it's just the same as if I had read the account in the paper (only a great deal better); if I had sent you to hear Newman, that you might retail the particulars to me, then that would be highly inconsistent...

The propriety of the act itself, viz. of your going to St Chad's, depends on this: whether you are at liberty (whether from curiosity or other motives) to take part in an act of worship which is schismatical and heretical at the same time, there being no excuse to allege on the ground that there was no other place

of worship near, whether you do not give your sanction to heresy and schism by this. Now the writings of the Apostles speak very strongly on both points, I mean schism and heresy: and I cannot but think that it is a dangerous doctrine to say that such precepts are not applicable to our times: that the cautions against those who cause divisions in Christ's body, or against false teachers, have no meaning and no reference to us.

I remain, yours very affectionately,

J. B. LIGHTFOOT.

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In the summer holidays of 1848, before he went up to Cambridge, my father took a holiday tutorship. He had to teach two boys of the name of Wicksted, whose father was then tenant of Abergeldie Castle. Of a large number of letters written from Abergeldie to his mother and sisters I select the following.

*To his Mother.*

ABERGELDIE CASTLE, BALLATER,
ABERDEENSHIRE. 1848.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I am all safe and sound at my date, and a very old ancient place too, Ma'am, and one of the prettiest spots I have seen in my travels. Suppose you or your ghost to be close beside me now, you would see before you a jolly dining-table—first in position as in importance,—and above your head a stone vaulted ceiling, rather adorned, not quite in the best possible taste, but with painted groinings and corbels; and behind me you will see a fine massive mantel-piece of granite with an open hearth and Elizabethan sort of fire-dogs, and the wooden logs just smouldering out in their own white ash. And had you been looking over my shoulder just as I wrote the words "behind me" four lines above, you would have heard a melancholy toned clock in the turret above striking eleven. And what time soever you enter this room, be it the noon of night or the noon of day, you hear a strong rushing gurgling noise, and that is the river Dee, —and now I shall just get up and go to the window on my right hand to look out and tell you how the hoary old gentleman looks

to-night. Well, the sky is overcast, and he looks very black through the boughs, but there is a white breaker all across him linking him on to a white ledge of stone, and then there is a tall hedge, black, then a highway, pale, then a hill dull green, with a pine-wood black, then purple heather and moor, and clouds white and black all mixed up together up to the Pole.

Good-night, dearest Mama—love and kisses to the Sleepers.

*Wednesday morning*, 7.30.

I was interrupted yesterday to go salmon fishing. I caught a few salmon but they were too small to keep, and one trout which was large enough to keep. If any fishing for amusement is justifiable, fly-fishing certainly is. It requires so much skill, and it looks so beautiful, and then you don't know how delightful it is stepping along from stone to stone to get a good place to stand, a yard or so from the bank. The water of the Dee is as pure as crystal. It is a very broad and shallow stream here and for the forty miles which I have travelled along it, and here it is fringed deep with the famous "birk" or birch trees "o' Abergeldie." They are not exceedingly large but they are certainly in greater abundance than anywhere else in the whole world. The appearance of a "planting" of them when the wind is fresh, is a most beautiful sight, as they shake their long trailing tresses, and turn up their white side to the wind. Last Sunday we went to Kirk in the morning. And oh, dearest English Church, how much do thy services surpass even this reformed Kirk of Scotland —to say nothing of the inferiority of the building—for had there been a fair building in a retired village of England it would have been Popish work—within there is no Communion Table, no Font, nothing holy and Christian looking, but the place is arranged just like a theatre—the floor is covered all over with pews, and the gallery and pulpit are thus arranged in a half octagon with the pulpit in the middle, against the wall between two windows, and a desk below for two precentors to lead the singing. And then the Service—it was as like as possible to what I remember of the Independent System. No Psalms, no First and Second Lessons, no "Glory to the Father," no Lord's Prayer even. From the Minister's manner it was clear that every Sunday there was exactly the same kind of prayer, a little varied in expression, and Mr Wicksted assures me that it is so; so that in fact the objections against a Liturgy as *formal* are *nil*, and

to the specious name of heart-praying is sacrificed all the *beauty* of the worship. However, the Minister is here very much beloved and esteemed, and the full congregation, considering that many of his flock have to come seven or eight miles, speaks volumes for the good he has done. By the way, I never was more struck than I am now with the appropriateness of the surplice to the priest ministering. Here they wear gowns. O Holy Mother, I will never leave thee, yet amend thee lest thy name be blotted out from among the Churches.

Dearest Mother, your most affectionate son,

E. W. B.

*To his sister Harriet.*

ABERGELDIE.
*Thursday Morning,*
*Sep.* 1, 1848.

MY DEAR HARRIET,

I don't know—but it seems to me as if this first part of my letter sounds rather *cross*; you must excuse it if so, because I am writing in the intervals of a scolding—"Yes, of course," The ladies—"Don't you know that?" are gone out on an—"Why, to be sure"—expedition to the Linn of Dee—"Idling again!"—a beautiful "goose the lad is!" waterfall—"What are you crying about?" in the neighbourhood of "What's the Latin for Parnassus?" with Mr Clive "Who was the Pontifex Maximus?" and Captain "Julius Caesar, to be sure" D———, a conceited puppy who came here last night, and treated me in the most contemptuous manner. I'll punish him myself though, I'll fill his gun with soap and water, and put blue fire in his candle, I vow.

*Thursday evening.*

Captain D——— is, I find, a brother of Lord H———'s, and his manner is pretty much the same to all mankind. I'll punch him though. But he draws very nice in water-colours and sepia. There—it has just struck ten and I am only just come down from dessert—shameful—the amount of time wasted by myself and by others for me. This afternoon a large party of us went to Loch Muich to fish, but the "Gods and little fishes" were unpropitious to me, and I had no hand in catching one.

Good-bye, coffee has just walked upstairs—Oh! the Highland Ball is to be early next week—you must please send me some white kid gloves by return of post, as it is quite impossible to get anything of the kind within a thousand miles of Abergeldie.

*Friday morning.*

On reading your letter, my dear sister, I was struck, I must confess, rather painfully, with the external detail that you give me of your Confirmation and First Communion, not because I was not very glad to hear all about it, even down to Mr Latimer's cap and Miss Chavasse's Ticket,—but because you do not tell me one word of all that tide of *feeling* which I think you must have felt, or of vows of holiness there renewed before GOD and the Church. Do not think that I would wish you roughly to expose the "thoughts that lie too deep" for words—still I wish that you had given me a word or two about the same.

Oh agony of wavering thought,
When sinners first so near are brought;
It is my Maker—dare I stay?—
My Saviour—dare I turn away?

Best love,

E. W. B.

*To his Mother.*

ABERGELDIE.
*September* 9.

The Queen arrived yesterday about half-past two o'clock. She has come in the quietest way possible—has dismissed all her guard, and immediately upon arriving at her house, (although after a ride of 50 miles) walked up to the summit of the hill that stands above the house. She herself, the Prince, and three children were in one carriage without attendants. The Prince stood up to look at Abergeldie, and looked very stately, and the Queen's bow as she passed close beside us was very dignified. At first I thought I was disappointed in her looks, but now I don't (think) I was. She looked very well but dreadfully cold. She gazed most attentively at the Castle, of which she will possibly buy the present laird's life interest: in the evening there were bonfires, &c. &c. but the great lack here for receptions of the kind is the want of bells: there was nothing of that kind to raise one's spirits.

*To his Mother.*

ABERGELDIE CASTLE.
*Sep.* 15, 1848.

MY DEAR MAMA,

Am I not the best son in the world? Here am I sitting away from all the fun at the writing table in the corner of the drawing-room to write this letter. However, as *Mr* Hutton (the Butler) has just brought me coffee to console myself withal, I shall not do badly. What an admirable custom is that of taking coffee after dinner! Oh! Mocha, fragrant is the steam of the precious ware, soothing its fragrance to the wearied dinner-farer!

Mr Wicksted, Severne, myself and the lads rode on Highland ponies to Invercauld, the seat of the Farquharsons, where the Highland Gathering was this year held. The rest in the carriage; when, after a beautiful ride, we reached the Park, groups of picturesque people were moving onwards, with Highland soldiers here and there among them.

At last emerging from the avenues and clumps of trees, we came on to a large fine meadow, with a small space enclosed by ropes; from the meadow rose a very steep slope of about thirty feet with a kind of lobby in the middle, to a lawn before the House.

Having disposed of our ponies we, being privileged persons, made the best of our way to the lawn, and were admitted within the double line of Highland Society's kilted lads who kept out all meaner persons.

The Duke of Athole and the Duke of Leeds, who is a Scotch Viscount also, should have been there by two o'clock, but it was now nearly three and they had not appeared, and the Queen was at hand. One of Mr Clive's servants was dispatched on horseback to meet them and hasten them on—and the simple mistake of being late brought them forward with tenfold better effect, for as they marched up at a quick run, and when within a few paces of us, turned over to the right and ran orderly down the steep slope, it looked like men starting to charge, and had no Astley sort of effect as it might have had had they proceeded slowly. These men were well armed with spiked shields, swords and Lochaber axes; and from the petty jealousy of their eclipsing the Farquharson and Duff men were sent down into the meadow at a distance from the Queen. Scarcely had they ranged with their banners

furled, when the crowd below started off to meet the Queen, whose carriages presently appeared on the Drive. Hurrah! She looks very well to-day! Hurrah! the Royal tartan! Prince Albert was merely dressed as a gentleman—however he looks very stately. They advanced with the Princess Royal and the two Princes to the seats prepared for them in front of the lawn, with the Farquharson tartan laid beneath their feet. But I forgot—as they came across the lawn, five young Farquharsons—fine lads indeed—Highlanders all—knelt before them in turn to present them with bouquets—it looked very well. There is a divinity doth hedge a Queen, certainly when one unknown to us comes forward, and every head is uncovered, and every tongue praying God to save her, or shouting the watchword of the land.

The two young Princes were in full costume—the Royal tartans, dirks and brooches and bugles—they wore the belted tartan, that is when the tartan is drawn up from the kilt to the left shoulder, this has a fine effect and shows off the figures of men to great advantage. But however to tell you all about the R. F. and have done. The Prince of Wales is a fair little lad, rather of slender make, with a good head and a remarkably quiet and thinking face, above his years in intelligence I should think. The Sailor portrait of him is a good one, but does not express the thought that there is on his little brow. Prince Alfred is a fair chubby little lad, with a quiet look, but quite the Guelph face, which does not appear in the Prince of Wales. The Princess Royal is the exact counterpart of her mother, with a will of her own, I should think. The Queen was, I should say, the *most plainly* drest lady there; a nice looking little Highland gentleman was soon brought to amuse the Royal boys, and they were soon as deeply engaged in conversation as children at their age usually are—meantime the Princess found a playmate in the wee Miss Farquharson—and they talked away at a great rate. "Have you got a garden?" was one of the questions which the Princess answered with a "Yes, have you?" The subjects were not however allowed to be *too* familiar—I saw Lady Gainsborough several times check little Ross when he got too free and stood in front of the Princes.

Now, don't fancy me a "vulgar observer of great folk"—only I have recorded these things for your special edification, and my sisters', to whom commend me with all love.

E. W. Benson.

# CHAPTER III.

## CAMBRIDGE.

"*Here sits he, shaping wings to fly.*" TENNYSON.

My father was elected to a Subsizarship at Trinity in 1848. Before going up, on his way to Cambridge, he paid his first visit to London, staying, I believe, with the Lightfoots, who were then living at Vauxhall: he began an elaborate diary at Cambridge, somewhat grandiloquently entitled a "Journal of College Residence,"—but it appears only to have extended to two pages; it is headed by this little distich:

"Beata, Sancta, Gloriosa Trinitas
Opus secundet quod domus nôrit Sua."

It is interesting as giving his earliest impressions of London.

CAMBRIDGE.
*Oct.* 16, 1848.

When talking with the Wickendens on Thursday Evening it seemed impossible that I should allow any obstacle to my impatience to meet my kindly Mother[1]: much as I had heard of the wonders of London and nothing as I knew of them, I positively vowed that I would not stay there one moment beyond the earliest time at which I was permitted to reside in the

[1] Cambridge.

University. Yet I have taken two days more, and as I lay awake in bed this morning all the unseen things recurred to my memory, and the repeated assurances of my fellows that I should find the time quite long enough. But of all the things that I have seen there are two which will, I think, never be obliterated from my memory in respect of the first impressions they produced. The Memnon Head[1] and the Victoria Tower. Their size certainly has upon me an almost overpowering effect. I was literally dumb with admiration, and I verily believe that had I been utterly uneducated, my first and only impulse at sight of the former would have been awful worship.

And then the River—the most wondrous and mysterious and yet the most practical and business-like thing I ever beheld. Day and Night it is equally astonishing; streaked with the red reflections of the lamps of the next bridge, and rushing on below in darkness, or foul and filthy in broad daylight with its crowds of people treading it underfoot. Nor can I conceive anything more interesting either as a spectacle or as associated with its peculiar associations than the banks. Tower, Paul's, Somerset House, Westminster, Warehouses: every yard is subject for voluminous history. And even apart from every association, though the Mersey when I have seen it is finer than the Thames when I have seen that, yet for the ideas that irresistibly pour in and throng and jostle,—no, name it not.

Surely England cannot be in her decline as so many of those whom most I know tell me, when her metropolis is full of such true, such liberal, such refined feeling: witness the crowds with which the British Museum was filled admiring, the mighty company that yesterday knelt in Westminster worshipping.

Doubtless there is high and holy work for heads and hearts and hands in the generation to come. If I work not in it, with it, for it, heavy and deserved will be my condemnation.

Emmanuel!

Besides his Subsizarship he held one or two small Exhibitions from Birmingham to eke out his slender finances;

[1] This is a not uncommon error: there is no 'head of Memnon' in the British Museum, as the statue of Memnon has no face. Probably he was thinking of the cast of the colossal head of Rameses II. at the western end of the great Gallery of Antiquities. Dr Garnett tells me he has often heard it alluded to as Memnon.

—and slender indeed they were: the family was growing up, and Mrs Benson was very hard put to it to pay for their education. With her acute dislike of mentioning money matters she preferred to undergo real privation rather than ask her relations for help. She cut off every possible luxury, dismissed servants, and cheerfully threw herself with her two elder daughters into the work of the house; she even schemed to embark again in business with one of her husband's patents for the production of colours, an idea which fortunately fell through.

My father managed to get through his first year at Cambridge upon something over £90. All hospitality except of the most casual kind was of course out of the question, and my father has spoken to me feelingly of the miseries he endured through living with a large circle of more or less wealthy friends. He read hard, both in mathematics and classics, and reduced sleep and exercise to a minimum.

He never had been much of an athlete, though he was a fair football player; at cricket, according to his own account, he was always a most indifferent performer. He told me that in his last summer half at school he had actually managed to bowl someone out, and was standing complacently receiving the plaudits of his friends when he fell unconscious on the ground, having been struck on the top of his head by the ball which had been thrown high into the air in triumph.

At Cambridge he gave up all games and recreations except bathing, and limited himself to walks, taking the various "grinds" to Grantchester, Madingley, or Coton in turns, and exploring the churches of the neighbourhood. One sacred institution he founded: he breakfasted with Lightfoot every Sunday on a veal-and-ham pie, and the two set the greatest store by this simple festivity. After

breakfast they read some passage of the Fathers together, and this was my father's first introduction to Cyprian, whose *De Unitate* they read and discussed.

For mathematics he had a considerable aptitude, but he always maintained humorously that his success in them was hampered by an indolent Coach, whose name I forget.

My father used to give a most absurd account of his visits to this Coach, who was a pronounced Evangelical: he was always in bed when his pupils arrived, and was roused with difficulty. He used then—through a chink in the bedroom door—to propound a sum to fill up the time. Then he made an elaborate toilet, singing hymns all the time out of a little volume with immense unction, occasionally putting in a head accompanied by the hymn-book at the door and propounding another problem. My father said that the result of this species of coaching was that he went into the Trigonometry paper of the Mathematical Tripos ignorant of the meaning of the symbol $\pi$. In his freshman's term he attended the lectures of Professor Sedgwick on Geology; about these my father wrote in 1887: "It was the first course of voluntary lectures I ever attended; at the conclusion of the course Sedgwick said with some emotion that he would never lecture again; but this I believe he said with the utmost sincerity year by year for many years later. He impressed me with the belief that my real bent was for geology."

My father's health was not good at Cambridge: he suffered much from colds, headaches, and other sedentary complaints: indeed he was so ill at the time of the Mathematical Tripos that he did his papers lying on a sofa in the Senate-house, a concession obtained by the kindness of his friend Mr Francis Martin, Bursar and afterwards Vice-Master of Trinity.

His principal friends while at Trinity were his old

schoolfellows, Westcott, Lightfoot, Hutchinson, Ellis and Wickenden; besides these were Henry Bradshaw and Arthur Duke Coleridge of King's, Arthur Gordon, now Lord Stanmore, George Cubitt, now Lord Ashcombe, Prince Frederic of Schleswig-Holstein Nöer[1], who was then a Fellow Commoner of Trinity, and is long since dead: among the older men, besides Mr Martin, were E. M. Cope, James Atlay, then Tutor of St John's and afterwards Bishop of Hereford, Professor Sedgwick, W. C. Mathison, then Tutor of Trinity, and H. A. J. Munro. My father's first rooms in College were attics up the staircase on the north side of the Gate leading from the New Court to the Bridge and Avenue.

His home letters from Cambridge to his mother are mostly concerned with the smallest details, furniture, food and little economies.

The following extract is from a letter to his sister Harriet who had consulted him as to the structure and arrangements of a Cathedral. He gives an elaborate account, with plans and diagrams, and then continues,

*Christmas Night*, 1848.

.....So much for the material church—and now what think you of the principles wherefrom it rose—the Creed of the visible Church? Your uncles[2] will, I believe from all I know of them, be above making any attempt to *proselytise* you; but you must be daily within hearing of some expression discordant with the feelings with which you were accustomed to regard our GOD Incarnate. Your present position is what St Paul calls "a light trial" of your stedfastness in "the most

[1] Prince Frederic followed his father, the Prince of Nöer, into exile in 1849. While young he was largely concerned in the numberless intrigues and plots which complicated the already sufficiently tangled Schleswig-Holstein question. Somewhat later Prince Frederic abandoned politics, took to literature, married, dropped his princely style, and lived a quiet life as Count de Nöer, dying in 1881.

[2] They were Unitarians: see p. 78.

Holy Faith." But—"Hold fast that which thou hast, that no man take thy crown." Pray fervently that the false doctrine you unavoidably hear may not sink into your mind, that no seed of heretical error may be lodged there, to lie for a time and then to ripen. You will not, I trust, have "forgotten Jerusalem" or allowed yourself to think little or lightly of your privileges and responsibilities as a member of the Catholic Church: nor have neglected dear old Common Prayer when alone, and particularly during this Advent month, when the Church's heart pours itself forth in a diviner eloquence than at almost any other time. When Lessons, Epistles and Gospels are all publishing alike the most awful and the most glorious of all the predictions that concern the approaching end, and the final glory of the Church as the favoured of the Lord. Have you been repeating the deeds of Simeon and Anna, watching till *He* came, watching *as* they watched, and watching *where* they watched—"in the Temple,"—the Church—"praying"? Now you rejoice because He is come, the Word made Flesh—in the Celebrations of the Church—go on happily through the years, with my best prayers for you.

Believe me, yours lovingly ever,

E. W. B.

*To J. B. Lightfoot, on his prospects.*

*Jan.* 22, 1849.

My dear Joe,

If we do not *now* begin to think of *The* Church (I mean metaphorically of course, as representing our future position whatever it may be—(there's an explanation!)—) we shall never take any decided stand. I have no idea of going *with* circumstances, like a feather on a mill-stream. I have not done so hitherto, and my success in spite of friends' opposition, and apparent lack of the needful, has not been such as to make me think the plan a foolish one. Had I for the last eight years been content to follow the apparently open path, instead of pressing straight for the spire that rose behind the thick woods—I might now have had my pockets full of money, at least fuller than they are now, and my head full of accounts. I need not tell you, I think, that I prefer being as I am; the same course as *that* from the present as its ἀφορμὴ would probably in twenty years

leave me soft asleep, instead of energizing for the love of God. If the choice is allowed me, surely I will choose with Mahomet and not take my Paradise in this world.

I have been thinking a good deal about Australia too—but Jerusalem with its English Bishop, and the East that *must* ere long be English, and the great transactions that *must* yet take place there, have not, I think, an inferior claim at any rate.

Thine, E. W. B.

*To his Mother.*

TRINITY COLLEGE.
*Feb.* 15, 1849.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I, and everybody else, like my rooms very much; they are rather near the sky to be sure, but I do not know whether there is any very great disadvantage in that, except in the gathering of the clouds about them—the clouds come from the chimney-pots in this part of the world; and the rain is soft and black, and does not wet what it falls upon; my friends seem to think the stairs no consideration, for I am thronged; from morning chapel till twelve at night my friends are popping in, and as my acquaintance enlarges every day, I shall, I think, hold levées that I may get through my *business* quickly—if I sport my outer door, the knocking at it is so incessant that I can neither work at my books nor—nor—nor—I don't very well know what.

Believe me,

Your affectionate Son.

His sister Harriet told him that she had been teaching in a Unitarian Sunday School at Bolton, where she was staying with her uncle; he replies;—

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.
*Feb.* 17, 1849.

MY DEAR SISTER,

Dear Harriet, it made me jump to hear that you were teaching in the Sunday School at Bolton. Can you at all content yourself with saying merely "Jesus Christ" without some expression of love or worship in word or deed? "Hold fast what thou hast" as I said before "that no man take thy Crown." I

was happy to read what you said of your feelings at Cathedral Service, but "what is pure religion and undefiled"? not *feeling* alone, though in this world that is the happiest part of it oftentimes. "Do! Do! Do! Be up and doing"—and is the feeling of love for God—so that you would be even a door-keeper in His House, rather than be prosperous in sin—is this a constant feeling? felt as deeply *in* "the tents of ungodliness" as in the "ports of the Daughter of Sion"? I am glad you take all the advice you receive in such good part,—nor, do I doubt, my dear girl, that if your noon and evening are as the promise of your morning, you *will* be the "excellent woman" that you long to be. One little bit more of advice—take care of your *stops* and capital letters, and don't tell me as you did in one letter, "that there was someone in the vestry on one of the walls"—I have had five men at my rooms since half-past four o'clock. Ellis is here now—desires "his kindest possible remembrances" to you—mine kindest and best to your Uncle and two Aunts, and love to Howard.

Ta Ta! Dear!

E. W. B.

*To his Mother.*

(A Pindaric strophe; my father had the strongest aversion to Pindar, which was never overcome.)

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.
*April* 28, 1849.

The voice of fame, O most respected and beloved Mother, erred not—her tongue, I say, spake truly, when she blabbed that I was made a sizar. Strong confirmation at least of her truth is the marvellous sweet savour of an apple-pie with cloves, and soft, yet not too soft, and most delicately flavoured pastry, that yet lingereth in the corners and bye-places of my Cannibal-cavern, and with gentle titillation...well, what hath befallen me? Bereft of sense I certainly must be to go dribbling on in that style—no more.

Believe me,

Your most truly affectionate Son.

He had been elected to a full Sizarship in April 1849; his sister Eleanor, then aged sixteen, writes to congratulate him.

WHITE LEAD WORKS.
*April* 30, 1849.

DEAREST SIZAR,

What a fine clever fellow you are, really if you go on as you are, you will soon be Archbishop of Canterbury, and would deserve to be, should you not? But you certainly were born under a lucky star.

I am ever your affectionate sister, &c., &c.,

ELEANOR BOWES BENSON.

*To his Mother.*

I am still happy here. It is surprising how little self-denial I have to practise; to live in comfort is perhaps an incentive to work, but I could scarcely be uncomfortable if I tried. And think of George Herbert, the high-born and wealthy, having "to fast for it" if he ventured on buying a new book.

With most hearty love to yourself and the "little ones,"

Believe me your truly affectionate Son,

E. W. BENSON.

The following letter to J. F. Wickenden shows how earnestly he prosecuted his liturgical studies:—

*Sept.* 17, 1849.

MY DEAR FRED,

"Loe! I send you herewith," as Howard would say, two sets of Prayers, such as we were talking of on Saturday night. I hope you will not look on them as unworthy corruptions, and so on my pains as ill-spent, and "my epistle an abomination"; but rather as ye true and primitive way of remembering *the unmilitant part of the Church* before God, so corrupted afterwards by unwarrantable and singular appeals to ye persons themselves, that it was offensive and dangerous to retain them or anything like them in our Church.

This is from the Alexandrine Liturgy of St Basil.

"Remember, O Lord, all those (...of the sacerdotal order and those of the laics...) who are already at rest; Grant rest to their souls in the bosom of our Holy Fathers Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; gather them together in a green pasture, and lead them forth beside the waters of comfort in a paradise far from all grief, sorrow, and mourning, in the glorious light of Thy Saints."

"The Diptychs of the Dead" read here.

"Receive their souls, O Lord, grant them rest, and vouchsafe them Thy heavenly kingdom. But for us who remain upon earth, keep us in Thy faith, and bring us to Thy kingdom; give us always Thy peace, that in this, as with all other things, Thy Holy, Glorious and Blessed Name may be hallowed, glorified, praised, blessed, and sanctified together with Jesus Christ and the Holy Ghost."

"Peace be with you all."

This from the Liturgy of Severus, Patriarch of Antioch.

"Give rest, O Lord, to the bodies, souls and spirits of all who from flesh and blood have made their way to Thee the Lord of all flesh, in the bosom of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, in a paradise of pleasure, in a place of rest, in the tabernacle of Thy saints, in the company of those who keep the most solemn feast, where life is perfectly free from trouble, and where they may enjoy the firstfruits of those unspeakable good things which Thou hast promised; make them worthy a full enjoyment of them; not imputing to them their sins, not entering into judgment with Thy servants, for in Thy sight no man can be justified. For our Lord and God, Jesus Christ, was the only person who was ever united to a body of flesh, and entirely subdued all the sinful lusts thereof, so as to leave no room for them to take hold of Him, through Whom we also hope, etc."

"So direct, O Lord, and prepare us in this life for the meeting of Thine only begotten Son, that when He shall come with the holy angels in the Glory of Thee His Father, to gather together His saints, we may not, through the fondness we have to our passions, or the burthen of our sins which we have committed, be let or hindered when His elect shall be taken up to meet Him in the air.

"Grant that with them also we may sing the triumphal hymns, and with glory and praise say, 'Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the Lord'; that in this, as well as in all other things, Thy Name may be praised and glorified, etc."

May be I am rather rash in sending you these now, while I am hot about them; however I have not used them yet, nor do I intend doing so until I have thought a good deal more coolly about them than at present. However I want to hear your opinion about them; that they are beautiful is beyond doubt, though there are some expressions which we should both, I fancy, agree to alter.

I hope your circle is as well as a few hours since it was.

Yours very affectionately,

E. W. BENSON.

The following letter describes his first sight of his future wife:—

CAMBRIDGE.
*Saturday, Oct.* ? 1849.

DEAR MOTHER,

Tell Charlie that a sweet little girl, our Cousin Minnie, made me quite ashamed of a...little boy, our brother...; for Minnie is only a month or two older than that little boy, and she reads a great deal, and learnt a Lay of Macaulay's for pleasure, and knows both Bible History and English History well—to say nothing of Geography, and Writing, and *Drawing*—Oh! Charlie. Moreover she passed a good examination with me in Latin Grammar, to the end of the Pronouns.

Your affectionate Son,

E. W. BENSON.

He became a private pupil of Bishop Westcott's in 1849, and was greatly delighted with the new friendship with one whom he had always admired.

*To his Mother.*

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.
*Nov.* 10, 1849.

Time is slipping very fast away towards another examination, and I don't feel altogether idle certainly, but one seems to get through very little. I told you that I am reading with Westcott; well, it is very delightful, he is so kind, so patient,

so industrious, so interested in one, so clever and so highly accomplished, (you understand what *we* mean by accomplishments, not dancing and flower painting,) that the very company of him does one good, and his teaching is most instructive. He is an admirable scholar, and has the gift of imparting too. In fact he does a great deal to keep up the reputation of the school.

In the summer of 1850 a terrible domestic catastrophe occurred. The house in the Lead Works was in a most insanitary condition, a fact of which Mrs Benson was unhappily unaware: the children were attacked by a fever which eventually proved to be typhus. They all suffered, but most of all Harriet the eldest, my father's favourite sister. His mother, in her letters to Cambridge, studiously minimised the seriousness of the malady, fearing it would interrupt my father's work and depress him.

At last it could no longer be concealed. To her anxious letter he replied:—

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.
*May* 20, 1850.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

Your letter which reached me by the early post on Friday very much surprised and grieved me. I had no idea that any of you were half so ill. I wrote off to Uncle Alfred before doing the least work, and half hoped to have heard from him to-day, but cannot wait for another post. I hope things are better than they were—and pray let me have more frequent accounts, if it be only a line at a time.

Do you think it could be managed that instead of my coming down to you, you yourself should come up here for a week and bring one of those who are under ten years old—(that would be half fare by the Railway). This place is so beautiful and fresh now, that I think it would restore the health of the most confirmed invalids. Pray think this over. I am afraid I have made the first part very complicated, but perhaps you will not grudge the trouble of reading it over again; and in the mean time, God, "who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" will have all of you, who are "of more value than many lambs" under the protection

of His good Providence. All afflictions and trials will be found at last to be to our own good; He scourgeth every son and daughter that He at last receiveth. The thoughts of you in pain and sickness are always with me, and prayers for your restoration in my heart, mingled with prayers that He will not suffer me so to abuse the health and happiness and prosperity that He gives me here, (for in all these, my dear Mother, I know that you rejoice,) that it may be necessary for Him to visit my offences with the rod, and my sin with scourges hereafter. Yesterday was Communion, and be sure that I mingled the names of you all with the prayers for all the Communion of Saints, among the numbers of "those who are in trouble, sorrow, need, sickness, and any other adversity," and that our Father will comfort and succour you soon. And now, as I should have said formerly if I had been an old Roman, and as I now say heartily, as I am not, EDWARD W. BENSON TO HIS OWN DEAR MOTHER AND ALL HERS WISHETH HEALTH.

*To his Mother.*

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.
*May* 22, 1850.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I wish I could say anything that would really comfort you all, but you and the two dear girls will comfort each other best—and we must all remember our true comfort is of the Comforter, the Friend closer than any son or brother.

Believe me most affectionately,

Your own son,

E. W. BENSON.

Harriet grew rapidly worse, and died very suddenly. Lightfoot was informed of what had happened, hastened in to break the news to my father, and found him writing a comforting letter home, to cheer his mother and sisters.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.
*May* 29, 1850.

MY DEAR NELL,

I have not had a letter these two days. My examination is past and the men fast going down. I shall find staying

here quite unbearable unless you give me very frequent accounts, if but a line a day: I shall imagine the very worst, and really I shall be coming down myself forthwith in spite of all injunctions. I was rejoiced that she was a little better on Sunday, but fear she may be worse again—I wish I could transport you all at once to this pleasant place, it is growing very warm and all our fine trees are in full beauty, and the meadows brighter with flowers than any I ever saw. A breath from them would do you good....

Thus far had I written when Lightfoot came in and the strain was changed for ever.

(*Written on the remainder of the sheet.*)

*May* 29, 1850.

DEAREST MOTHER, DEAREST ELEANOR,

There is no comfort in me, yet I must needs try to comfort you with that which has somewhat comforted me even already. David knew more of sorrow than we, but his Psalms tell us how, and how fully he was comforted, so that they are yet powerful to comfort others, ages after. Luther was so filled with sorrow for "his beautiful, his gentle daughter, lovely and full of love" that her image he says haunted him day and night: he sought comfort and found it in thinking of the death of Christ, how He triumphed over death so greatly that the deaths of all believers ever since are but as it were a lesser triumph.

And she too, doubt we not, has even now enjoyed her triumph, even in her weakness wrestled with death and found him stingless, through the dear might of Him Who loved her.

How may we look back on all her spent years and thankfully remember how full of grace and praise they ever were; how little she displayed of common passions, how obedient, how thankful she was. But not in this is our trust, we know that none are righteous, none clean before God, but as Christ's righteousness and purity is reckoned to them. And though she had not come to an age when religious feeling is very actively displayed, yet we all, I think, saw tokens of God's work going on within, the lesson of Christ's doctrine leavening her whole heart: we trust that He hath so clothed her in His robes that she entered boldly before the Throne of the Almighty God. None but the unwise and the foolish take the departure of the righteous, such as in their measure serve Him, to be misery: they are taken away from the

evil to come; if any is in store for us hereafter, God give us whom He leaves to meet it, His Grace to stand against it. As yet we see it not, may be we shall not see for many a year, and may be never in this life, why she is called. But a reason there is, and a good one somewhere—we shall feel well assured of it when the first of our grief is over, and we may be happy to think that she is this day in the Tabernacles of Rest, safe and at rest until the day of His coming.

The Peace and Comfort of God the Holy Spirit be with you: so prays your ever most loving Son and Brother.

E. W. Benson.

I may even see you before this letter reaches you: pray show it to Christopher and Emmeline, for there is not left time for me to write to them. But I will send a simple little note to Ada and Charles.

My father hurried off to Birmingham to find that his mother, who had nursed the children with the utmost devotion, and worn out her strength in so doing, had on the previous day laid out her daughter's body with her own hands, made all arrangements for the funeral, and late at night had gone in to have a last look at the dead child: she had then returned to her own room, had undressed, and retired to bed, and had died in her sleep from failure of the heart's action. She was discovered dead and cold on the next morning. It was to meet this ghastly shock that my father arrived, in ignorance that his mother was even unwell.

He made arrangements for the double funeral, and then set himself to investigate his mother's affairs. He found, what he had been told, but seems not to have properly realised, that her entire income, except a few hundred pounds which were invested, was an annuity. The invested money was nearly valueless, and he eventually discovered that a sum of rather over £100 was all that they had to depend upon.

His relations all came to his aid. His half-uncle William Jackson behaved with extraordinary generosity; and the orphans went off to various relations. Eleanor and Ada to the charge of Mrs William Sidgwick, whose dead husband was my grandfather's first cousin, and had been his dear and intimate friend. Mr Thomas Baker, Mrs Benson's elder brother, then a prosperous Manchester merchant, offered to take the youngest boy, Charles, and bring him up as his heir; Thomas Baker was a devoted Unitarian, but he did not even stipulate that the boy should be brought up a Unitarian. My father however decided that he ought not to submit his brother to Unitarian influences, and declined the offer with a spirit which at least reflected, under the circumstances, the utmost credit on his attachment to the principles of the Christian faith.

Mr Christopher Sidgwick, of Skipton, my father's cousin, also gave most generous help. He wrote to my father deploring that he had spent his fortune on building and endowing a Church at Skipton, explaining that when he had visited my grandfather, E. W. Benson, who had been his closest friend, on his deathbed, my grandfather had distinctly given him to understand that he had no worldly anxieties, as his widow and family were amply provided for: Christopher Sidgwick added that he, like all Mrs Benson's relations, had imagined that her income arose from invested money.

He writes to the Bishop of Manchester to tell him of the catastrophe that had befallen him:—

1850 (*June*).

My dearest Lord,

Wickenden has, I find, been so good as to mention to your Lordship in his letter, the heavy affliction with which it has pleased God to visit us. To-day I have been at the last scene of this dreadful week.

The poor children are now at the houses of friends, well cared

for at present, and the future disposal of them becomes a most difficult consideration. Besides all the great personal kindness and the good counsels which I have myself at other times received from your Lordship, the interest which you also show in my poor sisters induces me again to write to him who is most truly my revered Father in God.

The idea of maintaining a separate establishment seems to me almost, though not absolutely, set aside both by the expenses, and also the impossibility of finding a person to take charge of it, in whom the *necessary* qualifications may be looked for.

As regards the placing the children with different relations—the great obstacle is the fact that my Uncles are all, save one (who is out of the question from other reasons), Unitarians.

An uncle resident in Manchester has offered liberally to take my youngest brother, a child nearly eight years old—and may be one of his sisters—and bring him up as his own child for some years to come. He undertakes not to instil into the child any Unitarian principles, and says that I can freely exercise my influence by visit or by letter, and hereafter decide on the boy's school; meantime he will have to attend the Meeting-house, and grow up with the greatest respect for his uncle and aunt,—this I say from knowledge of his character—and naturally for their opinions also, with all the power of early association full upon him. The question then becomes—Is it possible for a lad so placed to grow up a Churchman? and, on the other hand, is it right to reject the means of maintenance for him which God in His providence lays before us? The offer is most handsome in more respects than one; my uncle would never have undertaken the trouble and anxiety and responsibility, had he not been moved by very strong feelings of duty and affection.

This is the main difficulty which has to be met at present: in fact the only proposition yet made: it may be modified by what I may hear from my uncle at Exeter. If so I will at once write again; but now, though I am sure I shall not want for your Lordship's counsel, and sympathy and prayers,—I must not occupy too much valuable time.

Believe me ever, my dearest Lord,

Most faithfully your Lordship's,

E. W. Benson.

Fragment of letter to Mrs William Sidgwick, his future wife's mother, describing his mother's death :—

*June*, 1850.

In the evening her eldest daughter died unexpectedly in her arms, of Typhus fever—she was the very "gentle one, the lovely and full of love" of Martin Luther. My poor mother composed herself—and afterwards resolutely refused to see her darling again. She retired late to rest, and spoke to my two other sisters as they passed through her room: as it afterward appeared she rose about midnight, lighted a night-lamp, went out and raised the cloth to look once more upon her child's face. She returned to her bed, lay down and died sleeping, with her head upon her hand. Was it not terrible?

The poor children who for three months past had been suffering from violent influenza are all for the present dispersed —and are going soon to Manchester to stay for a while with their uncle Thomas.

How they will finally be disposed of I know not. It seems probable that little Charlie will be taken to live with an uncle and aunt who are themselves Unitarians, but who will not teach him their own creed, and will suffer him to be sent to a Church school. Hazardous, certainly, it seems to me: but we must trust in God, take the good things which He sets before us, and "pray Him to keep him from the evil." Nothing is yet proposed about Eleanor, Emmeline or Ada, and we find new difficulties as yet at every turn. God be our helper. We shall have, I know, your sympathy and prayers.

Dearest love to Minnie from her poor cousin.

Believe me, dearest Aunt,

Ever yours most affectionately,

E. W. B.

*From Thomas Baker.*

MANCHESTER.
*June* 23, 1850.

MY DEAR WHITE,

I remark your observations upon the inducements which moved you to decline my proposal as to Charlie. I consider that you will hereafter be bound to provide for his future as he

would have been provided for had he been with me. The view you have taken of my religious opinions has caused me deep regret. I had hoped that your own good sense and the conclusions you might have drawn from your observations of the characters of the various members of the family who entertain opinions similar to my own, would have preserved *you* from such narrow and debasing sentiments, and me from the reflections consequent upon them. As I have been wrong in such anticipations, I do not see how you can expect from us any sympathy in pursuing an education which has so far taught you not to regard us as friends, but as a class whose influence, beyond a very small range, is to be avoided. I could say very much more on this subject, perhaps I may sum it by observing that I have self-respect and religious principles, in both of which there is a duty. Of this, in my several conversations with you, you seemed to be unmindful.

I remain,

Affectionately yours,

THOMAS BAKER.

My father replies to the preceding letter.

MR ARMITAGE'S,
ASTON ROAD, BIRMINGHAM.

MY DEAR UNCLE,

I owe you many thanks for the kindness you express and have shown towards the children, as well as for the *uncommon* candour with which you tell me what you think of me and my opinions. The invalid state of Eleanor and Ada must give my Aunt and you even more trouble than they would under the best circumstances in your very quiet home. So that we ought to be, and are doubly grateful to you.

And now to reply to a part of your letter which has caused me great surprise, great pain, and much uneasy reflection as to what it may forebode.

"Self-respect and religious principle," of course I know that you have and not in a mean or moderate degree.

If in the course of our conversations here, I violated or offended the one or the other, I ask your pardon most sincerely. This I must say in self-defence, that nothing was more remote from my intentions, that I throughout exercised the utmost

caution in expressing myself, lest I should unawares run counter to any prejudice or feeling on your part, that no reply or remark of yours at the time reminded me that I had transgressed just bounds, that until the receipt of your letter to-day I was altogether void of any suspicion that I could have done so.

At the same time I lay claim to a resemblance to yourself in both those features. Whether the former is likely to be uprooted or fostered by an upbraiding of my "low and debasing sentiments" by one whom I am bound by every tie to respect, whom I always have respected, I will not in the present case arrogate to myself a right to decide.

And as for the other of those two—my "religious principles"—it is not a thing of tender feelings, warm comforting notions, unpruned prejudices, and lightly considered opinions, but it consists of full and perfect convictions, absolute belief, rules which regulate my life (so far as I am able to conform it to them) and tests by which I believe myself bound to try every question, the greatest and the least.

Permit me once for all to state—tho' well known to you—those points of Church doctrine and Church practice which seem to me to bear upon the matter of my youngest brother.

Besides the Eternal Father Whom you worship with us, I, according to the unchanging Creed of the Catholic Church, believe that there is in the Godhead a second Person, His Eternal Son, and a Third Person, the Holy Ghost: that the second of These having assumed on earth, and now retaining in heaven a human existence in addition to His Divine, and having here done certain acts affecting our eternal state, is entitled to a distinct and peculiar worship.

Before Him I believe that I shall, soul and body, stand: the natural relation between Him and myself will then prompt the question "If I be God, where is Mine honour?" it having been my bounden duty in this life to do everything I could to promote His Glory. How would confusion cover me remembering that I had withdrawn one of His creatures, and that one given by Him to be my brother, from the knowledge and service of Him as God and Lord, and from the worship of the Adorable Trinity?

These are considerations—and whither shall I look for weightier—which would press hard on me as a layman. But now—(to say nothing of private devotions, and all that those

words imply)—I do night and morning as a Member of my College, I shall constantly hereafter as a Priest in the English Church, if God will, several times in every public Service, proclaim "Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," I shall offer humble prayers on my own behalf and on behalf of the Church at large, to my Redeemer: I shall conclude every Service, every discourse, with ascriptions of praise to Him with the Father and the Holy Ghost—with what conscience or with what countenance if memory should ever suggest that in one person's case, and his the dearest that could be, I had robbed those Divine Persons of the worship and the praise that should have proceeded from his heart, his mind, his lips, his whole life? Whom could you more rightly brand as hypocrite than him whose professions should have been so loud, whose acts so discrepant?

This is a very serious matter; and I hope you will not think bitterly either of the young man's presumption, or the young Churchman's bigotry. Bigot (so-called) thus far, a conscientious Catholic must ever be.

On other questions (conversation) I do not venture to pronounce; I cannot and dare not say, that the faith an Unitarian has in Christ is insufficient for salvation. That those opinions need not affect a man's regard to every call of natural duty, his compassion, his benevolence, and other the moral duties, is manifest enough both in yourself, and in many others that I have known. But you always, I believe, have stood and stand on a very different ground to Churchmen in this matter; that it is of little moment what a man's creed is provided his morality is good, and that therefore none would have to answer for the creeds they taught, provided they taught good morality. But it is so obvious that the Churchman cannot so think, that it causes me not only great pain (as you will readily conceive) but moreover great surprise to find that you so little allow for the grounds and principles of duty which *must* be mine.

Had I acted with a view to anything but what I believed to be my *duty*, surely the mere expense which the boy must hereafter *necessarily* become to *me* would have deterred me. For be assured that you open no new light upon me, in telling me how heavy are the claims which he henceforth has on me, in requital for those advantages which I have deprived him of, while yet too young to exercise his own judgment.

How can you accuse me of wishing to "confine your (i.e. Unitarian) influence to so narrow a circle"? As men of sound reason, of cultivation, of civil importance, as members of Society and of the common-wealth, you claim, and with as much right as any, your proper influence!—and I (so far as you will give me credit for reasonable opinions) would not even in thought diminish it. But as *religious teachers*—there I must decline to submit to your influence those whom I can withhold. It stands to reason that I must—and is this the narrower or the wider sphere?

Neither can I see how this should destroy "our sympathy as friends." Sympathy certainly cannot exist where there is no common ground, but I am not aware that there is any point but this of religious opinion where we do not occupy common ground—on every other true and happy sympathies *may* flourish, and why not in this case?

From an expression in your letter I fear you may regret the help you have hitherto afforded me in my education—whether indirectly, as by enabling my mother to maintain me, or directly, as in my last term. I would there were any proper method whereby I might alleviate that regret—if such exist. For my own part I thank you very heartily, and shall make it my constant endeavour to prove the seed to have been not injudiciously sown, and the kindness not misplaced.

And one word more—if any syllable I have written wounds your feelings as an *Unitarian* I am sorry again, and I pray you to tell me of my fault: I have reviewed my letter again in vain in search of any such expression. My belief, as I have stated it, of course you think erroneous; but I do think the statement ought not to *hurt* you: for if conscientious adherence to distinct views is to affect everyone, then must either all sects be at open war, (which I for one do not think desirable,) or else such conscientiousness is rarely to be met with, which I for one should be most loth to believe.

With my openness and freedom you will not, I trust, be displeased: it proceeds from my sincere wish to vindicate my conduct in your eyes, and my confidence that it admits of vindication.

Most affectionately yours,

E. W. Benson.

*J. B. Lightfoot to J. T. Pearse.*

TRINITY COLLEGE.
*July 1st*, 1850.

MY DEAR PEARSE,

Have you heard from Benson? Hutchinson had a short note the other day from him. He wrote in a despairing tone, saying that the plans which gave the best promise are all going wrong. I feel heartily ashamed of myself when I think how helpless and totally incapable I should be were I situated as he is: and yet he is struggling boldly, and we may well hope successfully against all his troubles. We need not, as you say, fear for him, though were he dependent only on himself, and did not place his reliance elsewhere, there would indeed be cause for apprehension.

Yours ever faithfully,

J. B. LIGHTFOOT.

After a few terrible weeks my father returned to Cambridge. As he entered the Great Court, looking and feeling very desolate, Mr Martin, the Bursar, whom he only slightly knew, met him and asked him to come to his rooms: from that time dated a warm friendship between the two. Mr Martin, a childless man of an intensely affectionate nature, became devotedly attached to my father, and treated him for years as a favourite son. But his affection was similarly given to my father's brothers and sisters, to the expenses of whose education he largely contributed, and to whom he eventually left a large proportion of his fortune. I can well remember Mr Martin, a clean-shaved clear-skinned old gentleman, very precisely dressed, with high collars scraping his parchment-like cheeks, large grey eyes, and a fierce gruff manner which was to a child ineffably disconcerting. My eldest brother was named after him. "Uncle" Martin's visits were more feared than liked by us as children; but the letters from him to my father, which my father tenderly preserved,

testify to a most absorbing and yet wise affection which never hesitated to give the most unpalatable advice in trenchant terms, yet seasoned by the most paternal devotion. Mr Martin was an earnest Christian—"Ministre de l'Evangile" as he used to write after his name in the visitors' books of foreign hotels. He was a just, eccentric and generous man who concealed his native tenderness of heart under the most grotesque gruffness both of voice and manner. He was Bursar and afterwards Vice-Master of Trinity—a man of ability, having taken high honours both in classics and mathematics; his conversation had no great suggestiveness, but he could be pithy and shrewd. After an election to Fellowships, a heated discussion was proceeding in the Combination Room about the merit of certain disappointed candidates, and Martin as one of the Electors was asked how they came to choose one candidate in preference to others that were not elected—"Well," said Martin with a grim smile, "the fact is we were biassed by the papers."

It was understood that he was really the dominant influence in the College for many years. Whewell, the Master, was probably unconscious of this, and would certainly have denied it; but it was undoubtedly true. When Whewell received the first intimation that the University Commissioners were going to hold an enquiry into the arrangements of Trinity, he called a hasty meeting of Fellows. Whewell was not averse to reform, but his practical wisdom was not very great. Martin was absent from the meeting; under the direction of Whewell the Fellows present drew up a paper of suggestions to be laid before the Commissioners. When Martin returned he was informed of this, and went off at once to have an interview with Whewell: the interview was short but decisive: nothing more was ever heard of the paper of suggestions.

He died in his rooms at Trinity, on the Eve of Ascension Day, 1868.

Mr Martin by timely advances set all my father's affairs on a business footing, and from that time adversity never came near him in the guise of poverty.

The following short extracts from the Diary of 1850 are of interest:

*Jan. 24th.* Little thought Harriet and I at our parting kiss this night that it was the last. Little my mother and I, when so early the next morning I would not let her accompany my gloomy walk to the Railway!

*March 23rd.* The strange light on the old court after Evensong.

*April 7th.* Low Sunday. Westminster Abbey. Chr. Wordsworth preached.

*April 13th.* Discipulus juratus et admissus.

*May 29th.* My beautiful, my gentle sister has entered into the Tabernacles of rest.

*May 30th.* Going home I learnt that my mother followed her through the dark valley, not but a pace or two behind.

*June 3rd.* O most Mighty. O most Merciful.

*Mon. July 15th.* Dream of Harriet covered with stars.

*Tues. July 16th.* Dream of H. in the great Couch.

*Fri. Aug. 16th.* Yesterday and to-day much haunted by images of my mother and sister. Pray God they leave me not.

*Sunday, Sep. 22nd.* Canterbury. Cathedral at Evensong. (Staying at St Augustine's.)

*Oct. 30th*, 1850. In this week the Bull published creating Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster[1], and the Popish Prelates of England.

*Oct. 14th.* Harcourt declaimed in Hall, on the principles of Statesmanship, describing Sir R. Peel's[2] character as a model. The Master had forbidden this, and his *name* was therefore not mentioned in the declamation.

*Dec. 24th.* Finished Hesiod's strange lists of Days of good

[1] Wiseman.

[2] Sir R. Peel was thrown from his horse on Constitution Hill, and died July 2, 1850.

and bad luck, in time to hear the Cathedral (Lichfield) Bells ring in the Day of Days that has destroyed them all. "Afflavit spiritu et dissipantur."

*Dec. 26th.* How well she looked that night in body and mind—her bright colour, her thick clustering brown hair, her merry voice, her bright glancing eyes as she looked up from her work now and then. Oh dearer than wife will ever be! How little I thought that you so soon were going away somewhere. May I dream of you to-night! God be gracious unto thee my sister.

*May 13th.* It seems quite absurd that I should have so little to say to myself but stories about F. (Prince Frederic) but one day is so like another that really his original ways and doings are all that break them up—and if I live to the years of a crow I think that I shall never have so interesting a companion;—To-day he went to ask our Apollo, Thompson the Statuesque and Magnificent, for an absit to visit his friend Urquhart. It was granted and Thompson took occasion to ask—"Whom of the Society do you particularly like, Prince Frederic?"—"I do not like the society of de *Athenaeum*—for it is Sodom and Gomorrha." The Statue was for a moment surprised out of its attitude. The man went on—"Excuse so strong an expression, but it is through my want of English—I am unable to stay to weigh my words." "No occasion to apologise—no occasion—none whatever—But whom do you particularly *like*?" "I like dose dat have a head and dose dat have a heart." The Statue asked again "Are there not some men among the Fellows whose intimacy you cultivate?" "The Fellows? They are *giants* of learning—and I am a pigmy worm in their presence—I wriggle in the dust, and they crush and crumble me in the dust. They are so Sublime and so Magnificent—Gute Marning, Sare."—!!!

My father used to tell me another amusing story about Prince Frederic: a pushing undergraduate called on him without an introduction, shook hands, sat down and made himself at home: the Prince returned monosyllabic replies, and finally, impatient of his company, asked if he had called for any particular purpose: "Oh no, just thought I would look in, you know." Prince Frederic, who was a tall strong fellow, rose to his feet, and said: "Sir, there are

two ways of leaving this room—by the door or by the window": (with a magnificent gesture) "choose which you prefer." The caller preferred the door, and without delay.

Among my father's diversions at Cambridge was the foundation of a "Ghost" Society, the forerunner of the Psychical Society, for the investigation of the supernatural. Lightfoot, Westcott and Hort were among the members.

He was then, as always, more interested in psychical phenoemna than he cared to admit.

Among his earlier papers I find a long account of a singular dream he had at Cambridge, that he was suspected of complicity in the murder, apparently, of Prince Lee, tried, condemned and executed. The narrative, which is long, and told with great minuteness and all manner of whimsical details, contains the following curious passage:—

When I was in bed that night Lightfoot came into the room. There was only a glimmering of light, so that I could scarcely see him, but he shook hands with me, and I assured him again and again that I was wholly innocent—and he believed me. I then begged him to go to the Master, if my innocence ever came to be established, as I felt confident it would be, and represent it to him as the last dying wish of one who had died so young and innocently, that he would allow a small tablet to be put up in the ante-chapel "in an obscure place," I said, "no, I don't mean obscure, but lower down than the busts, you know—however, I don't want to be thought to pretend humility—you know what I mean." I began to feel my wits wandering again, as they did whenever I tried to think, so I made haste, "Let there be on the tablet these words—'*In memory of Edward White Benson, a scholar of this college, who was hanged*—oh, that will not do—what must it be?—perished—*who perished innocently on a charge of murder*': and, Lightfoot, if ever you are Archbishop of Canterbury, put up a pillar to my memory on the path up to Coton[1], where Lee was murdered—I should have been Archbishop of Canterbury if I had lived, you know." So far I remember what my words were, and then I thought I should get light-headed

[1] A village near Cambridge.

if I went on talking—so Lightfoot went away. Presently I began to think whether there was not a place apart for the souls of those who were unjustly executed, along with the souls of infants. This was worse than anything yet—however I began to think it was only a line of Virgil, and that it was not so in the Kingdom of Christ—so I felt comforted, and of sound mind again, and then fell asleep.

I do not find that my father took any particular interest while at Cambridge in politics. He was never a politician except as a matter of duty. He seldom read the newspapers much until he became a Bishop, and then without zest. What attracted him was the Old World, its traditions, antiquity, history, and I think he was more interested in modern movements from their resemblance to older tendencies than vice versa. He was at this date considered a decided High Churchman in matters of ritual, and his grandmother, Mrs Stephen Jackson, with whom he used to stay at Lichfield, thought him dangerously fond of frequenting the daily Cathedral Services. At the same time he combined with this a considerable breadth of view, and at a rather later date was supposed to have leanings to Latitudinarianism. I do not suppose that a clerical household ever grew up in more complete ignorance of ecclesiastical party differences than we as children did. He always attended the Chapel Services at Trinity with great regularity, and seldom failed to say the Canonical Hours in his rooms, alone or with some congenial friend. It is curious that in spite of this he never got the Psalms really by heart: many times has he introduced confusion into the Chapel Service at Lambeth and Addington when saying the Psalms without his book, by going off on a wrong tack in his resonant voice, leaving a courteous chaplain in doubt as to how to correct his Metropolitan. I do not recollect his ever saying anything but a fervent "Amen" in the Litany at the suffrage "O Lord, arise,

help us and deliver us for Thy name's sake." And yet he had a thoroughly liturgical mind: I do not think that any hours were ever so happy as those spent in Church. Indeed it used to be difficult in later days to restrain him from lengthening the daily Service in the private Chapel to an extent which was ill-suited to the exigencies of a busy household. He used often to state that he intended for the future to say Sext in the Chapel; I am not sure that he carried this out, but I am sure that he seldom had a companion. The inconvenience of a liturgical mind is that it requires the active concert and corporeal presence of so many like-minded persons in order to receive full satisfaction: and it is very difficult to harmonise this with the overwhelming daily duties of a large and hard-worked household.

One of the few prizes that he won at Cambridge was a silver cup for an English declamation, by a graceful speech on the "Praise of George Herbert."

It was delivered in the Hall of Trinity College on Commemoration Day, 1851.

I give a few extracts from this oration, as specimens of his early style; speaking of the Puritans, he writes:

".....As their triumphs proceeded, their extravagances reached a wilder height than in quieter times can easily be credited. There was no man so robust as to escape the contagion. If his heart did not burn with the common enthusiasm, he had at least the trick of it upon his tongue. The shrewdest statesman was not ashamed to urge some public measure by the recital of his private devotions, and of the whispers that had answered them. The sternest soldier, on the worst of missions, prayed thrice before he executed it. High or low, in the council and in the barrack, in the court and in the ale-house, religion was on all tongues, and wore all fantastic guises, whether

obtrusively paraded in commissions from the High Court of Parliament, or put to shame in the grotesque names which colonels and captains compounded for themselves out of whole texts of Scripture."

Of the writings of George Herbert, he says that only the initiated few are likely to take pleasure in them; he goes on:

"Nay, Coleridge narrows yet more the circle of his true admirers; 'a cultivated judgment, a classical taste, a poetic sensibility,' are not enough, he implies, to lead us into the recesses of the Temple. 'The reader must be a Christian, both a zealous and an orthodox, a devout and a devotional Christian. But even this will not quite suffice. He must be an affectionate and dutiful child of the Church, and from habit, conviction, and a constitutional disposition to ceremoniousness in piety as in manners, find her forms and ordinances aids of religion, not sources of formality; for religion is the element in which he lives, and the region in which he moves.'

"Such is George Herbert's chief work. But the man himself has been far more to Englishmen, to scholars, and to priests, than his work has been: far more deserving too of admiration and imitation than many weaklings whom late years have seen held up to us for examples. For he was not the mere muser or devout sentimentalist, but a diligent and successful student, and a most active and prosperous clergyman."

The oration thus concludes:

"To all Englishmen he has left a good inheritance in 'that harmony of sacred passions' of which we cannot speak more particularly, for it is for the heart's own bitterness and joy; we need but remember how Coleridge even spoke of its external dress, how he contrasted the

trivial thoughts conveyed in enigmatic language of many of our later poets with the weight and number of the thoughts, and the pure manly unaffected diction of the Temple. He has left them a good inheritance in that bright example of which our villages and churches shall long reap the fruits; in that fair life which gleams forth from among the dark memoirs of the time, among crooked or fanatical politicians, among bold, bad generals, among weak yet artful churchmen, like the poet's bough of golden leaves and fruit, glistening through the gloomy forest of Avernus.

"To us peculiarly belongs the pride that we count him among our own worthies, and the pleasure of contemplating his gentle studious life in this place, and recalling how his graceful person and noble bearing, his sweet voice, his quick quaint wit, were the ornament of these our tables."

Mr Arthur Coleridge tells me that Dr Whewell the then Master of Trinity expressed his admiration of this oration in the most unqualified terms[1].

My father was also Members' Prizeman for a Latin Essay. He never won a University Scholarship or a Browne Medal. Indeed I believe that his scholarship was always of an eclectic type, and bore too strongly the impress of his own vivid tastes and prejudices. He was a writer of beautiful Latin verses, but his Greek composition was seldom quite first-rate. He remained to the end strangely ignorant of accents, which he thought frivolous. Eventually he came out a Senior Optime in Mathematics (in spite of $\pi$); Eighth Classic in the Classical Tripos—a bitter disappointment—and Senior Chancellor's Medallist, which atoned for all his disappointments.

[1] "24 Jan. 1852. At the suggestion of the Master...a window to commemorate George Herbert, notice of whom had lately been brought before the College, by Mr E. W. Benson's English Speech on Commemoration Day." (*Architectural History of Cambridge*, Willis and Clark.)

Mr Arthur Coleridge writes:

Two men in your father's undergraduate days I believe stimulated him and the more thoughtful of his companions to a more than ordinary appreciation of the noblest types of clergy in a former age and in our own. Professor Blunt in the Lecture room, and Harvey Goodwin in the pulpit, exercised an influence that reached far beyond the limits of the University; that is the body of actual undergraduates to whom the lectures and sermons were delivered. I remember seeing elderly London clergymen appearing in Blunt's Lecture room, delighted to renew their youth and to take fresh notes of addresses which they had heard in their College days. Blunt had been Curate at Hodnet to Bishop Heber, and like that eminent man had steeped his mind in the wisdom of early English divines; but it was in dealing with the homelier scenes and practical life of the Parish Priest that our Professor's teaching was most forcible. His simplicity of life and unconscious sway over all Cambridge from the highest to the lowest greatly impressed your father and his famous friends at Trinity, Lightfoot and the present Bishop of Durham.

The Archbishop's presence at dear Bradshaw's funeral in King's College was a comfort to me; until he pronounced the final Blessing in the dignified manner so becoming to his high office, I felt I was by the side of a brother mourner baring his head in a common woe, penetrated by the same sense of bereavement. It was on the ground of a close intimacy with Bradshaw that your father and I first became friends. Even when the care of all the Churches came upon him, and the old familiarity became impossible, I still loved to steal quietly into London Churches, enjoy the sight of his dear face, and hear the teaching which I had learned to reverence.

My father's state of mind and belief at Cambridge is very clearly portrayed in his diary, which for the year 1851 is full and precise. I do not trace the smallest allusion to anything of the nature of religious doubt. I do not believe such a thing ever entered his head. It is customary to speak as if all thoughtful natures necessarily passed through a state of enquiry, when the mechanical faith of childhood breaks up, and then is either solidified and

vitalised, or dissipated. I do not think that my father ever had such a period; at least I can find no trace or hint of it in a very full and outspoken diary. His faith was deep, ardent and innate from a very early stage. Most of the entries end with a Latin ejaculation, such as *Miserere mei Dn̄e* or a prayer, often in Latin too. His preoccupations are evidently mostly ecclesiastical:—not concerned with ecclesiastical politics—there is an occasional allusion to the Gorham case, but he had a special link with it from the fact that the son of the plaintiff was then an undergraduate at Cambridge, and was a friend and associate of his own. Details of ecclesiastical art and architecture are constantly present; he records his visits to churches, and the diary is full of little sketches of pinnacles, traceries, cusps, finials and other ornaments.

There is not much reference to his classical reading, though he read energetically and reproached himself much with waste of time. There are very few allusions to modern literature; many to his friendships and many plans for his brothers and sisters. There are frequent and tender mentions of his mother and sister Harriet, and the most constant and feeling expressions of gratitude for the kindness heaped upon him by friends and relations. His own power of winning and retaining affection seemed a constant surprise to him.

*To his younger brother, Christopher Benson, who was crippled from early childhood.*

1851 (*Sep.*?).

You do not say anything, my dear boy, about a regular study of the Scripture—do you find any difficulties in the way of doing this? No person can keep up his communion with God and Christ in a vigorous and healthy way, without prayer to Them, and the study of Their laws, and the history of Their dealings

with man, and of the manner of Their acting on and influencing the souls of those who in this life are Theirs. And how can we hope to dwell happily for ever beyond the grave with *Those* whom we care not to know and love on this side of it, our Maker, Saviour, Sanctifier.

He writes:—

*Wednesday, Jan. 8th.* Being greatly troubled about the scantiness of means for the children, and the difficulty of pleasing all those who contribute for them, I went to Church; and was encouraged to trust both by the Psalms, and also by the very voice of my dear Lord; "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God." "Why take ye thought?"

*Thursday, Jan. 16th.* A good long walk with A—— B——; I am certainly learning the art of adapting myself to a peculiar man, I can talk with him now for hours without appearing to give in to his extravagances, yet keeping him in the best of tempers, whereas formerly a walk with him always ended in a quarrel and a resolution about never repeating the ordeal: he is a fellow with plenty of misapplied wits; who reads a great deal, and seems as if his only object in reading were to obscure his mind, and thence draw general rules for reading. He has done, and will do nothing, I believe. *Heal Thou good Lord the bitter spring of this uncharitable tongue.* I am in better health and spirits than for long past, and consequently idler.

*Monday, Jan. 20th.* Walked to Cherry Hinton, immediately after morning Chapel, with Lightfoot. He tells me I am getting extravagant notions of indulgence and enjoyment, the very reverse of my former ascetic notions. That tender-hearted old fellow however got quite melancholy when I represented myself years hence as a thread-bare-coated half-starved country clergyman with a large family, and himself as paying me a passing visit, a pompous well-fed old tutor of his College, and bidding me then observe what had been the effects of self-indulgence in articulo conjugii, and in preferring to stick to my "Monastic Orders" which no bookseller would take at last, instead of self-denying, college feeding, and dunce-grinding.—Unlike *him* at any rate.

*Sunday, Feb. 9th.* A letter from Wickenden which greatly pleased. He speaks really glowingly of the merits of Charley and his ways.

I had a very long walk with L. and H., two as serious and

truly religious men as I know, yet our whole conversation was light, merry and every day. It consisted of little else than school gossip, and remarks upon our friends. There was an attempt or two to bring up better things. But I must say I shared my friends' unwillingness in my heart. It used not to be so with me. Such a walk would have given me great pain a year ago. Is it owing to this perpetual reading, and brainworking at things which do not profit? "We want thinking souls, we want them."

*Thursday, Feb. 13th.* My conscience accuses me of having wasted very much time, this week, or at least mis-spent it as regards the object of my being here, and having also caused others to mis-spend theirs. Time mis-spent by me may greatly affect the welfare of my family. I have wasted in profitless talk the time that I should have grudged to my sick friend or a letter to my brothers and sisters. As I return across the court I see burning the lights of my competitors and my juniors, and am nightly full of self-reproach. Lord grant me such repentance that I shall not know remorse.

*Monday, April 14th.* To-night while reading with E. a gnat flew into the candle, and immediately fell down, dead as I thought—however he presently began to struggle in his pains, and I asked E.'s leave to put the creature out of suffering with *his* paper knife. He granted it, but said, "Your sympathies with the brute creation are extravagant." I said "What! you wouldn't leave it in its misery—" "Oh I don't mean on this occasion only," he said. He is the kindest hearted fellow that can be, yet he would not have killed that fly. Yet looking at it in extenso—a lord of creation *ought* surely to end the misery of the creature which he cannot cure—to have no *sympathies* with those exquisite tabernacles of life, the Wonder of Angels!!"

(*Staying at Exeter with his uncle, William Jackson.*)

*Sunday, June 29th.* Holy Communion. This afternoon Uncle William and I went to service at Cathedral; we stationed ourselves beside one of the South aisle pillars towards the west end of the Nave. We thus escaped the miserable spectacle of a choir and the respectables who go to hear, and we were able to follow service with our books. Meanwhile the aisles were filled with several hundreds of people promenading up and down talking and laughing, children running in and out, while the vergers kept

the centre of the Nave clear by bullying children who could, and women who, they thought, would, not resist them. Maid-servants finely dressed with awkward imitations of their mistresses' manners, men standing astride with long-tailed coats, turned down collars, greasy hair and ducks, all irreverent—and E. W. B. kept from devout service more by the world within than the world without.

Miserere, Jesu, Jesu, Miserere, Miserere, Miserere, Miserere.

In the Long Vacation of 1851 he went for a reading-party in the Lakes with Mr Mathison, Tutor of Trinity.

The journal of this visit is very full indeed, and contains the most minute description of natural scenery and effects of sun and cloud—most minute, but not particularly felicitous. There are some careful sketches of mountain-shapes and woods, but more conscientious than artistic.

*Friday, Aug. 1st.* We went round the back of Arnold's house and grounds, I carried my hat in my hand all the way past them, and for all the laughing which this caused enjoyed a very deep pleasure in looking at his trees, his walks, his Pathway, his view of Nab-Scar and Fairfield; had they known how I owe to him my very self, they would not have been so much amused.

*Aug. 12th.* Wordsworth in the Prelude is quite right in describing Grasmere as "smiling with pleasure at its own beauties"—or as Tennyson has it "pleased to find thyself so fair"—it is just the impression it conveys. Yet, and this strikes me more and more, I doubt if one of my companions would *feel* this as I do. Is it all nonsense, and *can* one make oneself fancy anything whatever of this kind? I do not believe it *at present* at least. I believe there is a *real* language and I shall try to learn it, for as yet I am most grievously ignorant of it, until I can understand it for myself without a poet to interpret—"and *I* will talk with rocks and trees."

*Sept. 4th.* Lodore was but a little dribbling brook, but the huge mass of great stones gives me an idea that the water when in force has a large amount of tumbling to do ere it gets to the bottom. I sat on a wooden bench there and could well fancy Robert Southey sitting there and gaining the grotesque idea of his cataractic verses that delighted me so when a child, and then jumping up to seize perhaps one of his children and threaten it with a toss over the

water. As we came home (through the vale of Newlands, which the guide told us was a favourite with *old* Southey), and down near Keswick, I was able to distinguish his grey house on the knoll in the dark pretty nearly as well as the following morning. Every one calls him *old* Mr Southey, a woman did so to whom I spoke—so did the sexton at Crosthwaite, who told me "He *was* a Christian." Now I never can fancy him old. I think my ideas of him are more beautiful, and I will say more true, than those of this generation, who with their eyes saw him. I know his face exactly, and his figure, and his elastic walk, and all the charm that his "boy heart" gave him; that is Robert Southey far more than the old man who walked about here and did not know his own children. He lies in Crosthwaite Church, a good portrait but a tasteless figure—reading in bed, you would suppose. The Church well beautified. The old sexton, I listened to him; let him ramble on. Had anyone been with me, I should have said Yes! yes!

*Monday, Sept. 8th.* Mathison, Whyley and I rowed to Bowness, Freeman steering, a beautiful cool, quiet, clear grey afternoon. The water almost motionless—we saw five herons wheeling together in the air. That dear old W. amused us with songs of all kinds, Italian and Nigger. The sense of the latter disgusting, of the former unintelligible to me—yet all very pleasant to listen to—and so it is sense becomes a vehicle for sound more and more—how much is it the case even in our College Anthems with the very Psalms of David.

*Tuesday, Sept. 9th.* The folk expeditioned to-day to Scaw Fell having carred from Ambleside to Millack, I went on to Rydal Water, and leeward of the large island wrote several letters, and looked at the outside of my Tacitus, and afterwards sketched poor Hartley Coleridge's cottage. My sole company was a beautiful heron, who being like me melancholy, or having broken his shin, like me, or a wing upon some Striding Edge of the clouds, preferred staying at home to going a fishing. Now and then he wheeled about to assure himself that I was brewing no mischief. All things were bathed in a mellow September afternoon light, and once or twice for a few minutes the water was so calm that the four ridges of hills to the left, and Loughrigg to the right, with all their lines and shadows and colours, even the tiny white pinnacles of the Chapel, were imaged as fair, or even more magically fair, than the reality. Who am I who without *doing* aught am moved about by strong hands, and laid down

in these paradises among the hills of the Lord and the trees of the Lord;—and profit not.

It was a beautiful sight to see the herons come home, rising into the golden sunlight above the hills I could not tell from whence, and sailing on the glorious arches of their wings, on and on—always alone, and each as he came down with outstretched neck and pendant legs ready to settle, taking one last sweep down, then up, on to the summit of the tall Scotch fir, to take a survey of the realm, and, as another approached, plunging into the thick heads of lower trees with a loud goodnight to his neighbours, and to all the fair land and water round about him, and a Deo Gratias for all his day's happiness, pleasant unto the ear of his dear God, if not consciously addressed to him.

MY HEAVENLY FATHER CARETH FOR THEM.
I AM OF MORE VALUE THAN MANY HERONS.

The Rev. J. Bowman, of New Southgate, sends me a little reminiscence of my father's Cambridge life which may be mentioned here. On a certain Degree day in 1850 or thereabouts, a West African undergraduate named Crummell, of Queens', a man of colour, appeared in the Senate House to take his degree. A boisterous individual in the gallery called out "Three groans for the Queens' nigger." Mr Bowman says that a pale slim undergraduate, very youthful-looking, in the front of the gallery, who appeared to be taking no particular interest in the proceedings, became scarlet with indignation, and shouted in a voice which re-echoed through the building, "Shame, shame! Three groans for you, Sir!" and immediately afterwards "Three cheers for Crummell!" This was taken up in all directions, and Mr Bowman says that the original offender had to stoop down to hide himself from the storm of groans and hisses that broke out all round him. Crummell's champion was E. W. Benson of Trinity.

In 1852 after the Tripos, he went for a long visit to

Yorkshire; he there wrote to his cousin Mary Sidgwick, mother of his future wife:

*June 3rd.* I have had a day of you; would that it could have been more than in thinking of you only—you may guess how well it hit my fancy when W., who is here for the week, proposed this morning a walk over the moor to Barden Tower that he might hook some trout: we arrived there and proceeded up the river from the bridge, he whipping the waters and I feeling rather too slow for him. Presently I said I would walk to the Abbey by myself, and that if he would aim thitherward I would meet him again. Off I set glad, and half crying, in a breath to be there again once more. How much I thought of you, and how much I wished for you, you may well fancy: that, and the now perpetually recurring thought of what will become of me, and what I shall do, engrossed my thoughts I think. And the ever-glorious, and the sacred scenes of Bolton, for such I feel them to be in a way that I cannot describe, nor very fully account for, did my heart and mind worlds of good. When I reached the Abbey by the stepping-stones, I went first to the *Graves*[1]. The two were in nice order. I cleaned out the word Presbyter, which was obscured, and freed the Cross from some decayed leaves which had gathered on it, but I did not disturb the green moss till I heard from you. If it will not hurt the stone, its light fresh green is beautiful and touching too. I did the same by the others.

*Saturday, June 5th.* Once again round Bolton by Haughton thro' the woods and back by Barden Tower. I never felt anywhere as I do at Bolton, my German books I cannot keep open there. I have all the while I am there a perfect *Sunday-feel.*

What glorious work it would be to set up as I first thought five years ago that place once more, if it with its woods could be obtained as a nursery for priests—for young clergy and candidates to study in, and a home for aged or disabled clergy with their families. Meanwhile *Walk about Sion* and *Go round about her* and *Tell the towers thereof, Mark well her bulwarks*—and then, if the Lord will, we may one day *Set up her houses.*

I have been pulling up grass, feeling and knocking to-day, and feel sure that a removal of two feet of earth would give a

[1] Of Mrs Sidgwick's husband and infant son. There are many other graves of the families of Carr and Crofts there, within the ruined choir.

complete ground-plan of the buildings, Chapter House, &c. on the South Side. The South Side of Nave, by removal of Cloisters has been much weakened, is bulging and likely to fall.

The following extracts from his diary of 1852 describe how the news about the Chancellor's Medal reached him.

Well, to Bristol we went. Had a delightful party at dinner at Mrs Sidgwick's, and established ourselves delightfully at No. 2 Belgrave Terrace, houses just built and delightfully situated overlooking the whole extent of Durdham Down, there being no houses to face them, and giving a peep of the Severn and occasionally of the Welsh mountains.

A place, a time full of interest to me for my whole life, either as the first outspringing of a great blessing, or to be for ever looked back upon with vexation of spirit. GOD grant the former. But more of this presently.

It was known that the Classical Tripos list was to be published on Thursday the 25th of March, and for this I was anxiously waiting, as were all my home-friends, to say nothing of my Cambridge friends. But to the former I had said nothing of the Medal Examination, as never supposing that it would yield me any fruit. I only begged all my friends to be satisfied if I were fourth or fifth in the Tripos list, but I had secret hopes that I might perhaps be bracketed with Hammond, and so indeed had most Cambridge friends though never expecting me to beat or even equal Macnaghten[1]. Up till Wednesday evening I had preserved a tolerably cheerful countenance, though with not unfrequent quailings, and heavings of the heart and stretching of arms, &c.—when as we were all seated round Mrs Sidgwick's table a large party, and I at one end, in the middle of a long story, the door opened opposite to my right hand, and "if you please Sir," said Chacey, "a gentleman from Cambridge wishes to see you." For a moment owing to the nervousness I suffered I felt a blank horror and showed it, but as a great relief it occurred to me that it would surely be Whittard with whom I had a glorious walk in Blaise Castle Woods a day before, or Westcott whom I knew he was expecting. But no—by this time I was in the hall and it was Mr Martin himself, in great coat, muffled all round the face with shawls, and his hat and carpet-bag

[1] Now Lord Macnaghten.

in one hand—"Well, how are you?"—"Oh, very well, Sir," breathless—"how are you?" "Very well." My only idea was that all the evil rumours which as I knew had been circulating about my place in the Classical Tripos were about to prove too true, and that he was come to break it to me, though the list itself would not be out till next day. "Well, I am come to bring you news from Cambridge—good news," he added. "Oh! what?" "Well, you've got the Senior Medal." "No! Impossible—I don't believe it!" "You have though, and Macnaghten the second." Well, by this time I was in the room again, and Mr M. also, all hands upon him, and all mouths enquiring what the Medal was. "Why the highest of the University honours," he said, I remember, "the last and greatest" —and I had positively achieved *that.* I couldn't believe it. I remember executing some extraordinary jumps, and the consequence was that I had next to catch hold of, and lean my head against the door. And now everybody with one hand was shaking me and with the other undressing Mr Martin. When Frisk who had long been distressed by the excitement, and had now fully made up his mind that I was at the bottom of it, gave one bark, and made a rush at my leg, and shook the trouser furiously. This restored us all to our senses. Mr Martin's disrobing was quietly finished and he sat down to tea. What an evening that was. How happy everyone looked, and how kindly they looked, and how blithe we were to hear how Mr M. had been waiting at the Vice-Chancellor's door in the morning till the University Marshal came out and acquainted him with the decision as soon as it was made. And how he set off to run nowhere, and suddenly pulled up, quite surprised at himself, and how soon after he found that he was running again and still nowhere, and at last went to several of my friends, and at Ellis's was so breathless that he was obliged to take a piece of paper to write it, and at Scott's was so queer that the Prince who was reading with him said "Der Herr ist be—something," meaning "amazed,"—and when he got at last to his own rooms Bateson came straight from the Vice-Chancellor's and reminding him how he (B.) had joked him before the examination about "his friend Benson," with a "We've got two better than he is for the Medal," now came with a kind palinode to tell him all about the votes, and that the decision was unanimous. Ah! well-a-day, never again shall I enjoy such an evening, for it was *the* reward, full and

precious, of long labour against hope. Brother and sisters, aunt and cousins, and Miss Crofts, "what eyes were in their head!" and Mr Martin was folding my hand all evening into all shapes, and dear little Minnie, now with one, now with both arms round my neck, stroking my hair, patting my forehead—there was not one happiness wanting—yes, one, which I then felt, a more definite consciousness that the three whose work has been done now several years were sympathising with this bright gleam in the course of my work. But be it so, or be it not so—It is well, I know—All is well.

There was never a night to me before or since when with the same feeling of thankfulness and perfect restfulness I laid my head on the pillow. I awoke several times in the night. But it was always to one calm happy feeling of, God has blest me.

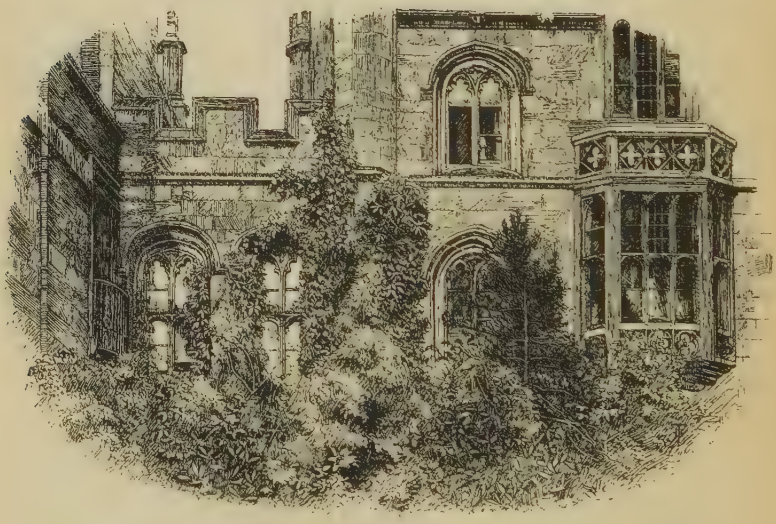
# CHAPTER IV.

## RUGBY.

*"For sure then I should grow*
*To fruit or shade: at least some bird would trust*
*Her household to me, and I should be just."*

GEO. HERBERT.

MY father settled down at Cambridge after his degree in his rooms in the New Court, looking out upon the Backs; one of his windows was so close to the window of the library that it was almost possible (quite possible,



THE ARCHBISHOP'S ROOMS IN THE NEW COURT, TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

says one of his contemporaries) to climb across. He read German and was pleased with Uhland, while Heine he detested; the very thought of Heine made him shudder. He took a few pupils, but describes himself as being very lazy and sauntering about in the summer mornings in the Backs with a book, only to find on his return that it was not the book he had intended to take.

But this life of leisure and rest, much needed after all he had gone through, did not last very long. In 1852, Dr Goulburn, the Headmaster of Rugby, offered him a mastership there; my father has told me how he was leaning out of his window one summer morning, and saw Dr Goulburn, whom he knew by sight, strolling up the lime avenue. A minute afterwards there was a knock at his door, and on going to open it, he found the Headmaster standing there, who introduced himself, and then and there asked him to come to Rugby. This offer was singularly congenial. He was to assist Dr Goulburn with the Sixth Form, but was only to have one hour's teaching a day and some composition; he was also to have the Schoolhouse boys as private pupils, some fifty in number. It was understood that he wanted time to read for his Fellowship, and this was expressly stated. After some consultation he accepted it. He had always been ambitious to be a schoolmaster ever since he had read as a boy Stanley's Life of Arnold, and that he should find himself teaching Arnold's Sixth Form, in Arnold's library, was not the least attractive feature of the post. But further, it gave him an immediate opportunity of taking upon himself the education of his brothers and sisters. Grateful as he had always been for the kindness of relations who had undertaken this, the obligation had constantly weighed on him. There was a further point which influenced him. Mrs Wm. Sidgwick, his cousin, was intending to settle at Rugby for

the education of her boys Henry and Arthur: my father's youngest sister Ada was living with them. To Mrs Sidgwick he was devoted; but besides that there was his little cousin Mary Sidgwick, called Minnie, then a girl of twelve, to whom he was already tenderly attached, and who (he had confided to the pages of his Diary in many entries too sacred for quotation) he already hoped some day might become his wife.

He boarded at first in lodgings on the Dunchurch Road, but it was soon arranged that he should live with the Sidgwicks. Mrs Sidgwick inhabited a pleasant house in the suburbs of the town, called the Blue House from the colour of its bricks, with a large garden, with open ground in front of it, agreeably planted with elms. The household was a singular one. Besides Ada Benson, Mrs Sidgwick's sister, Henrietta Crofts, lived with them, a lady of masculine appearance, with a deep voice, moods of dark depression, and a most incongruous sense of humour. William Sidgwick, the eldest son, was shortly to win a Scholarship at Corpus, Oxford. Henry and Arthur were very promising boys at Rugby; and a cousin, Edward Sidgwick, now a solicitor, lived with them and also attended the school. Never were so many people collected under one roof of whom each so instinctively desired to have his or her own way. My father, though not even nominally the head of the house, naturally dominated a society in which he lived. Miss Crofts was of a generous but morbidly jealous disposition; Mrs Sidgwick, the most sweet-tempered and affectionate woman, had a misplaced belief in the process of "talking people round"; Ada Benson, my father's sister, a clever attractive girl, was fully as determined as himself. But, in spite of occasional *contretemps*, the household enjoyed extraordinary happiness.

THE SCHOOL HOUSE, RUGBY, CIRCA 1859.

*From a photograph by Geo. A. Dean, Rugby.*

*To face page* 117, *vol. i*

Rugby in those early years, and as I first remember it a few years later, was a very different place from what it is now. The School-buildings, of a somewhat Puginesque Gothic, were well-proportioned and almost venerable. The incongruous and streaky additions and the flimsy gazebo known as the Chapel Tower were non-existent. The streets bore the appearance of those of a quiet country town. The station had not assumed the prominence that it now bears, and the tract of land between the town and the station had but a few respectable houses, instead of the new and uninteresting streets that now cover it. The country, the flatness of which Dr Arnold used to deplore, is pleasant pasture land, rich in wood and water, and great grass fields.

My father used often to describe how delightful his work was. He had only the first lesson in school; he used to read most of the morning, and in the afternoon ride all over the country. He acquired at this time that extreme love for horses and riding, which never left him. In the evening he worked with individual pupils.

The first year that he went in for his Fellowship, Lightfoot and Hort were elected, though he was second to Lightfoot in Classics, chiefly from a beautiful rendering into Greek Hexameters of a part of the *Morte d'Arthur*[1]. He was elected the following year.

My father was very fond of talking about Rugby and his early days; he delighted to recall the guise in which it was thought proper to attend Chapel on Sundays. Before he was ordained he used to assume on Sundays light pearl grey trousers, a blue frock coat, collars which rose to the middle of the cheek, and an expansive silk tie tied in a hard knot and very much fluffed out at the ends with a wonderful ornamentation of "birds like toucans or bit-baskets

[1] *Life and Letters of Fenton J. A. Hort*, vol. I. p. 232.

filled with flowers!"—a pair of lilac gloves, a silk Bachelor's gown and a cap completed the vision. But I think that he must have been always old-fashioned in the matter of dress, since, when Headmaster of Wellington, he used at first to wear a dress coat in the mornings and maintain that it was not only more proper but more economical.

My father's colleagues at Rugby were certainly a distinguished body; rarely have there been collected at any public school so many men who made their mark in the world afterwards. Besides Dr Goulburn and Dr Temple, the Headmasters under whom he served, there were the Rev. C. T. Arnold (died 1878), the Rev. H. Highton, afterwards Principal of Cheltenham (died 1874), R. B. Mayor, late Rector of Frating and Canon of St Albans, G. G. Bradley, afterwards Headmaster of Marlborough and now Dean of Westminster, J. C. Shairp, afterwards Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and Principal of St Andrews, T. S. Evans, afterwards Canon of Durham and Professor of Greek in Durham University, Charles Evans, afterwards Headmaster of King Edward's School, Birmingham, and Canon of Worcester, Berdmore Compton, afterwards Vicar of All Saints, Margaret Street, and Prebendary of St Paul's, the Rev. P. Bowden Smith who died in 1894, T. W. Jex-Blake, afterwards Principal of Cheltenham, Headmaster of Rugby and now Dean of Wells, A. G. Butler, afterwards Headmaster of Haileybury and now Vice-provost of Oriel College, Oxford, and C. B. Hutchinson, now Canon of Canterbury.

It is a remarkable list; and it is not to be wondered at that my father found the society of such colleagues stimulating and encouraging.

My father wrote an interesting reminiscence of Principal Shairp in 1887 shortly after the death of the latter. In it he said:

His exclusive love of Scotland was delicious....I remember well being one of a committee of four to settle a History subject for an examination in Dr Goulburn's study. One suggested one period and one another. But Shairp objected to a political period as full of the worst premature lessons for boys, and to the French Revolution as too horrible, and to the Great Rebellion as a good cause overthrown by its own badness, and to French periods generally as mad or selfish, and to the Conquest because nothing was known about it, and to others as dry or badly told—until we asked him to settle his own subject, when he said, so far as boys were concerned, the only real History was the History of Scotland—and the best and most feeling narrative was the *Tales of a Grandfather*. Similarly someone commended in his hearing a fellow-countryman of his own who spoke English so purely that there was not a trace of northern pronunciation or accent. Shairp said in the broadest yet most polished of Scotch tones, "I never knew the man who deliberately tried to be rid of his natural brogue, but there was something radically base in the man."

My father kept a somewhat spasmodic diary at Rugby, summarising the events of months in a few lines: he writes in

*March* 1853. I am so much in arrear with my diary that I shall never fill it up. A few happy days at Redland, a few more with my sisters at Pennsylvania[1], two or three with Prince Frederic at Combe, my journey with him to Cambridge, Southampton, Winchester—all had their pleasures and distinct impressions. Then my seven happy weeks at Cambridge, my delightful summery rooms in the deep shade of the avenue, my first perusal of Chaucer with Mr Martin, strolling and sitting in the Roundabout when it was too hot to walk out; my most unexpected appointment to Rugby and visit of Eleanor and Em. with Mrs S., Miss Crofts and Minnie and Henry to Cambridge, closing all with a delightful week—the seal of my Cambridge life—all the scenes of this most happy year.

The good-natured rallying of the masters on my youthful looks set me at ease with *them*, and Chas. Evans soon put me in the way of my work, and soon I was settled and busy—I had fifty-two private pupils at once, form work for a first lesson only,

[1] A suburb of Exeter, where his uncle William Jackson was living.

as I had to read for my fellowship and could not undertake more. I enjoyed the work thoroughly, and frequently had to take the Sixth form for Dr Goulburn, which was pleasant. How strange the first time to kneel down in Arnold's school with the Rugby Sixth and use Arnold's familiar Prayer before work. Could I have believed it?

My visit to Cambridge for the fellowship examination, happy, and the result satisfactory.

My ordination at Christmas by Bishop of Manchester at Bury January 9. The rest of my holidays spent at Redland.

My second half year is gliding on as happily as the first, busy, full of energy and spirit. But I am doing very little work for myself, my health is so unsteady and Dr Barnard's language so strong that I dare not (do more). Two years he says I ought to give to recover a strong body, if I am to live and work heartily. I trust I am doing right—but it is fearful to see the year rolling on so fast and my books at a standstill.

I am about to give up my first lesson entirely and confine myself to private pupil work with the exception of a Lecture on Composition with Studies therein to the Twenty, Fifth and Second Fifth —this latter being considered equivalent to my first lessons in amount of work.

I trust I may be able to effect something—the composition of the school is at a low ebb, and its scholarship generally. Something seems to ail the place at present.

Dr Goulburn has too low an estimate of innate goodness in boys. I am sure their *tendency* is not evil but good, thoroughly *good*, however often they *fall*. "Greater is He that is in them than he that is in the world."

In 1853 my father was elected a Fellow of Trinity, and he then took up more school work and at the same time threw himself with great energy into theological reading. He studied Hippolytus, the Greek Father, with a view to producing an edition: he alludes to this in his Cyprian as his "juvenile lucubrations[1]."

[1] Two articles from his pen appeared in the *Journal of Classical and Sacred Philology* in March and November, 1854, respectively. One is on the "Martyrdom and Commemorations of St Hippolytus," the other on "The Fragments of a Hymn to Aesculapius preserved in the IVth Book of St Hippolytus."

My father refused a boarding house, but cultivated intimate relations with his pupils: in the holidays he travelled assiduously, visiting Rome with Lightfoot, and working many hours a day at churches and galleries. He also visited most of the important French Cathedrals, and, to show the minute accuracy with which he threw himself into details, he identified and catalogued the Statues at Rheims, several hundred in number. He then began the patient accumulation of pictures, photographs and engravings, mostly of sacred subjects and ecclesiastical buildings, of which he procured a great number, neatly arranged in portfolios. When at Rome he was presented to the Pope, Pio Nono; and he and Lightfoot having come to the Vatican in frock coats, he used to describe how the services of a friendly Chamberlain were volunteered to pin the offending garments into the shape of dress-coats. I have heard him say how on that or some similar occasion an English clergyman and his wife attended the Pope's levée, and the clergyman, a pillar of the strictest orthodoxy, who had only been prevailed upon by his wife's insistence to attend, was standing by my father when the Pope entered, and all present knelt down. This gentleman, to the bystanders' intense amusement, muttered to his wife, "This is too ridiculous, I can't do this." "You must, dear—it is only proper—mere courtesy." "Well, it will have to be only one knee then." On the same visit my father had his hat crushed over his brows by an enthusiastic spectator, because, unconscious of the Pope's approach, he had not removed it in time.

*To Mary Sidgwick, then twelve years old.*

ROME. HOTEL D'ANGLETERRE.

*Dec.* 31, 1854.

MY DEAREST MINNIE,

.....The Pope was there. He sat in a great canopy on one side, there were 40 or 50 Cardinals all in their scarlet and

white there, for they had been staying on since the council and the scene was very grand. It is a remarkable sight to see them all presented before service, and kissing, the more dignified his hand, the rest his foot. He was in white with a very large loose cape above, which his attendant priests opened, and showed him every now and then. But he is a fine and benevolent looking man, and all his part of the service he went through with great interest and devotion, for he read, or chanted rather, several of the more important parts. He has a fine clear sonorous voice, and to him it was no mummery I am very sure. It was the same on Christmas Day when I saw the most gorgeous ceremony that is to be seen on earth. He officiates that day like any priest, and did so with great earnestness of manner. The high altar stands in the midst of the Church under the dome, and the Pope sits in the east end as the Bishop always did in the early Church, with Bishops and Cardinals on either side. Cardinal Antonelli[1], who is the Pope's Prime Minister, assisted at the altar, and when the Pope was once more on his throne carried him the Cup and Host in procession. I was close to the Pope and he passed me several times. Cardinal Antonelli looked like a statesman every inch, but I fear he is a bad one—he is much hated by the people. The singing I need scarcely tell you was most glorious; after it was over the Pope was seated in a great chair and the tiara placed upon his head. He looked a wonderful figure, but more like a picture or a statue or a dream, as sixteen men in scarlet robes lifted him upon their shoulders, and two splendid fans of white feathers and peacock's, on poles 10 feet high, were borne behind him like an eastern potentate, and he was slowly borne through the Church making the Sign of the Cross over the heads of the people perpetually as he went, while the tapers burned quietly on the altar, and the great circle of lamps glowed round the tomb of the Apostle. Then one looked up and saw round the dome beneath the great mosaics the awful legend, "*Tu es Petrus—et super hac petra aedificabo ecclesiam meam—et tibi dabo claves regni coelorum*"—and felt for a moment as if they really must be the historical chain that bound the earth to the shore

[1] He held the highest posts of state under Pius IX. in 1848, and from 1850 till his own death in 1876. He took a leading part in the debates of the Oecumenical Council in 1869, and protested against Victor Emmanuel's "unholy" tenure of the Quirinal, and the occupation of Rome by the Italian army.

of the Sea of Galilee, as if this were the mountain of the Lord's House exalted in the top of the hills. But it passed away in a moment—and one felt there must be a truer fulfilment somewhere,—and then as one came out one saw the bronze statue of St Peter with half his foot kissed away, and his bran-new ring for the occasion glistening on his forefinger, and—alas, alas—and once more the Pope came close past me, attended, but on foot and in his ordinary dress, passing to his lodgings, and he lifted up his hand again to send his blessing amongst us—how strangely are good and evil mixed in this complicated earth.

Ever your most affectionate,

EDWARD.

*To Mary Sidgwick.*

CIVITA VECCHIA.
*Jan.* 27, 1855.

I went to Vespers at St Peter's for the last time on Thursday. I like very much to be present at those services in which one can join heartily, like Vespers, which consists mainly of the Psalms, Lessons and Collects. It helps one to feel that there *is* a Holy Catholic Church, though its skirts are so sadly rent,—and it is good, I think, that we should try to feel this, and that in spite of all sins and shortcomings of the Church in this or that country, there still is one Lord and one Baptism.

In 1854 he had been ordained Deacon by the Bishop of Manchester, by letters dimissory from the Bishop of Ely. My father's account of his examination is so curious that I must here repeat it. He was told to call upon the Bishop's Chaplain, a country clergyman, and presented himself at the Rectory at the appointed time. The Chaplain, it seems, did not catch his name and asked him to be seated—and then after one or two general remarks, on learning that he was a candidate for Orders asked him the date of the Call of Abraham. The future Archbishop confessed total ignorance, and the Chaplain stared at him hard for a moment with a dissatisfied expression, and

presently asked him the date of Solomon's birth. Again he pleaded ignorance and was met with a "Very bad, sir, very bad indeed: most reprehensible ignorance." My father said that he had not expected such questions. "Well, what did you expect, sir?" said the Chaplain, "a knowledge of the sequence of the events of Bible History is a necessary part of a clergyman's knowledge—Come, what have you read?" My father mentioned a treatise of Cyprian's and some other books. The Chaplain frowned and asked him another date of which he was again ignorant. He then said sternly, "What College do you belong to?" "Trinity." "What degree?" "Eighth Classic." "Any University or College distinction?" "Senior Chancellor's Medallist and Fellow of Trinity." "Oh!" said the Chaplain with a genial smile, "you are Mr *Benson*, mentioned in this letter from the Bishop of Manchester; I beg your pardon—I didn't catch the name —most stupid—we may consider the examination at an end," and he politely handed my father a document which had been lying sealed and directed upon a side table, to the effect that he had passed a most creditable examination. My father used to add that at the same time a fellow-candidate writing on the "sacrifice" in the Holy Communion, mentioned under one head the sacrifice of the body and soul of the receiver. "What do you mean, sir?" said the Examiner. The man referred to the Office. The Chaplain turned hastily over the pages, found the proposition sound, but pointing to the obnoxious words, said with pompous emphasis, "*Reasonable*, sir; *reasonable*, you will observe."

My father's examination for Priests' orders was somewhat similar. Dr Corrie, late Master of Jesus College, was Examining Chaplain to Bishop Turton of Ely. My father went to see him, and was told that he would be excused the

ordinary examination, but must select some Patristic treatise and come on a certain day to do a paper. He came, began the paper, when the Master was called away: he obligingly said, "Come and see me on such a day for your certificates —when you have done your paper put it on that table, and leave a paper-weight on it." My father did as he was told, and in a few days called as directed. The Master received him, not very graciously, and asked him why he had not done the paper he had been set. He replied that he had done it, and glancing at the side-table, saw that the paper was lying where he had placed it, with the paper-weight still in its place. He pointed this out to the Master, whose only reply was to hand him his certificate with a somewhat embarrassed smile, adding, "the examination in *your* case, Mr Benson, is purely formal."

*To the Rev. J. F. Wickenden, then Curate of Pershore, Worcestershire.*

RUGBY.
*Feb.* 9, 1855.

MY DEAR WICKENDEN,

I was very glad to find two letters of yours awaiting my reading on my return. I should have liked coming over into Persia to help you if it had been possible, but I was standing by night in far other *atria Domini* than you meditated in on St John's Eve. Some time I *must* come and see you, I am more and more anxious to obtain a notion of your Physical Geography, without which of course I cannot understand yourself.

You must have enjoyed your tour and the Gothic Churches. Oh! the thankfulness with which I blessed God for Christian Architecture in England as I trod the Nave of Canterbury the first moment that I could after reaching England. Your winter though at Pershore with so much cholera has been sad.

I infer from your letter and its contempt of externals, and censures of your poor brother and his love for the Church, that you have at length emerged from those mists in which we long travelled together, and that you now see all things, and the

practice of Christianity in particular, with the same clear undimmed eye which dear George Lee so wished to be in us. And though one would not have expected to see you in your Apostolic Habiliments, those in fact so disguise you that you may be conceived of as a sheep in wolf's garments—well! well!

Ever your most affectionate,

E. W. B.

In Mrs William Sidgwick he found another mother; he writes to her from Cambridge, which he often visited in the holidays:

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.
*Jan.* 29, 1856.

MY DEAREST AUNT,

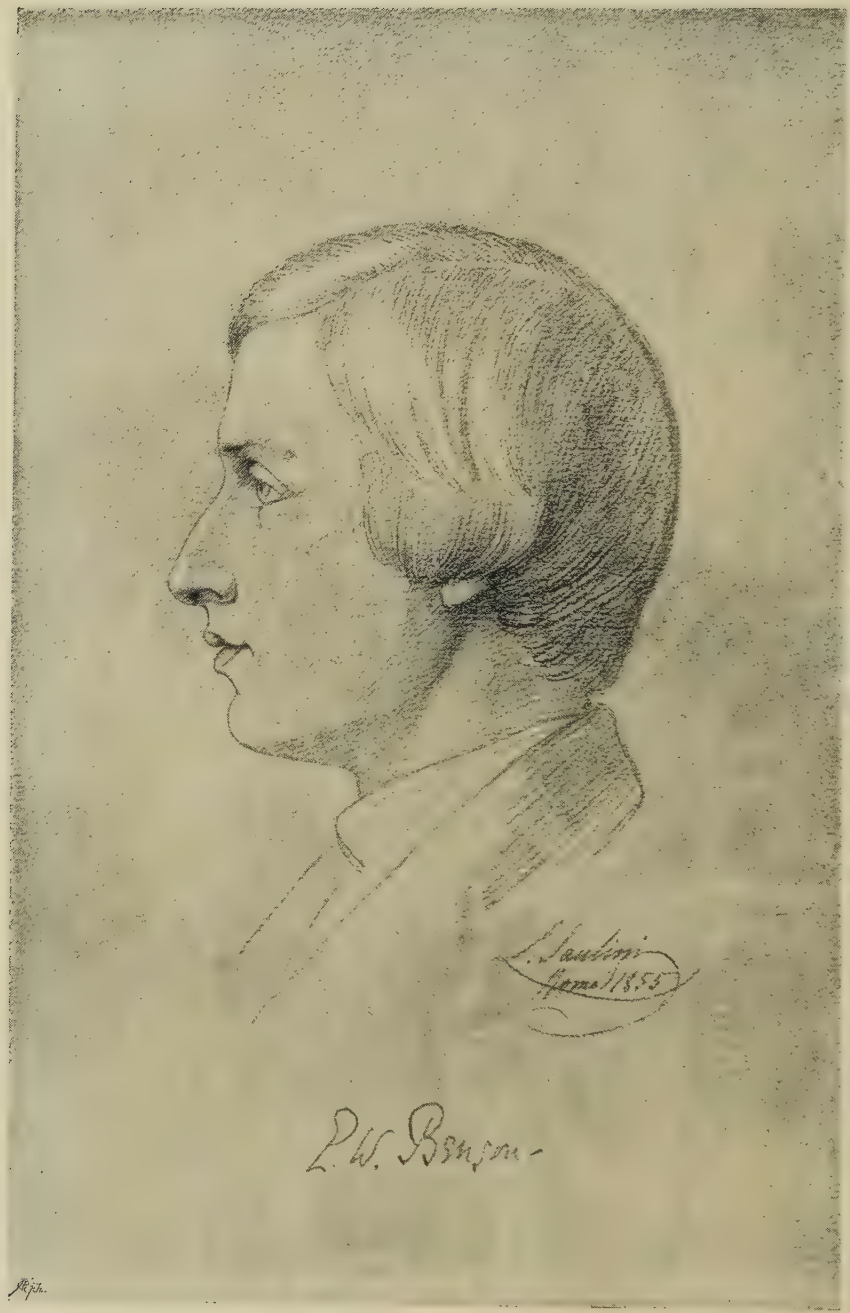
I had a sleepless night last night and have a bad headache to-day. But I have little fear of its lasting. There is a quiet joy in being here, the courts, the grounds and the Hall have a thousand lights upon them for every man who has been nurtured in them, which no other eyes can see. But above all the Chapel, with its quiet Service, and then the chants and the anthem on the high days, exercise a power over me which no other place in the world can do. But it would not do for me, I think, to live here; it has been very good for me to live at Rugby, and to be with you, I am sure I feel gentler and more *even*, and as if I had advanced a little, though alas! it is very little, in the wisdom which is above. But above all I thank God that He has given me one little heart to be so much mine now, and to grow more and more mine daily all our lives, as mine is already hers wholly, and I doubt not, but trust in Him that He will teach us how to do each other good, and build each other up, both by softening and strengthening, and that to *your* joy also.

I fear you will be tired by my running on so long about self—but it *would only* be to his most affectionate mother from her

Most affectionate son,

E. W. BENSON.

As regards my Church views it is too long a subject to enter on, whole sheets would not be enough if I wrote as fully as I ought if I once began. I can but say that I truly believe myself




AFTER A SKETCH MADE BY L. SAULINI, ROME, 1855.
FOR A CAMEO PORTRAIT.

*To face page 123, vo*

to agree with you on all points touching Church authority, and the view I take of our own Church as the most perfect expositor of the Christian Religion which has existed since the days of the Apostles—as having the great bulwarks of the Apostolical Episcopate, Presbytery, and Diaconate, the true administration of, and instruction concerning the Sacraments, as the means of grace appointed us, and as teaching in all the true doctrine of the Word of God. If there are any questions to which I can briefly reply, which you wish to ask me on this matter, I will with great pleasure. For this I can do, not as bearing at all on *the* subject with us in the way it appears in your last, but as quite a general matter, and because I am both surprised and sorry that you do not seem to know more of me than you do.

Good night—my head aches—and my heart too a little—but forgive me, and that will go far to cure the latter, and what remains to be cured must cure itself.

Your affectionate nephew once more,

E. W. Benson.

## *To J. B. Lightfoot.*

Rugby.
*April* 6, 1856.

My dear Lightfoot,

Thank you for the immense pleasure, and for the great instruction which I have derived from your review of Jowett and Stanley. It is indeed the best thing you ever have done yet, and I hope and trust the *worst* of all that you are going to do. Depend upon it scholarship is your field and not parochialism. Your review will give instruction to hundreds, and point the way to sound study of New Testament, from which you will, if you are a *good* man, give us a *good* deal of *good* work and rich ore yourself, that is hitherto untouched. I haven't expressed half what I feel about this review, but I thank you again, my dear fellow, very much for my own personal benefit. I don't at all wonder at Stanley and Jowett writing to you as they did. They could not do otherwise.

I dare not go to Switzerland with men to walk the distances and undertake the fatigues that men do there. I don't feel up to it—less and less indeed every half year. I shan't go to Switzerland till I have got a wife, who won't tire one with walking.

I don't think what you say of what you call "Tractarian" History is just. They certainly first reminded the nineteenth century that the Church had lived more than six centuries, three at the beginning and three at the end. However I daresay you've thought more about these things than I have, so I won't bother you any more to-night.

Ever your affectionate,

E. W. B.

*To Mary Sidgwick.*

AMIENS.
*June* 20, 1856.

.....The French style of Cathedral is quite new to me, i.e. the flamboyant part of them which is the main part hitherto. I don't like the style on paper, but in stone it seems almost as if it were a living animated mass, it is so full of expression, or what they call here "mouvement."

I went to Mass yesterday and didn't much like it, but heard a most eloquent sermon about St Louis de Gonzaga and St Paul from a very young man which drew tears from many. The vesper music in the afternoon was very religious and beautiful: and after it a Priest went into the pulpit and read in French a long and fine prayer for the better hallowing of the sabbath. For this purpose there is now great influence being exerted by the Clergy throughout France. Strange that at the same time we in England should be endeavouring to imitate the old bad ways which they are themselves anxious to abandon. This morning I had an amusing conversation in the Church at Abbeville with the sacristan, who seeing me staring at a paltry altar of the Virgin, came up and asked me to dedicate a petite chandelle to light in her honour. I answered him that I was not a Catholic, and he told me that he was very sorry for it, but he said he was sure I was "un bon homme, a goot man." I told him I was sure he was another and we then concluded that it was a pity that all "good men" like ourselves were not of the same religion, that religion was not "la même partout." However I assured him that I was much attached to the Church of my fathers and that it was impossible that I ever could leave it, "although the music at the High Mass was very grand and the preacher very eloquent and very young," and so with these enormous concessions to the

superior merit of his Church, we parted most excellent friends, he expressing a hope that I might come again to honour the High Mass at Abbeville with my presence, and I hoping that I might see him again if I ever did so.

*To J. B. Lightfoot.*

RUGBY.
*Sept.* 29, 1856.

All things in the scholastic way go worse and worse. One lives in perpetual provocation to unlovingness, unchristian talk, distaste at one's place, and ἀπείθεια τοῖς ἡγουμένοις[1]. And I for one am not strong enough to conquer all this, and be the stronger, as some men might be. Alack, alack. Oh for a Rhemish[2] or a Roman Stall!

Your ever most affectionate,
E. W. B.

I am thinking of being ordained Priest at Christmas, if possible at Cambridge, i.e. at Ely. Will not you also?

About 1857 my father's health began to break down: he was attacked by bad neuralgia and general nervous prostration. A visit to a celebrated doctor resulted in his being advised to leave Rugby altogether, and to give himself complete rest. He went up to Cambridge and conferred with Mr Martin and his Trinity friends: and the result was that he was offered a Lectureship, with an almost immediate prospect of a Tutorship. This he accepted, but for reasons which will appear he never actually went to Cambridge. He suffered terribly at Rugby from neuralgia; the usual régime had been quinine, port wine and heavy feeding: and my father had reluctantly eaten far more than he desired, and drugged himself morning and night with quinine—he used to speak with a kind of shudder of the muzziness of head that this,

[1] Disobedience to those in command.
[2] i.e. at Rheims, a place to which my father was greatly devoted.

combined with nights sleepless from pain, had produced in him. But a remedy given him by Dr Sharpe, of Rugby, whatever it was, acted as a powerful sedative: he used to describe how the pain seemed to be stroked away by an invisible hand; and for the time he seemed to be cured though the neuralgia recurred for some years at intervals.

Meanwhile, in 1857 Dr Goulburn retired from Rugby, and Dr Temple, who became my father's lifelong friend, was appointed to succeed him. Dr Temple may not have been distinguished by suavity as a Headmaster, but his intense devotion to work, his gigantic energies, and the deep tenderness of his nature, were irresistibly attractive to my father, who a year or two afterwards asked him and Dr Lightfoot to be sponsors to his firstborn son.

*To J. B. Lightfoot.*

RUGBY.
*Jan.* 5, 1857.

MY DEAR LIGHTFOOT,

At present I feel like a caged grampus with a sore tail, to combine in one Tennysonian condensity the three familiar images of bad humour.

What a terrible tragedy is this assassination of Abp Sibour on Ste. Geneviève's day. To think how possibly you and I might have been loitering under that quaint gallery that runs from pillar to pillar, and been close to him, and seen the execrable deed! Do you remember his calm thin face as he sat in the gallery at Ste. Agnèse's? Had the deed been that of some newspaper editor or rabid anti-church declaimer, it must have raised the clergy to mediaeval eminence in France; one would think it almost a special favour of Providence that it should have been by the hand of a Priest.

Ever yours,

E. W. BENSON.

*To J. B. Lightfoot.*

RUGBY.
*Aug.* 20, 1857.

MY DEAR LIGHTFOOT,

We are in great tribulation, i.e. Bradley and myself, about our expected head. He very anxious for Temple, and I too, so far as one can tell by hearsay.

If Temple be all they say of him, it will be difficult not to be a μαθητὴς, but I think I am getting a little too old. I have little doubt that you will have me back in College in October '58, if God will. I am happy to say that the idea is not *un*favourably looked upon in a quarter where I might have expected a little reluctance. The reluctance to undertaking a boarding house seems greater.

You will have heard from Martin what a glorious tour we had. He enjoyed it, I think, vastly, and his walking sometimes amazed me. He went 10 hours one day on foot apparently without fatigue. I fear that we younger ones shall not be up to that kind of thing between 50 and 60, any more than we are to quoting Horace and Shaftesbury with old Pryme. Goulburn is very happy: particularly content with his translation to Quebec Chapel. It seems to me a kind of reversal of Wolfe's exploit. He has scaled Quebec downwards.

"Prayer-bell's rung, Sir." Good night.

Ever your most affectionate,

E. W. B.

*To the Rev. J. F. Wickenden who had recently lost both his parents and was himself in such delicate health, that he was obliged to give up his clerical work.*

RUGBY.
*Dec.* 1, 1857.

MY DEAR WICKENDEN,

I was very glad to receive your very kind and affectionate note.

I always think that when one home is broken up it is most happy to make another, built up if possible out of the old one, as soon as can be. The state of mourning is a good one we are told, but I think it cannot be that of mourning for what is lost. And

as you and I have often talked this over, I can well imagine that your new home with your old furniture may, as you say, have something of gladness about it.

With regard to lost friends, my dear Wickenden, I fear that now I am in a state with which few would sympathise. Prayer for them is to me such an inestimable blessing, and the thought of them, and the belief that they have passed through such experiences, seen such things, know such things, love without falling, serve without labouring, is so great a thought, that I really feel little regret for any lost friends. At times it comes back keenly—but it is not a common feeling, and it vanishes before the thought of how much better it would be to become as one of them. I do think that this feeling is in its practicalness due to our old commemorations of which you still speak. I seldom use them fully now. I wish I had some friend with whom to use them. But I have made new ones now, or rather gone back to older ones. I enclose for you, thinking you will like to see it, a little Litany which I made at my Aunt's request for her household. They use it at morning prayers on days when they go to Church. I say *they*, for I am never at home. Work here increases so much as to carry me off my legs—rather off my head, I think. And from now to the end of the half I probably may not write another line to a friend; which is the reason I have so hastily written this without more delay. The new Headmaster would *keep* me here if anything could. But I think I shall leave ere long, for reasons into which you probably would not enter.

My sister Emmeline is to be married next month—to a clergyman in Shropshire. She and the rest are well, thank you. Will you give my kind remembrances to your sister, and

Believe me,

Ever your affectionate friend,

E. W. Benson.

*To J. B. Lightfoot, on tutorial work at Cambridge.*

Rugby.
11 *Jan.*, 1858.

My dear Lightfoot,

I need not say that I have not and shall not have anything for the Journal. I wish I had. But literary ardour is

rapidly dying out now, and I feel my place is more with "labour" than with "thought."

I feel more and more *queer* about leaving Rugby and coming up: more and more anxious to do so, yet more and more afraid of its postponing my marriage perhaps for years. Martin says the most contrary things about the chance of livings, and bothers me dreadfully. Sometimes says there is a good chance of £400 a year being attainable in 2 or 3 years (the longest I wish to wait) and sometimes says there is no chance for 10 years or more. I feel like the old fisher who sprang from the rock to the dangling rope on St Kilda. Bide where I am, and die where I am. Spring to the rope and perhaps miss all.—The most unexpected offer of the house to Smythies however and his acceptance, seem a kind of sign not to stay; it is the only house *very* much desirable.

Ever your affectionate,

E. W. B.

*To the same, on Charlotte Brontë.*

RIDDLESDEN, KEIGHLEY.
25 *Jan.*, 1858.

MY DEAR LIGHTFOOT,

We are just going to ride over to Haworth—Charlotte Brontë's you know—and to see the place where high pressure misery wrought so much on genius.

Your ever affectionate,

E. W. BENSON.

*To the same, on Dr Temple's Sermons.*

RUGBY.
*Feb.* 15, 1858.

MY DEAR LIGHTFOOT,

I but write to thank you for your last note and for the Master's opinion. I like and admire what I have seen of the new Head. He preached yesterday on the Rich young Man, he compared his keeping of the Decalogue and his inability to fight the last battle with self, to the Israelites who conquered and endured till they came to the edge of the Holy Land, and then dared not take the last venture of war with the sons of Anak. How they were sent back for 40 years till all the carnal

race had been purged away, and how the rich youth must have fallen into apathy, or like Israel have renewed its strength, but at last done for God in bitterness what they might have done with joy. He said it was not often, but most likely once in each man's life at least, that one was called on to choose, to make a definite choice between two lines—a higher and a lower—and he exhorted the taking of the higher life, and courage in the choice. Many expressions went to one's heart—and it was admirably expressed, and, when he warmed, admirably delivered.

Your ever affectionate,

E. W. BENSON.

*To the Rev. J. T. Pearse.*

RUGBY.
*Feb.* 23, 1858.

MY DEAR PEARSE,

We have begun here nobly I think. Temple is a grand man to look at, and a grander to hear. I never so heard a man speak evidently out of his own very heart, and his face quite haunts me. I feel immensely drawn to him; he is clearly one who hates "policy," and thinks nothing of lucre or place but solely of right. He is the man to improve us all.

I am still however unsettled in my plans. If anything could make me stay here it would be Temple, but I rather believe my days here are coming to a close. It must be my own act, I suppose, at last, but I am as motionless at present as the body in the first law of motion.

I wonder whether you are as much afflicted with Composition as we are—I have been at work to-day about 7½ hours with my form and pupils, and of those 5 hours have been given to horrid verses.

Ever your affectionate,

E. W. BENSON.

My father's diary relating to his contemplated change of life is written in a depressed spirit; the work of a schoolmaster was highly congenial to him; much as he enjoyed the idea of returning to Trinity, it meant an indefinite deferring of his marriage, for he was by this time engaged to his cousin Mary Sidgwick. What he hoped to do was

to wait till his health should be restored and then stand for some Headmastership.

He had already missed a Headmastership in an unexpected way. The Headmastership of Westminster was in the gift, for that turn, of the Master and Fellows of Trinity. My father had allowed it to be understood that he would accept it, and it was passed down the Fellows: having been declined by one or two probable candidates, it was understood that my father would be appointed, when, to the surprise of most of the College, it was accepted by the Rev. C. B. Scott, an Etonian, whose long and honourable tenure of the office only terminated in 1883.

Another call very nearly came; in 1856 Bishop Tait, then just appointed to London, was making enquiries for a domestic Chaplain, and my father's name was strongly pressed upon him by Stanley[1], but he was not eventually selected.

In 1853 the Fund to perpetuate the memory of the Duke of Wellington had been appropriated to the foundation of a College for the sons of officers: the site was fixed in a remote and healthy tract on the borders of Windsor Forest. The Prince Consort flung himself most warmly into the plan, and regulated the constitution of the place with a characteristic enthusiasm and precision. Just when my father had decided to leave Rugby, he was offered the Headmastership of the new College, and accepted it. He had several interviews with the Prince, and was deeply impressed with his good sense and acuteness, and at the Prince's desire, left England for a prolonged tour in Germany to study continental methods of education. Among other interesting experiences, he spent a day with Baron Bunsen at Heidelberg. His visit to the then Crown Prince of Prussia at Babelsberg is given in a letter below (p. 138).

[1] *Life of Abp Tait*, vol. I. p. 207.

*To J. B. Lightfoot.*

RUGBY.
*March* 20, 1858.

MY DEAR LIGHTFOOT,

I write as early as has been possible to tell you that if all proceeds as I now expect, neither Cambridge nor Rugby will be my nursing mother any more.

Prince Albert has, through Temple and on his recommendation, offered me the Headmastership of Wellington College. If you exclaim "What's that?", Martin will give you the explanation. I am writing to accept the appointment.

I believe this to be the better solution of the perplexities for myself than either of the others. I do not depart from Rugby, or resign residence at Trinity without grief, but the latter plan of life grew less hopeful to me when I was with you last—and unexpected difficulties of detail appeared. God has been opening my eyes of late to see that I am not able or worthy to work in His fields of thought, and that my place is among the working classes—now His hand seems to place me where His Spirit, as I trust, teaches me I must be.

Your ever affectionate,

E. W. B.

*To Mary Sidgwick.*

RUGBY.
*April* 21, 1858.

MY DEAREST MINNIE,

I had a very prosperous day in town. The train was half an hour late, and I consequently found the Secretary gone from Downing Street to the House of Lords where the Council[1] met in the Fine Arts Commission room. I followed him therefore vite, vite, and after a little wandering in that dazzling place, found myself in the open air again, and directed to enter by another door. At the foot of a great staircase which I reached I turned round and saw a moustachioed gentleman drive up in a carriage, but I turned round and ran upstairs and on reaching the top found that the gentleman had run upstairs after me, and that it was the Prince himself. He smiled very graciously and sweetly and shook hands with me, and he went on into the room where the Council had met already. I waited a few minutes in the

[1] Of Wellington College.

Lobby till the Secretary came out and said they were ready for me, and on my entering, the Prince, as President, told me that my appointment had been passed by the Council, and that they were going to ante-date my salary three months, i.e. to give me £200 —which was very handsome.

Then the Secretary, I found, had broken up my *long letter* into Resolutions which were read one by one, the Prince, like a trump as he is, arguing well for every one of them, and, when any discussion arose, desiring the Secretary to read my letter aloud. The end of it was that every point in my letter was carried, which amounts in many things to a reorganisation of the plan. The sole thing not carried was the *Bath* of which the construction was postponed through want of funds at present.

Lord Derby was there and very kind, he came up and chatted very kindly. He is like the picture in the *Illustrated News*, but has very fierce dark eyes.

Lord Lansdowne[1] was very interesting to see—so grand an old veteran with such white hair and a voice that sounds from the other world.

Mr Sidney Herbert[2] was there and very pleasant.

There were a good many more swells but I did not identify or care about any others. The Prince is a prince of princes,—thoroughly interested and hearty.

Ever your most affectionate,

EDWARD.

*To J. F. Wickenden.*

RUGBY.
*April* 26, 1858.

MY DEAR WICKENDEN,

I had sooner write you a few lines now, than postpone till a few more can be added; many thanks for your kind congratulations on the fact of my appointment.

However I fear you cannot have been quite so diligent a student of the "Englishman's Daily Lessons"—Court Circular—as you would have me believe, or the fact would have appeared to

[1] The *doyen* of the Whig Party; had been Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1806 in the Ministry of "All the Talents," and was in the Cabinet without office during the Crimean War. He declined a Dukedom.

[2] The Peelite ex-secretary at War, created Lord Herbert of Lea, and died at Wilton in 1861. His statue is in front of the War Office, Pall Mall.

you some time earlier than it did. Thank you however, and thank your aunt and my most kind friend for her congratulations. I *believe* it is to be rejoiced at as a fine opportunity for good and true work and rather of a new kind,—the great problem of whether the "Artes" of the fifteenth century are the only fit discipline of boys' minds—one has a sheet thrust into one's hands of data wholly different from those old artes, and a "There, work that out!" However they certainly give me wherewithal to work it out, I think—a fine and well-ordered and wealthy "plant," and machinery, and what I hope will be a good class of boys to work upon. You see I am, as ever, looking only at the sweets—but I am not insensible to the difficulties that now lie as smooth as the spines in a cat's coat stroked the right way—but the first *act* I do may set them all up and draw one's blood perhaps.

The summer I have to spend abroad in the military and other schools of Germany and Prussia, so I shall have little hope of visiting either you, or very much at Weston, as I hoped.

But this time twelvemonths you must come and visit me in Berkshire D.V.—I don't get there till January 1859.

Farewell for the present—excuse great haste—but it is late after a hard day's work, and I have to get a good night's rest, for I am off in the morning early to spend a day or two with Cotton at Marlborough.

Your ever affectionate,

E. W. BENSON.

*To Mary Sidgwick.*

POTSDAM.
*July* 6, 1858.

My DEAREST GIRL,

.....I had just got so far when an event occurred which broke the monotony of this day, and of my thoughts I hope for several days to come. You must know that I had been this morning to see one Baron Stockmar who is private secretary to the Princess Frederic William, in order to obtain from him some introductions to different schools in Prussia; I found him very kind and agreeable, and enjoyed a long talk with him sitting in his little room in a little engine house on the lake within the park of Babelsberg where the Prince and Princess live. He said, "Well now, if you want to see the Prince and Princess, there they are," and looking from the window I saw them come quickly

and briskly walking along the path—and talking. He is tall and good looking—she not short, and very young looking. She was most plainly dressed.

Well, I was very glad to have got this little glimpse of royalty looking so pretty and pleasant—(they are the future King and Queen you know of Prussia)—and went home again. The whole walk is very green and pretty, beautiful young woods surrounding a most sweet little castle, on the borders of the lake—and yet I believe all is artificial. The country is a sandy waste, and this a little oasis produced by ceaseless watering. There were pipes in all directions showering the grass and trees, as round Rugby,—only with clear water instead of dirty.

Well, *home* I came (into Potsdam that is—the city of little palaces, the Versailles of Berlin) and went and saw a bit of a school. Then wrote my bit of letter, above, and just then in came a man with a letter from Baron Stockmar, containing—guess how astonished I was!—a command from the Prince and Princess to dine with them at 3 o'clock.

I should have requested to be taken to a lunatic asylum if there had been time, but luckily for me there was not—I had only just time to dress and drive up. At the gate there was such a grand porter taking off his cap, that I should have felt it was all right if he had told me to hold it for him, or stand behind him, or anything else—but he was kind enough not to do so—so I went on into the Schloss, and found there some "swells" of footmen who took away my umbrella but amazed my unsophisticatedness in making me keep my hat on my head.

I thought I would wait till Baron Stockmar came, and then, finding I could not do so, I was seized with a desire to run away, but I did not do that either, and so went on through drawing room after drawing room, all most gothically and beautifully fitted up. Then I came on another gentleman or two, with their hats in their hands, and then to my relief came Baron Stockmar. We had a pleasant chat during which I came gradually to the conclusion that I was not going to commit any egregious folly, and accordingly I didn't.

The Prince and Princess came in, followed by her three ladies. She talked to me most pleasantly for some time, and then the Prince, and they expressed great interest in the Wellington College. They had been present at the laying of the first stone, they said, immediately after they were engaged to each other.

When we went to dinner, the Prince sat in the middle of one side the table, and the Princess on his right hand, a lady whose name I could neither say nor spell on his left—a gentleman at each end—opposite two ladies, self and Baron Stockmar.

I was opposite the Princess. The dinner was what epicures would call most elegant, and very nice indeed to my uneducated taste. But I did not eat a great deal, for the Princess kept me talking incessantly, until I was ashamed to have all the conversation to myself—but I could not help it.

After dinner in the drawing room the gentlemen resumed their hats into their hands, except the Prince, and so talked—I had again a long talk with the Princess about Balmoral and Abergeldie which I knew as well as she did—she knew every room in the castle, and every hill, where I was so happy in 1848, and she knew Mr Anderson, and Gow, and Andrew Wilson and all my old favourites among the peasants. She remembered the Braemar gathering, and all the people that were there. She is very fond of Scotland, and talked of it with tears in her eyes, and of the hills and lochs.

She is certainly a charming lady and would be thought so whoever she were. She talks with great spirit, and describes very well, and expresses her feelings with great vivacity. She is evidently both clever naturally and very well educated. Several people have talked about her in the trains and always with the enthusiasm which we heard at home there was about her here. They were full of stories of her straightforwardness and simplicity, and all of them I can well understand.

She has a most sweet and kind expression and that is certainly her only beauty of face—but it is round and plump and happy looking and very young. The Prince is a fine, quick, kind, goodhearted young man, who looks as innocent as the morning, and talked about his father and mother and all very pleasantly. What strikes me about all these great people is the consideration and gentleness of their manners—and the desire to make one feel at ease. Fancy this party of seven Germans, and one English lady, who spoke German as well and fluently as they did, to them in the drawing room, all of them talking in English the whole dinner through in compliment to me a stranger and poor schoolmaster.

Ever your most affectionate,

EDWARD.

*To J. B. Lightfoot, on German Schools.*

RUGBY.
*Oct.* 6, 1858.

MY DEAR LIGHTFOOT,

My tour was dullish work, though not uninteresting when contemplated from a sufficient distance, nor uninstructive from the same standpoint, but the fact was that I was *in school* all the holidays.

I wish I could talk all over with you. I received a good many impressions which I want to discuss with you. The general gist of them may be stated to be the vast superiority of English over German Classical schools, and (save a *few giants* in Germany) scholars also—i.e. our run of scholars vastly superior, in sense, feeling, and *extent* of reading to theirs.

Their conceit is however (like ours) unbounded. But they know nothing of English education, and told me gravely and refused to disown or give up, the most wondrous fictions about our schools.

My glimpses of two Courts were very funny and very pleasant.

Your ever affectionate,

E. W. BENSON.

My father did little clerical duty at Rugby, no visiting, and next to no preaching except in the Chapel. His time was fully occupied, and he held that a schoolmaster's life is primarily a cure of souls—and secondly that one who educates others must at the same time be sedulously educating himself.

His first extempore sermon was preached under singular circumstances in 1854. He was attending evensong shortly after his ordination at a new Church in Rugby—the Holy Trinity—on a Saint's Day. The clergyman was prevented from attending, and my father was called out of his seat by the verger and asked to perform the service. Just as

he had robed himself the verger said, "Mr —— always gives a short address on Saint's Day evenings." William Sidgwick, who was present, saw at the conclusion of the Service, with profound misgivings, my father proceed to the pulpit, and the first words of the discourse "the sun is a heavenly body" convinced him that from nervousness my father had almost taken leave of his senses. But he was soon reassured. The sermon was short but pointed, being constructed on the well-known verse of Keble's,

> "The Saviour lends the light and heat
> That crown His Holy Hill,
> The Saints like Stars around His seat
> Perform their courses still."

There is less material for the Rugby period than for almost any other part of my father's life; he was much engrossed in his work, wrote but few letters to friends, or few have been preserved, and found his chief happiness in the unrestrained intercourse with the loving household in which he lived. His diary cannot be quoted in extenso, as it is mainly occupied with the dawning hope which was afterwards so happily fulfilled by his marriage with his cousin Mary Sidgwick.

*To Mary Sidgwick.*

*May* 27, 1859.

DEAREST,

This is not "to Minnie" but to "Edward"—only I send it you that you may know how my thoughts occupy themselves to-day, and what good advice I give myself—Only I wish that my "Self" were the least likely to take it.

Your would-be-tranquil-earth,

E. W. B.

(*Enclosed in the above.*)

THE LAST MONTH.

Hast hoped and waited long?
Comes joy a-floating near?
Be wise, and calm and strong:
Lest thy heart do thee wrong;
Be still for gentle fear.

For so the wise sweet Earth
Fades midnight-blue to dun,
And stills her heart of mirth,
Or e'er from his new birth
Leaps her love-lord, the Sun.

Then in what trance of light
She bathes her glorious brow!
Tranquil in hope all night
She won her spousal right;—
Tranquil in joyance now.

E. W. B.

On June 23, 1859 my father and mother were married at the old Church at Rugby, and went for a brief honeymoon in Switzerland.

Dr Temple married them, and wrote a characteristic note in answer to my father's request that he would officiate.

DEAR BENSON,

I would come from Pekin to have the pleasure of giving you your wife.

Yours affectionately,

F. TEMPLE.

And here I must touch, however gently, upon what was the central fact of my father's life—the companionship of my mother. From the time when he was at the University, and played with her as a little child, he desired some day to make her his wife. When he came to live with the Sidgwick household at Rugby, and, in the intervals

of his school work, found time to teach her, this desire was formulated not only to himself but to others. Before he began his first independent work, when she was just eighteen, they were married, and the camaraderie of the Rugby household was exchanged for the close companionship of married life among the wild and heathery solitudes of Wellington. Thus her life was bound up with his in a way which is seldom possible to a wife. There was not a single thought or plan or feeling which he did not share with her: and from first to last her whole life and energies were devoted to him. For many years she was his sole secretary. He consulted her about everything, depended upon her judgment in a most unusual way, and wrote little for public utterance which he did not submit to her criticism. My father had an intense need of loving and being loved; his moods of depression, of dark discouragement, required a buoyant vitality in his immediate circle. One cannot constantly recur to the fundamental facts of life, but without a knowledge of this it would be impossible to understand my father's character and career.

When his appointment to Wellington College was announced, his pupils subscribed to give him a beautiful edition of the works of Chrysostom, and asked him when it would be convenient to him to receive a deputation on the subject. He replies:—

1858.

My dear Lee Warner,

It will be the greatest delight to me to carry away any remembrances of my dear pupils.

You must forgive me if I am a little sentimental in calling all you stalwart fellows "*dear*," but I find this a very difficult time to practise any *muscular* Christianity, and nothing but what I feel will suffer itself to be written down.

Ever your affectionate,

E. W. Benson.

Dr Henry Sidgwick, my father's second cousin, and afterwards his brother-in-law, now, and since 1883, Knightsbridge Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Cambridge, thus writes of my father in the early days:—

I seem to remember him rosy and brown in complexion, with great distinction of features, great force and eagerness in his manner, and abundant flow of talk when he was in the vein. One feature I distinctly recall as belonging especially to this earlier time—so far as *my* recollection goes—an original and inventive faculty of droll improvisation, very wonderful to me at the time; never used for display, but merely drawn out in the flow of what Tennyson calls (in Arthur Hallam)

"Heart affluence of household talk."

It has all vanished from my memory, except one specimen which oddly sticks there and may suggest what I mean. He found my mother possessed of Pinnock's edition of Goldsmith's *History of England*, revised and improved by the subsequent editors, Whittaker and Taylor. He made fun of this one evening, improvising an imitation of the "House that Jack built." There was first drawn on paper "y$^{e}$ ancient History of England" in an indefinite series of volumes. Then in a single humble volume was depicted the abridgement:—

"Here's an abridgement, milky and mild,
By Oliver Goldsmith, Doctor styled,
Of the Ancient History of England."

Then came

"Pinnock expounded it, highly flown,
In an edition of purple roan,
Of the abridgement, milky and mild, etc."

The last stanza was

"Then Taylor waters the flourishing plant,
On whose various merits 'twere vain to descant:
Viz. polishing Whittaker greatly enlarged,
With revisions, corrections, additions charged,
Of the exposition so highly flown,
By Pinnock put forth in purple roan, etc. etc."

All mere domestic drollery, but produced with a spontaneity and what the Germans call "Ausgelassenheit" that used to characterise

his talk in those early years when he was in good spirits: in later years, I have only seen it when he was playing with children, and therefore was less literary.

At this time, and during the whole of the Rugby years that followed, his literary gifts seemed to me very remarkable, and his literary taste dominated mine more than any other taste has ever done before or since. And even now, looking back upon his life, it seems to me that the one side of his intellect which was not adequately developed by circumstances was the literary side. I think the keenness and subtlety of his appreciation of literary effects and qualities, and the vitality and individuality of his manner of expression, were calculated to make him impress his age as a writer, if his energy had not always been so much absorbed in other directions. Practice would have subdued to an attractive flavour a certain oddity in turns of thought and phrase which actually remained a fault—though to me a "dulce vitium"—of his style. And he certainly had the infinite capacity for taking pains which has been said to constitute genius: one of the prominent characteristics of my memory of him in this early time is the energy, resource, attention to minute details, which he threw into everything—even the smallest things—which he took up.

I was taught scholarship at Rugby by two first-rate scholars, Charles Evans and Thomas Evans, the latter in his way a consummate translator of classical poetry: but neither of them rivalled E. W. B. in the power of removing the veil of strangeness and remoteness that tended to hide the classical mind from the English schoolboy, by flashes of vivid and delicate insight, spontaneous sympathy, unlaboured aptness of phrase. I recall an instance of this in my own case belonging to this early period (1851–2). He had kindly offered to give me advice and help by letter from Cambridge. I was struggling with the *Oedipus Coloneus*: and I was ambitious of understanding Sophocles in a literary way and not merely grammatically. I felt that I sometimes caught his point, but more often missed it: e.g. I perceived the poetry of the chorus Εὐίππου ξένε and translated it into indifferent rhymes: but Ὅστις τοῦ πλέονος μέρους I could make nothing of: I only half understood it, and what I understood seemed to me dreary prose. I wrote and told my failure to him, thinking he might say something that would help me. What I did not expect was to receive from him as I did in a day or two a translation of the whole into simple prose, carefully close to the Greek, but with

English sufficiently choice in its simplicity to elevate the whole piece at once into poetry for me. I cannot remember it—prose rarely adheres to my mind: but I shall never forget the delight with which I received it,

> "Whoever desireth the longer portion
> To live, etc."

and the sudden burst of sympathy with the gloomy sentiment of the chorus which it communicated to me.

In the summer of this year we both went to Rugby: By his advice, my mother had arranged in the winter of 1851–2 that I should enter the school after the summer holidays in 1852: it was not till some months later that he received the offer of a mastership. I may mention that it was through his advice that my mother was persuaded to disregard what she knew to have been her husband's determination *not* to send his sons to any of the public schools, on the ground of fear of their moral tone. She was persuaded that there had been a great change in the moral tone of public schools since the time that my father received the information on which his resolution was based: and as the work of Arnold was thought to have had a leading part in this moral change, the selection of Rugby was natural. During the first year at Rugby (1852–3) I was in C. Evans' house, and E. W. B. was in lodgings on the Dunchurch Road. Though successful in the school work, I was not altogether happy in the life of the house: he let me come and talk to him when I liked, and his little room on the Dunchurch Road was the place where I was happiest. His sympathy at this time—indeed at all times, but this was when I felt most need of it—was eminently wise and tactful in its restraint; he encouraged one to face difficulties of conduct with manly independence and repressed egotistic whinings, yet not so as to make one feel any want of sympathy; if his help was really needed, he would—however busy—throw his mind into the question with an energetic concentration of interest in it, and give a clear decision after full and careful consideration.

I think that some kindly and sympathetic people are less helpful as counsellors to others, from want of a habitual and versatile interest in the details of practical matters. They are always liable to be bored by the detail of their own affairs, and therefore—even supposing them to love their neighbours as them-

selves, so far as humanity is capable of this—they are similarly bored with the detail of their neighbours' affairs: thus, though their heart is right, they cannot get the machine of their intellect to work effectively on the *minutiae* of other people's needs. It always seemed to me that it was the opposite quality in your father—the keen enjoyment he always seemed to have in the practical detail of his own life and business—which, combined with his ready and versatile sympathy, made him so helpful and delightful as a counsellor.

In the summer of 1853 my mother came to live in Rugby, and E. W. B. took up his abode with us at the "Blue House" on the Newbold Road. I was not his pupil, and he only occasionally took the Sixth Form for the Headmaster, so that I am less able to speak of his work as a schoolmaster than many others: on the other hand, through his talk in home life, his readings aloud, etc., his advice and stimulus abundantly given *tête-à-tête*, his intellectual influence over me was completely maintained. Also he once or twice admitted me to voluntary classes formed for extra reading with his pupils. The impression that I thus gradually formed of his qualities—as, growing from fifteen to seventeen, I became naturally more competent and more inclined to form an independent critical judgment—I will briefly put down.

As a scholar, I came to think that he was not quite so accurate and sound as he was subtle and ingenious: and his knowledge of historic facts was liable to curious lapses at times. (This appeared in ordinary conversation sometimes, especially when quantitative accuracy was in question.) Nor do I remember being impressed with philosophic breadth in his historical knowledge. But here, as in other matters, his grasp of concrete details in any matter that he studied with us or for us was remarkably full, close and vivid: and his power of communicating his own keen and subtle sense of the literary quality of classical writings, and also of using them to bring the ancient world lifelike and human before our minds, was unrivalled. In these points I felt that the occasional lessons he gave the Sixth far surpassed any other teaching I had at Rugby—or indeed afterwards. I remember that a single incidental lesson which he gave on the *Birds* of Aristophanes, dramatizing the fun for us with play of voice and gesture, simply showed me how to read Aristophanes.

I remember another lesson on Tacitus, which illustrates

another gift of his. He was not in the habit of introducing "edifying" remarks either in lessons or in ordinary secular talk. I think he fully appreciated the dislike that an average schoolboy has of attempts to edify him, when he feels that the attempts are made, if I may say so, in cold blood. But he did occasionally let the deeply religious view of the world and life that was habitual to him flash out impressively and suggestively. At the end of the lesson I refer to, after making us feel the gloomy indignation of Tacitus at the corruption of his times, he, closing the book, reminded us how the Founder of the religion that was destined to purify the old civilised world was at this very time on earth. It was only a couple of sentences, but I remember going away startled into a reverent appreciation of the providential scheme of human history which was not soon to be forgotten.

He was a great believer in the close and minute study of language that was in his time specially characteristic of Cambridge scholarship: at the same time, he was fully alive to the shortcomings of this method of studying ancient authors—as tending to interfere with the appreciation of broad literary effects—unless supplemented by wider reading in a more literary attitude of mind. He would impress on me that after reading a play minutely, for the full understanding of every word and phrase, I ought to put it aside and read it again after an interval in order to feel its dramatic meaning and movement.

I have dwelt on those sides of E. W. B.'s intellectual influence which I felt myself drawn to emulate. There was another characteristic that I admired but felt myself incapable of emulating. I was inobservant and bookish (in a bad sense); he was an alert and keen observer of men and things around him, "not incurious in God's handiwork" or in man's, having a strong natural bent to penetrate and understand the "go of things," as Maxwell used to call it, and thus—with a retentive memory—continually acquiring curious and interesting information on a variety of subjects.

My recollection of his conversation at this time naturally blends with later memories. He was brilliant and *entraînant* in talk, when social duty called for it, or when he was in the vein; but sometimes silent and abstracted in domestic life, though not unsympathetically so—except in transient moods of vexation. For his temper was not completely under control at this period of his life. Indeed his chief defect as a schoolmaster lay in *occasional* violence in dealing with disciplinary problems: not due

to *personal* resentment—I remember no instance of this—but to indignation at some apparent transgression of duty, passing too rapidly to stern repression or punishment without sufficiently listening to explanations, or weighing excuses. I only remember one conspicuous example of this, when he raised a transient rebellion in "Big School," but I seem to have heard of minor manifestations of the same temper in dealing with pupils. But I ought to add that I never heard him accused of *hardness* in enforcing the rules he thought necessary: his *normal* handling of them was thoroughly sympathetic and considerate to individuals: only there were transient flashes of severity, in excess of what tact and judgment would have prescribed.

I mention this defect, because I think he must have conquered it by steady effort as life went on. I have heard something of it in Wellingtonian stories: but I never heard a hint of anything of the kind during his career as Bishop and Archbishop. Indeed in the later years of his life I was much struck with the completeness with which he seemed to have moulded the original masterfulness of his nature, impatient of being crossed, into a supple and elastic firmness, adapting itself easily to the diversities of opinions and prejudices through which it had to make its way, and veiled by the unfailing courtesy and winning sympathetic attention with which he listened to the multitude of people whom he allowed to claim his time. Had it not been for the manifest vigour and clear decision with which he dealt with the problem of the Lincoln case—recognised as one of unsurpassed difficulty and danger to the Church—I think his work as Archbishop might even have been judged by outsiders to have the defect opposite to masterfulness.

The fact is, that even in these earlier times, his masterfulness was combined with remarkable adaptability: his quick sympathy and intellectual ingenuity and resource rendered him singularly capable of fitting his ways and talk to different persons and his plans to different circumstances. He might be transiently irritated by unexpected obstacles; but he liked the intellectual process of getting over or round them, as a man likes any work for which he is gifted.

Also, in reading over what I have said of his defect, I see that I may have produced a false impression. The outbreaks of rash anger of which I have spoken were extremely rare: for instance, I never remember one towards myself personally. His unquestioned

rule over my mind was not in the least maintained by fear: he was remarkably free from any *felt* maintenance of dignity and superiority of position, in his converse as master with boys: his lessons were lessons at which one felt at ease; his teaching was eminently sympathetic and in his talk he put himself on a level with those he talked to. When I did what he advised—in matters outside the school regulations—it was not from awe of him and fear of blame, but from a conviction that he was right and a desire to be like him. I remember that in my last year at school the Headmaster wanted me to go up for the Balliol Scholarship: it was a tradition at Rugby that promising boys were to compete for this. I talked to E. W. B., he carefully abstained from deciding and said it was for me to choose. But I knew he was enthusiastic in his affection for Trinity: and, though the distinction of the Balliol Scholarship tempted me, I felt I must go to Trinity, and refused without hesitation.

I went up to Cambridge in October 1855: but still for the first half of my undergraduate time his influence over me was stronger than that of anyone else. I saw him in vacations, at Rugby and Cambridge—when he came up for some days—and talked to him about my work: I had no other ideal except to be a scholar as like him as possible. Then, in my second year at Cambridge, I began gradually to fall under different influences, which went on increasing till I was definitely enlisted as an "Academic Liberal." As this led inevitably to a profound change in my relation to E. W. B., I may conveniently conclude my early reminiscences at this point.

Mr Maddison, Priest Vicar and Prebendary of Lincoln, writes:

I became acquainted with Dr Benson in the autumn of 1858, when he was Master of a Form in the Middle School at Rugby called "Upper Middle Division 2." I had been put up along with a few other boys, from the form below at the quarter's examination, and having come as a new boy at the beginning of the half, I had not yet fallen into school ways, and felt nervous at finding myself under what seemed to me a rather formidable master. He was formidable certainly to the idle and careless, and he had not learnt then to "suffer fools gladly"; he was impatient of stupidity. But there was a wonderful power of

teaching. "Stimulating," perhaps, best expresses his method. He interested us in our work. His quotations from English literature made us turn to books we never might have opened. I recollect the fate of Milo, occurring in the lesson, made him ask us if we ever read Byron's *Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte*, and I can hear him now reciting the verse "He who of old would rend the oak"; and again, when a boy was translating Ovid's "Uror, et in vacuo pectore regnat amor," and everyone whom he asked rendered "vacuo" "empty," "void" or "vacant," I remember his saying the exact equivalent was in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and then beginning "That very time I saw, but thou couldst not," he paused when he had said the words "in maiden meditation" and slowly moved his finger down from the head of the form till it reached me, who by some chance remembered the word "fancy-free," and marked head that day in consequence. Years after, he told me how difficult he found it to keep so large a form in motion, and to give those in the lower part a chance of rising, as naturally most of the questions were intercepted before they reached the tail end, and with the system of "taking places" a boy who came up from a lower form and was put at first at the bottom, might remain a long time there before a lucky chance came in his way of mounting higher.

I have said he was somewhat "formidable," and so he was. His eye would flash and a grim severity gather round his mouth if he detected shuffling or trickery. But he heartily appreciated a boy who worked, and I think boys as a rule, being very sensitive to injustice, are peculiarly gratified by appreciation. I remember failing once in my repetition of twelve lines of Ovid, and though it was the first time and therefore traditionally pardonable, he gave it me to write out *eleven* times. (Years afterwards I asked him why he fixed on such a number, but he could not tell me!) Being new to Rugby and the ways, I wrote out my punishment in very clear distinct writing, very different from the usual scribble in such cases. Of course I got a good deal laughed at and chaffed for it, but I well recollect his look of pleasure as he took the lines, and his words "Your punishment is done as a gentleman's should be."

A "surprise visit" from the Headmaster was what every form was liable to, occasionally, during the half-year, and it was a good deal dreaded by boys who might be "put on" with very inadequate preparation, but I can recall Dr Temple's saying at the end of

an inspection of our form—"Well, I always say this is the best working form in the school."

I never saw Dr Benson again till I was examined by him for Priests' Orders in 1869 at Riseholme. I felt at first much as I had done in "Upper Middle 2," but I soon found that there was no cause to do so. All shyness and nervousness vanished before his cordial, pleasant accost, and he seemed to my eyes so softened in manner that I wondered I had ever felt afraid of him.

Mr Henry Wagner, one of my father's Rugby pupils, writes thus about him:—

He was young in those days, and still more youthful in appearance. Berdmore Compton tells in all seriousness how, when he called upon him, the servant reported that a boy—supposing him to be in the school—had been asking for him. To me and I suppose to many of even my juniors it was a great attraction.

One recalls a beautiful face above a large white tie and much shirt front, his quick walk and head I think a little on one side. You will know that he was quick-tempered to a degree that imperilled his influence. I have heard from others in later days of the beautiful transmutation of that temper into forceful directness and energy. As regards your father's "ways" with his pupils, his readings of the *Georgics* with us first woke in one an interest in literature. When he discoursed to one on English composition, and the rhythm there should be in English sentences, which were subject to as much rule as our Latin verse, he was giving me wholly new ideas. And he advised, by way of addition to the usual holiday task, a careful reading of a Waverley or two—with a special view to style and composition. He soon discovered my ignorance of English poetry, and I remember his cruelty, as I thought, rebuking me publicly "at tutor" for not knowing Shelley's *Skylark*.

With regard to my father's way of dealing with his boys, an old pupil of his writes:—

During my first year at Rugby I committed a grave fault: if it had been known, it would have ineffaceably damaged my reputation at school, and some disrepute would have hung about me probably for some years afterwards. I was not sure that I

ought not, for reasons that I need not explain, to make public confession of it. After bearing the burden of this doubt for some time, I confided in him and said that I would do what he thought right. He dealt with the matter in a manner which, when later on in life I thought over it, always impressed me as most wise. I think it probable that he decided at once that there need be no confession: but he did not say so. He discussed the matter with a mixture of severity and affection—with a dominating sense of right—which was both bracing and calming: said that it was my duty to others as well as myself not to do myself the injury which confession would do, unless justice required it: but that if justice required it, it must be done unfalteringly: he questioned me closely and said he would think the matter over. Then for a few days he said nothing. My anxiety was great, but it was no longer the miserable selfish anxiety of the preceding days. I could contemplate my determination to do what he advised in the manlier spirit of readiness to perform a clear duty at any cost. Then, after not too long delay, he gave his decision: and then, for the first time, pressed home the religious aspect of my dereliction from duty in the brief, but intensely penetrating manner which characterised his private talk on these matters. The impression left on my mind of his combined wisdom, severity and gentleness in dealing with a practical moral problem, was ineffaceable.

The Dean of Westminster writes:—

I can still see your father before me, as he was when I first knew him. He was cast in a different mould, and trained in a different school, to my other colleagues, and I might add to myself; I had learned much in various ways at Rugby from men of such marked and varied individuality as Bonamy Price, dear G. E. L. Cotton, George Kennedy, Richard Congreve, Theodore Walrond, Thomas Evans, Charles Evans, and my much loved friend Principal Shairp; but your father was unlike them all. Without a touch of narrowness he already took a keen interest in and showed a remarkable knowledge of Church History in earlier ages, and in sacred art; and familiar as I had been at Oxford with friends who were devout followers of the leaders of what has since been called the Oxford Movement, he gave me quite a new aspect of views and hopes and interests in Church matters. I cannot give the date, but I remember that in a sermon

he preached on the re-opening of the old Church his text was from the Apostles' Creed, "I believe in the holy Catholic Church." I feel nearly certain that it was at Rugby, and before he left for Wellington College, that he spoke to me with enthusiasm of his deep interest in St Cyprian's life and work. I need hardly say that we found many subjects of talk even in that busy life, and he soon became quite at home in our small home circle; saluted always by the name of "Benny" by our first-born, then a little boy, born in 1850. Two young girls, as they then were, his cousin, afterwards his wife, "Minnie Sidgwick" ("Benny's Minnie," as our little boy called her, to distinguish her from his mother, whom he often heard addressed by the same familiar name), and his sister Ada Benson, both dear friends to us in the then unforeseen future, were often with us—both, I think I am right in saying, his pupils in "Classics."

As time went on he became, I need hardly say, one of the most valuable and valued of our masters: and to myself above all after the loss by his removal to St Andrews, of John Shairp, the very closest and dearest of all my friends at Rugby. We repeatedly took our exercise, riding or walking together, riding more often. I can see him now on a largish roan pony with a "hogged" mane and short tail, riding by my side for our short but delightful "skirmishes" over the great green grass lands round Rugby.

In one holiday ride with him, beyond Newbold, towards Leicestershire, he took me to see his dear friend, the future Bishop Lightfoot, who was occupying the Parsonage and hard at work as a student. It was the first time that I ever saw Lightfoot, and I remember remarking the singular contrast between the upper and lower part of his striking face.

But the time of my own farewell to Rugby was drawing near, and in this my young and much loved colleague took a part which I have never forgotten. May I tell the story?

Dr Cotton was appointed early in 1858 to the Bishopric of Calcutta, and was to leave Marlborough in the coming summer. Who was to succeed him?—I knew that he and some others wished for myself to undertake the post, an exceedingly responsible and onerous one. I was still and had always been barely equal to my Rugby work, had been repeatedly warned that it was doubtful how long I could stand the strain which it exacted. I could not therefore feel that I ought to accept, even if the way lay quite

open, a post in which my own failure might bring failure on a school which was not yet lifted out of innumerable difficulties and dangers. I therefore declined to think of it, but I wrote to Cotton dwelling on the singular gifts and promise of Benson, and obtained his leave to speak to him on the subject. I remember as a thing of yesterday my walking down to Mrs Sidgwick's, seeing him in a room on the right hand of the entrance, and opening the subject to him. I shall never forget the result. The sweet yet dignified countenance of my dear young friend (I was at least six years his senior and had from time to time been consulted as such by him) assumed a look which I had never seen it wear. "You ought to go yourself," he said, "you and no one else. It is your clear duty. I for one shall think the worse of you for life if you don't."

I was sorely startled—his voice woke perhaps some answering voice within me—but I could not speak at once. I was silent, and he went on and begged me to reconsider the whole matter. He, he said, would collect any testimonials needed, but go I must. I need say no more than that I left him at once and took a long walk through the fields to the planks across the Avon, pondering his words. They bore fruit and I wrote to Bishop Cotton, and undertook, if the call was made clear by the post being practically offered me by the Governors of the School at his instance, to face the work and leave Rugby.

My twelve and a half years of work at Marlborough followed. But for your father's strong and clear language I should never have faced it. It was his very gentleness and sweetness that gave such an overpowering force to an unlooked-for rebuke.

Before a year had fully passed after my leaving Rugby, came two marked events: his own appointment to the Headmastership of Wellington College was the first. "Strange," I remember saying to him, "that you whose interest lies so strongly in Ecclesiastical History, should be called on to preside over a school of soldiers' sons: I, who have so often bored you with the Civil War in England, and with Napier's *Peninsular War*, and Thiers's *Consulate and Empire*, should be at work at a school founded for the sons of clergy and thronged with boys reared in country parsonages." But it was doubtless wisely ordered.

The second event was his marriage in 1859. He announced his engagement in words which I have never forgotten and which

came back to me when I went to see your dear mother in the interval between his death and funeral in October last:—"You and Mrs Bradley must hear from me first of all that 'Benny's Minnie' is to be 'Benny's Minnie' indeed."

Of his relations with his younger pupils at Rugby, Mr H. Lee Warner, afterwards a Rugby master, said, in a lecture not long after my father's death:—

Never shall I forget August 24, 1854, when, as a timid boy of twelve, fresh from a Norfolk parsonage where I had only been taught by my father, as green as such a bringing up would leave me, eager for more sight of life and shrinking from my first plunge, I was introduced to my first sight of him. I found a young man, with a countenance more like my idea of the St John of Italian painters than anything else, eager, perhaps impatient, full of affection and sympathy, whose business it was in those days when Temple was still unknown, and entrance examinations had not been thought of, to find out what form I was fit for. He soon made up his mind. I was set a piece of the *Medea* to translate, six verses about a drop of dew to do, and I was placed Upper Middle I. to the astonishment of my elder brother, who had just told me I should be in the lower school. From that moment the care he took of me was just like that of an elder brother, with more discrimination. He would call me up after tutor lessons if he saw that his impatience had frightened me, and make it up; he would stop me in the Quad and give me advice if he thought I was loafing; he would come into my study to do extra verses or other work with me; he would ask me to his lodgings or his house and fill my mind with stories of his college days, memories of Rugby which he picked up as if he had been an old Rugbeian himself, side-lights on the work we were doing in Form, which made everything seem doubly interesting. His resources were endless. One day he discovered that I had unfortunately acquired a reputation which cost my own learning dear, of being able to give good "Construes." He made me promise to give no more, stuck up a notice in the house to say I had given a promise, appealing to the honour of the "swells," who in those days before Temple and before superannuation mustered largely in the Lower Middles, not to force me. Another time he discovered that at home I had never read

a novel except some of Walter Scott's. He made one of the Sixth responsible for my reading, and I was forthwith introduced to *Yeast*, to be followed soon after by *Martin Chuzzlewit*. He looked at my note-books, and would rewrite bits in them in a handwriting that seemed never to suffer from haste. And with all this there was, to use his own phrase in a later address to schoolmasters, no "taint of sickliness in his sympathy, no want of salt in his love." I felt him to be a strong man, so that I marvelled the more at his affectionateness. I have seen him commit grave mistakes in his discipline. Once he threatened to kick a boy downstairs: on another occasion he caned a boy without giving him time to explain; but on each occasion he publicly expressed his sorrow, so that, chastened himself, he more than recovered his position. He was young in those days, and we were all young together. Boys will forgive everything in a good man if he is natural. If he ruled occasionally with the scourge of the tongue, he was never cynically sarcastic. And to hear him translate *The Apology of Socrates* or read his "Fair Copy" in crisp old English of passages of Herodotus, on which we had just tried our prentice hands, was a treat, even for the Lower Fifth.

# CHAPTER V.

## WELLINGTON.

"τρηχεῖ', ἀλλ' ἀγαθὴ κουροτρόφος." HOMER.

THE site chosen for Wellington College was a very attractive one; it was a land of heather and Scotch firs on the outskirts of the old domain of Windsor Forest, not far from Wokingham, and in the parish of Sandhurst. Houses have since sprung up in all directions in the neighbourhood, so that it is hard for anyone who visits the place now to realise how lonely and secluded a spot it was. The College itself was built upon a rising ground, with a wide view to the South over a tract of heather in which stood some brick kilns with smoky tops. On either side of this little plain the ground rose to two steep sandy hills, Edgebarrow on the East and Ambarrow on the West, both covered with Scotch firs. The beauty of the former, which has since been added to the College estate, is considerably spoilt by the erection thereon of a large reservoir of water for College purposes. Ambarrow however was and is still a particularly graceful hill, the top of which was crowned with a large ring of ancient firs, that made a knoll of foliage above the smaller trees that clothed its sides. My father was greatly devoted to the aspect of the hill—"I often ask myself, who am I," he said, pointing to Ambarrow,

to Professor Mason, then a Master at Wellington, as they were returning from Chapel on the morning of All Saints' Day, "that I should be able to look at *that*, every morning?" The College estate was bordered on the North by Hennican's Lodge[1] and Easthampstead Park, on the West by Mr John Walter's large estate of Bearwood, and on the South-west by a place originally belonging to a Mr Gibson, called Sandhurst Lodge; between the last two estates the road climbed a high heathery plateau called the Ridges, with an exquisite view over the richly wooded and watered plain of Hampshire, extending to Hindhead. Under the Northern slopes of the Ridges, past a charming piece of water called Heath Pool, ran an ancient Roman Road called the Devil's Highway, which climbed the hill, and joining the Ridges Road, passed through the little village of Finchhampstead, and descended into the flat to Eversley.

The Ridges was my father's favourite walk because of the fine air and wide prospect. I well remember one long summer afternoon spent up there with him, and my mother and brother; we found some rude pottery, which proved to be British, in a plantation that had been recently trenched, we geologised in a gravel-pit, and he then read us *Gareth and Lynette*, which had lately appeared, as we lay on the heather.

But the great charm of the place was the pine wood on the East of the College. You could step out of the College gates and walk for hours among the red-shafted aisles, with the soft carpet of fir needles, in roads of grey sand, with the wind rustling in the thick foliage at the top. Inside the wood near Edgebarrow was a little house called the honey-woman's cottage, with a formal garden and box hedges; just beyond this was a tract

[1] Now Ravenswood.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE, BERKS.

*From a photograph by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.*

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planted with large spruce firs, an avenue called by my father the "Eternal Calm" because on the windiest days it was peaceful there. The air of the whole place was always singularly fresh to his mind, "charged with ozone" and laden with the aromatic scent of the firs, and in summer blowing sweet over tracts of heather. When we returned from our holidays, I remember how he used to breathe the air and praise it.

To the North of the College there was a marsh, which was made into three lakes, and fitted for bathing purposes. The place was carefully laid out and planted; rhododendrons flourished greatly, and the main approach to the College was planted with huge beds of them, flanked by an avenue of Wellingtonias, a suggestion of Mr Menzies, the Deputy Ranger of Windsor Forest and a great friend of my father's. At one time these trees seemed doomed to failure from the inveterate habit of birds perching on the thin topmost spray. This my father obviated by having poles of slightly greater height fixed close to the trunks, and they are now fine grown trees.

The College originally consisted of two courts, in the Louis Quatorze style, of brick with stone facings, flanked by two high towers with lead roofs which gave a stately aspect to the whole. Professor Munro said that the place reminded him of a Spanish convent. One of the then unused dormitories was fitted up as a Chapel. The Master's Lodge was in the North front of the College, over, and on each side of, the principal entrance. It had a small walled garden to the East, with a rockery of broken carvings from the stoneyards, overlooked by a tall chimney vomiting smoke, very terrible to childish minds.

In the early days of the College the Prince Consort often came over to see it, and suggested numbers of little details both for use and ornament. One story I may

perhaps mention. At the North-east corner of the College stands a group of poplars. The Prince Consort, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, then a boy, had driven over from Windsor; Prince Albert was walking about looking at the College: at the corner he stopped and said, "You want some tall trees there—poplars I think"—and dug his walking-stick into the ground five or six times. My father said to a workman who was with them, "Put some marks into those holes," which was done, and the poplars planted on the identical spots.

The College was opened in 1859 by the Queen in person; there were about eighty boys, Foundationers, sons of officers, "Heroum Filii" as the motto says. They wore an odd dark-green uniform, with brass buttons, plaid trousers, and a cap like a postman's with red lines and a gilt crown in front. This was a suggestion of the Prince Consort's, who disliked the Academic, or Ecclesiastical, dress that remained at certain English Schools, as being "a badge of their monastic origin." The uniform was soon given up, and the cap has since lost its peak, and is seldom worn. The death-blow was dealt to the uniform when Lord Sackville Cecil[1] and the Hon. A. W. Charteris had tickets given up to them at the station.

The College was ornamented in a stately manner with bronze busts of famous soldiers, and at each end of the main wings, in external niches, stood life-sized figures of great generals such as Anglesey, Combermere, Hill, Murray, Blücher, and others, from whom the dormitories were named.

Dr Temple came from Rugby to see the start, and to render any assistance that he could. The grounds were still unformed, and all down the front drive where the rhododendrons now stand, the heather which had been cut

[1] Died Jan. 1898.

lay in great bundles tied up ready for removal. Dr Temple, noticing that the boys were hanging about rather listlessly, started a kind of Steeplechase down among the bundles, and the two Headmasters, leading the way and jumping the piles of heather with coatskirts flying, were followed by the boys.

My father used often to tell the story of how Dr Temple, who came to help him to arrange the school in January, 1859, was perplexed where to place the first boy he called up, and examined as to his acquirements. Number 1 of the Heroum Filii was eleven years of age. "Well," said Dr Temple, "come and tell us what you know." The boy had a fat oval face with ruddy cheeks and always spoke with a strong Scotch accent in a whining tone of voice. At this invitation he scented mischief, and, being canny, hung down his head and said nothing. "You've learned a little Greek, I daresay?" said Temple suggestively. "No, Sir, I don't think I've learned any Greek," he murmured. "Well, Latin, then—Latin Delectus, Latin Grammar?" "No," said the boy, emboldened by his success in disclaiming Greek, "I don't think I've learned any Latin!" "Did you ever do any Algebra or Euclid?" "Never, Sir, never heard of 'em!" "Well, Arithmetic, then?" "I'm not sure, Sir, that I know any Arithmetic." "But you know some History and Geography?" "No, Sir, I don't think I know either." "But you know *something*!" cried Temple, aghast. "You must have been taught *something* at your last school?" "I'm no sure, however," rejoined the boy, "that I know anything." "There is nothing for it," said Dr Temple, "the first of our Heroes' Sons must be placed in the lowest form, by whatever name it is to be called and however low its standard." And with this inauspicious commencement my father began his "seminary of sound learning and religious education."

The very first day an odd incident occurred. About three in the morning my father was awakened by voices and the tramping of many feet, and looking out, it being a bright moonlight night, saw the boys coming out into the court. Visions of a rebellion flashed across his mind, and he hurriedly dressed and went down, and discovered that the boys had taken the bright moonlight for day, not having a watch among them, and had cheerfully dressed and gone down so as to be certain of being in time for school.

Some idea of the loneliness of the place may be formed from the fact that when the surveyors came down to survey the ground for the College, Mr Gibson's shepherd, who was herding cows by the marsh, now the lakes, on seeing them drove all his cows home: on being asked why he had done so, he replied that he had seen a man. On being further asked why after so terrible a portent he had brought the cows back, he replied that it was to keep him company. The whole district was the chosen haunt of gypsies. On one occasion, when we were children, we found a family of nomad children walking in the woods, accompanied by three white cats stalking solemnly in front of them.

How domestic a party the boys were at first may be gathered from the fact that every evening after the evening service, my mother, then a sedate matron of eighteen, used to shake hands with each of them and wish them good night.

My father kept a large scrap-book at Wellington College into which he fastened designs, plans, pictures, newspaper cuttings and heterogeneous materials interspersed with a Diary very irregularly kept. In this Diary, on March 19, 1862, he writes:—

To-day I took Professor Kingsley to look at the Chapel, after the boys' dinner was over, during which he had been chatting

hard and devising all manner of plans for improving the geological collection. I pointed out to him the Foundation-stone which was still standing up out of the brickwork[1]. He went up and leaned over it quite bent for a few moments—and then took off his hat to it, and when he rose the tears were raining down his cheeks.—It was I think a fervent prayer for the place and Requiem for the beloved Prince too.

The Queen did not visit the College after the opening for nearly six years; the following is my father's account of her next visit, which was private:—

*Nov. 4th*, 1864. The Queen paid a private visit to the College. The first since she opened it on Jan. 29, 1859. She seemed to be in good health and in good spirits, but was a good deal overcome when she visited the Foundation-stone, tears streaming down her cheeks. Her questions were well put and showed real interest. She stayed in the Chapel some time and expressed her intention of sending a photographer to take the interior well. She desired me to forward for her the photographs which I had of the capitals, and hoped prefects did not punish boys;—at Harrow they did so too much; at Eton the masters did not know enough of the boys. Went to Murray Dormitory which was in process of cleaning, whereat she smiled as having caught the establishment not in perfect order,—laughed a good deal at the confectioner's shop being viewed as a necessity, imagining boys might do without sweet things; disapproved of arm chairs. Asked for every name and moved to every boy pleasantly in 6th and 5th forms, looked well at the boys in great school, moving freely about and looking well in their faces motherly-wise.—In the house won our hearts by asking for *our* two boys and kissing them heartily on both cheeks—oddly had forgotten that it was by her own desire that our ugly uniform remains, saying "she believed that the uniform had long ago been given up." The warm bright day made all moving about pleasant both in and out of doors. The Queen was still in the deepest mourning. Just as she droye off she asked for a week's holiday for the boys, "if it is approved—if it is quite approved."

It is impossible here to trace the steps by which the school grew and prospered. It soon outgrew its original

[1] This had been laid by the Prince Consort, who died Dec. 14, 1861.

design—in fact my father had contrived to alter that before he began his work there,—and began to rank as one of the greater English public schools. Such had been my father's wish all along, and he assiduously attempted to cultivate scholarship and to win University distinctions; being most anxious that the school should not merely become a kind of military academy for Army preparation. In this he succeeded, and at the end of his time boys were winning University Scholarships every year, though, perhaps, with the exception of Dr Verrall, he did not send out any scholar of absolutely first-rate eminence.

His energy at Wellington was certainly immense; when he first went there all the questions connected with the estate, and with commissariat, food, and domestic arrangements, were in the hands of a Secretary and a Steward, who were not responsible to the Headmaster, but only to the Governors. Such a dual control fretted my father to the utmost, as his nature was always autocratic.

Eventually he resolved that the entire control of the College arrangements must be in his own hands: he drew up a manifesto upon the subject, and sent it to the Governors, being fully prepared to resign, and half expecting to be asked to do so—when to his surprise his proposals were adopted in every point. The occasion was signalised by remarkable omens, which, in spite of my father's frequent expressions of scorn for the discussion of semi-psychical phenomena, he took a singular pleasure in recounting. The flagstaff was blown down, but replaced by his orders, against the remonstrances of the Steward, and seven wild swans appeared upon the lake.

One of the Masters was then appointed Bursar, but my father kept a close eye upon all the expenditure, and inspected the books from time to time.

Mr Charles Spencer Smith, who was chief of the Bursarial staff at Wellington College, writes :—

In 1867 Dr Benson succeeded in prevailing upon the Governors to transfer to him the domestic management of the College, whereupon I became chief accountant. I must confess that I was inexperienced and had much to learn. The position was the more difficult because almost all the account-books and papers of previous years had been removed.

Thus left to make a start as best we could, questions arose from day to day upon which instructions were needed. The Bursar was also new to his work, and his reply more often than not was "Really, Mr Smith, I don't know—you must ask the Master"—who never said he didn't know. He always faced the knotty points at once and in such a way that they took the required shape and order. A great worker himself, he understood the art of delegating and of getting work out of others; so much so that on more than one occasion human nature within me has rebelled. But his gracious manner instantly brushed these promptings aside; the task was done, and so appreciative was he that a strong desire possessed me to have even more to do. To be thanked in his generous and kindly way was to me an experience most pleasing and stimulating. If I may sum up my experience of him as a man of business, I would say he was masterful, full of resource, thorough, systematic, and punctual, and of a most genial, sympathetic and appreciative temperament. It was my great good fortune to serve under him at Wellington nearly six years without a jarring note, but I once witnessed the administration of a very severe rebuke to another and rejoiced over my own immunity.

The Headmaster, besides teaching the Sixth Form, examined the school regularly and rigorously. He was very hospitable and entertained his neighbours frequently. He preached every Sunday in the Chapel; and finding that he was somewhat losing his hold on ecclesiastical studies, he took up the subject of Cyprian for his own private reading. His work began for years by half-past six and seldom ceased till after midnight. He had a most vigilant eye for detail. Nothing escaped

him—a door open that should have been shut, a bread-crust on the gravel, a cap in the court, he noted it all.

After the death of the Prince Consort, the Earl of Derby became President of the Governors. His kindness, interest and good sense made a very strong impression on my father's mind. There are preserved many letters which passed between them at this time, which testify to the marvellous patience and sympathy with which Lord Derby was ready to consider any question, however detailed or insignificant it might appear to others. One of the leading Governors and Vice-President of the Governing Body, was the late Colonel Talbot, afterwards Sir Wellington Talbot, K.C.B., Serjeant-at-arms of the House of Lords; his devotion to the interests of Wellington College was undoubted, but his judgment did not always coincide with my father's.

One of the first things the Headmaster did as the revenues of the school increased, was to represent to the Governors the need of a School Chapel. He pointed out that the school was in receipt of a large annual income, and that a dignified and beautiful Chapel played a great part in the sentiment and the corporate life of the place.

In order to give a practical basis to his proposal, he mentioned that several of his private friends were prepared to guarantee substantial subscriptions.

The Governors assented, and Mr Gilbert Scott was selected to prepare plans, the consideration of which was a task thoroughly congenial to my father. He had been delighted at Rugby, when, at his initiative, the Chapel was being partially restored, at getting a letter addressed to him as "Mr Benson, Builder, Rugby," and he threw himself with intense enjoyment into the architectural details of the new Chapel, which was of brick in the Early English style. One mistake was made, in defiance of my father's

strongly expressed wish; no provision was made in the Chapel for future possible expansion; consequently when the school increased in later years, one side of the Chapel had to be taken down and a wide aisle constructed, with the seats rising in tiers. The result is that the interior had an inevitably irregular and undignified appearance to those who remembered the severe lines of the original building[1]. A most careful plan was laid down for the windows, and as one after another was presented, they were filled by Hardman[2] with glass designed under the close criticism and fertile suggestion of my father. Some of them are difficult enough to identify. But my father liked, as he used to say, not to make them too easy—to give the boys something to puzzle out. In one of his later Diaries he notes that on a visit to Wellington, he found to his great amusement that he had forgotten some of the subjects, and was himself completely baffled.

In 1861 the Chapel was in the course of erection; the Prince Consort took the greatest interest in the work. My father wrote:—

*4th Nov.* The Prince Consort rode over from Windsor. I was too unwell to go out with him—but after visiting the works of the Chapel he came to see me.

My father then pointed out to him that owing to a desire for economy the Chapel was being built too small, which would lead to over-crowding, discomfort, and bad order among the boys:—

He is very acute and saw the point at once of every requirement for the boys' good order.

A correspondence on these lines followed between the Headmaster and Mr Scott, but economy prevailed, and the next entry in the Diary is the Headmaster's account

[1] The South aisle is now undergoing a similar reconstruction, as a memorial to my father, which restores symmetry.

[2] The Western rose-window is by Lusson, of Paris.

of the meeting of the Governors which dealt with the point:—

11*th November*, 1861. Arriving somewhat late from Great Western at House of Lords, I found the Governors assembled, and business begun. Mr Scott had given up the question, and had sent in plans showing two additional bays. Lord Ellenborough[1] had forgotten all that had been so long settled, and as I entered the room he was saying, with his great white head bent sideways over the table, in his deep voice, "Oh, the whole thing is wrongly arranged—half the boys looking at the other half! and the masters all by themselves!" I explained that the Junior Master and Master of week would sit at the other (East) end, but that the arrangement he described was precisely what I wished, on grounds of taste and of custom, as well as that the boys arranged in only three rows would be under all eyes in a natural manner without forced or marked inspection. That the confidence which this tacitly expressed would like all confidences be rewarded by the boys' trustworthiness, and the behaviour be better on the whole, than if the boys felt that they were expected to behave ill, and were accordingly watched, even if they were watched ever so well. My object was to create no special opportunities for playing pranks, (which would be created by crowded or unseparated benches,) and having done this to use few checks besides, to treat misconduct in that place as an offence against the congregation and not as against Masters. Lord Ellenborough was positive—"The proper way is to put all the boys facing one way and place the masters about among them, facing the other way, and then you will keep order"—and turning to the Duke of Cambridge on his right, he said "What should you think, Sir, of putting your troops all by themselves, and the officers all by themselves?"—To which the Duke could say nothing but "Well, it isn't the way *we* do it, certainly." The "Etonian phalanx mustered strong to-day" as Mr Cox observed, and these all thought the whole floor might be covered with boys and dotted with masters. This however was of course never intended at Eton, and the scandals of the place are known. Colonel Talbot I heard say to Lord Derby sotto voce that *he* "*could not* understand my objections." However the Prince stood up for me manfully and quoted College Chapels learnedly,

[1] Formerly Governor-General of India, and in 1858 President of the Board of Control.

and I showed how it had been all along my plan, and only altered by the architect. Then Lord Redesdale[1], looking in his buff waistcoat, blue coat, gilt buttons, pumps and white tie, for all the world like a decent serving-man, recommended a transept. And the tide seemed setting that way to Scott's dismay and mine. But Lord R. has a happy knack of urging something very strenuously, and then retiring to the fire with a paper—and so his cause went. However I must do him the justice to say that he said he would rather give £100 than have the Chapel spoilt. A—— was of course inclinable to the last speaker, but more still to the greatest. I was longing that the motto on the clock "O si sic omnia" could command attention, when the money came in view and brought a calm. The Transept was too expensive, the two bays were too expensive. So the Prince said quietly, "I think you had better compromise it and accept one bay with four rows of seats throughout." I assented, seeing I should get no more. But I know plenty of room is the one thing needed for good order in a school Chapel.

On Aug. 6th he gives his account of the carving of the capitals of the pillars of the external arcade :—

*Aug. 6th.* The Chapel is up to the top of the brick mouldings all round the windows. The round window is in organ-house. The walls and pillars of Antechapel are done. The carving of four or five bays of south side, outside, in arcade under windows, and two bays of the arcade of apse are done. Easternmost all sacred flowers. The rest characteristic of soil. The heaths and fox-glove at my request specially, as well as Osmunda, Polypodium, Water-lily. The names of the carvers principally at work on the more delicate flowers are Bingley and Butcher. They are of Farmer's firm. Bingley is a remarkably intelligent man with great zeal of knowledge and happy conceit. The men came to execute conventional carvings only, and began at the S.E. corner outside in this style. I argued with Bingley that the conventionality of his work was a mere weakness, and that while balancing on one side the material he worked in and the necessity for strength in the appearance of the caps, Nature's own flowers were the right flowers, and that it ought to be his pride to make the Chapel look as if it were a child of the soil. The flowers he worked from should be the flowers which grow here.

[1] For many years Chairman of Committees of the House of Lords.

I instanced heather as a difficult problem but proper to be solved. He went away to London and saw Mr Scott and enquired whether he was to comply with my wish or to follow his first instructions, and he returned to tell me triumphantly that Mr Scott said he was in all respects to do what I wished, and therefore he was prepared to set to work. After this as I gave him flower by flower to work upon he grew more pleased, and often came to work in a morning with a dozen sketches which he had made overnight of possible treatments. The heather was the most difficult, but he overcame it by his clever combination with the fox-glove. On Saturdays he went home to London and often brought me on Monday morning his studies made in Kew Gardens on the Sunday afternoon. Many offered themselves without difficulty; one of the new ones is a group of fir-cones. The identical cones from which they were copied I picked up in one of my earliest walks in 1859 to Caesar's Camp with my wife, and brought them home telling her that I should someday have them carved on the Chapel. Nothing like Faith.

In the Antechapel are none but such plants as grow in wild or desert places, out of the Church,—thorns, brambles, also the Fig and the Apple which are emblems of our Fall. Over the Archway is a Maple spray with the Joy of Loves therein. Within are rich and glorious plants—and in every window may be seen the significance of the plant in symbol of the subject of the window according to my list. In the Apse every capital has special relation to the window: i.e. to the Ascension, Evergreens, Water-lily (Baptism), Pomegranate (Heaven's Treasure), Maple (Power of Keys).

The ritual of the Chapel was of the most careful but unostentatious kind. My father would not have a pulpit, as interfering with the austerity of the narrow building, and the sermons were preached from a small brass desk set out on the chancel steps. The arcades round the Altar were filled with mosaics.

He was very anxious that we as children should have a part in these decorations, so we subscribed sixpence each, every sixpence representing, as he carefully explained, one tessera of gold, and bringing it still more home to us by pointing out the exact pieces.

CHAPEL AT WELLINGTON COLLEGE.

*From a photograph by Thomas Hunt.*

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I remember that he always used a Chalice previously mixed, but there was nothing that could be called ritual, only a beautiful solemnity and decorum. He always wore a full long English surplice, and bands. Everything was precisely ordered, down to the smallest detail.

*To Rev. A. Carr,—Ritual of Wellington Chapel.*

*May* 20, 1871.

*Private.*

'Hebdomarius'[1] and 'Decessor'[2] assist throughout. 'Predecessor'[3] at administration only as fourth Minister.

Senior Clerk (by standing) reads Gospel. Has 2nd Sedile.

Epistoller reads Epistle at South corner and remains there.

Gospeller reads Gospel at North corner and remains there.

While Gospel is read Epistoller and Celebrant turn to Gospeller.

All turn East when they stand during Nicene Creed.

Ministers stand during Epistle.

Gospeller reads Offertory from Gospel place, any one sentence.

Celebrant receives alms from Head of School.

Gospeller gives Bread to Celebrant.

Epistoller gives Wine to Celebrant.

After non-Communicants gone out, all three resume same places.

Epistoller reads long Exhortation from Epistle place.

Gospeller reads Invitation "Ye that do truly" from Gospel place, and says Confession there, kneeling Eastward.

Celebrant administers Bread. The *Next Senior Priest* administers Bread. The two others Wine, the Senior of them with the Celebrant.

In Post-Communion Epistoller and Gospeller remain at Gospel and Epistle places, and Fourth Minister in middle of Chancel Step.

Go up in file, Junior First.

Return in file, Senior First.

Celebrant and Senior bring out Chalice and Patens, and Third brings out Alms.

[1] The Master on duty for the week.

[2] The Master on duty for the previous week.

[3] The Master on duty for the last week but one.

The Headmaster, Mr Penny says, had no extravagant views of Churchmanship; he did not object to afternoon or evening Celebrations of the Communion, though in later life he felt very differently:—

On more than one occasion I assisted him at an afternoon week-day Communion for the College servants, which was celebrated at 5 p.m. in the autumn term as being the most convenient hour for all the household to attend. And finding that after I had been some years in Holy Orders, I had never had an opportunity of celebrating the Lord's Supper, he at once arranged that at the next Domestic Communion I should be the Celebrant and he would serve as Deacon. My dear friend Arthur Carr, hearing this, begged to be allowed to join us as Epistoller and Sub-deacon, and accordingly one afternoon at 5 p.m. by gaslight I was Celebrant. When all was over and I had finished the Ablution of the vessels in the little vestry according to Benson's rule and use, he said to me in a loud whisper, but so as to be heard by Carr: "I congratulate you on having celebrated your first Mass." At the time the word *Mass* jarred upon my ears; but in view of subsequent events I think he used it deliberately as it is used in the First Prayer Book of K. Edward VI.

I subjoin a few extracts from the Scrap-book.

The Secretary wrote to say that some plate had been bought for the use of the Chapel; on this letter my father annotates,

The Flagon was a coffee-pot of old design, the Paten a modern tray on an old stand; the Chalice indescribable—they may possibly disappear.

They did. He adds:

*April 17th.* Maundy Thursday. Sent the Chapel coffee-pot to Hardman's to have a decent Flagon made instead thereof.

Again:

*May 16th.* On the 13th I sent Hardman's this motto for the Flagon, "Vinum quod laetificat Deum et Homines," and to be writ under the foot, "In Honorem S. Caenae Domini Dedicant Collegium et Familia MDCCCLXII."

He compiled a hymn-book for the use of the school very early in its career. Hymnology was always a favourite study. Here he sedulously printed the original texts of the hymns, only altering words that were grotesque or involved unfortunate associations, and many quaint paraphrases of psalms drawn from little-known collections. Several translations of Latin hymns, such as the Dies Irae, in this volume are his own, and several hymns are his own composition, such as "O throned, O crowned," "The splendours of Thy glory, Lord," and "Hushed the storms." The book also contains Introits for the seasons, always diligently sung, and a Founder's prayer in memory of the Great Duke, which was daily used. Some good critics consider this book a most refined and interesting collection, though no doubt a little esoteric; but that is not the general view.

What the Headmaster thought of his collection, is shown by a letter which he wrote more than twenty years afterwards to Canon Leigh-Bennett.

LAMBETH PALACE, S.E.
*March* 17, 1885.

MY DEAR MR LEIGH-BENNETT,

I thank you much for your kind letter and notice of the Well. Coll. Hymn-Book. The idea of it which I had in view is excellently put on your second page. Indeed the conception of the Book as you so well put it had been worked at when I was at Rugby, long before I ever thought that it would be fashioned into a book for use under my own rule. It was the *defrutum* of a *great* plan far too ambitious to get beyond the beginnings of the Index, which had to be made *first*, of a Thesaurus which was to contain all hymns and all translations on the outline of the Church Year. The outcome was to be a Prayer Book completed as Cranmer wished to complete it, while lamenting that his skill was not sufficient to render the hymns. I forget his very words—which were quaint and good.

The hymn-book has answered that end. I have heard the

most interesting stories of old Wellingtonians separated by years recognising each other in the Himalayas and on board ship with a "Why, you are an O. W." from hearing the proper hymns for the day or season hummed over—and the other day only I heard of one of the Somersets writing home to describe his 21st birthday in his hut in the Bush, spent in singing the hymns and chants nearly through. Each hymn had its fixed tune, which was to rivet the whole more completely in the memory.

The selection was made on the idea of having nothing but what was

(1) Good poetry or good English, or

(2) A rendering (the best available) of really great Latin Hymns.

The latter (2) had very often to be doggerel, but they were to give a rough-hewn idea of the Latin and wake up an interest in Vexilla Regis or Aurora nunc or whatever it might be.

The Introits are those of Edward VI.'s first book and are almost always the "most principal" Psalm for the day. Dr Goulburn was kind enough to let me help him in editing the Rugby Book.

(I hope you will look at the *last* edition of the Well. Coll. Book, which came out about 1873 and had Mr Wickham's appendix added to it. I think it was the Third Edition, and was enriched with some beautiful hymns that had appeared or become known to me in the interval.) Do forgive my writing so long a letter about such a personal subject, but Hymnologia was such a dear matter to me once and it is so delightful to see that you have penetrated the thought of the book which I could so imperfectly carry out, and which I believe to be the real liturgical use of hymns, that I have been betrayed into mere egotism. I hope you are well. Don't regard the giving of your vote for your new bishop as merely formal. How can it be, when you would all go to prison and beyond it, rather than give your vote for a man who ought not to be nominated to you.

Ever sincerely yours,

EDW. CANTUAR.

There was nothing in his whole Wellington life in which my father took such constant delight, as the Chapel and the Chapel Service. Irreverence was a most serious

offence. On several occasions being dissatisfied with the responding, he had the lower boys into Big School and rehearsed them in responding distinctly, out of the Latin Syntax—a daring experiment and only made possible by his personal ascendancy.

It may be noticed in passing that Wellington being a College, my father preferred to style himself not Headmaster, but Master simply, in the Collegiate style. It so appears on the title-page of his sermons, which were published by subscription as "Boy Life," and the copyright of which was a gift to him from the Assistant-Masters when he left Wellington College. Of these sermons, my mother writes:—

> He preached regularly every Sunday morning. He used to think of the sermon during the week, but he seldom actually put pen to paper till the first service was over—about 10 o'clock. And he had to preach the sermon at the 12 o'clock service. It was terrific pressure—no one was allowed to go near the study. There was even a finality about the shutting of the door when he went in after Chapel. It was inconceivable sometimes that what was preached to us at 12 should have been created since 10—but of course it had been simmering in his mind all the week, and came out with a rush from the pressure of necessity—he had often told me that he could not write a sermon out in the same time that he could compose *and write*.

In the summer he sometimes wrote his sermon sitting at a rustic table in a small summer-house that through a vista of larches commanded a view of the heathery moorland towards Sandhurst.

He had many troubles connected with the religious teaching and the Chapel Services; many of the Governors were not very advanced Churchmen, and were timid about hints of Tractarianism. My father was assailed both as a High-Churchman and as a Latitudinarian. A long letter appeared in the *Record* in 1860 stating that the Head-

master of Wellington College had presented a copy of *Essays and Reviews* to the Boys' Library: the Headmaster wrote to say that it was the Masters' Library to which it had been presented, a room inaccessible to the boys, adding that the nature of the Masters' profession made it desirable that they should study works of very various tendencies; the Editor replied that a Christian public would certainly not accept this evasion.

It is curious to note how difficult it is at this date to define exactly his ecclesiastical views. We find him devoted to Christian art and tradition, using ancient forms of devotion and hymns from Breviary and Missal. Yet he permits Evening Communions[1] and simultaneously shocks a master by calling it a Mass: he is at the same time a devoted friend of both Kingsley and Temple.

A lady, who was not satisfied with what she heard of the religious teaching of the place, sent her son to spy upon the chapel service. Instead of applying for a ticket in the ordinary way, he contrived to get admitted to the building, and told his mother that he had heard a very offensive Tractarian Sermon, adding that the teaching and the services were alike distressingly High Church in tone; Mrs C—— wrote to one of the Governors on the subject, who forwarded the letter to the Headmaster, and received the following answer:—

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.
15 *Dec.*, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have to thank you for sending me Mrs C——'s letter.

The fear there expressed is, as you know, groundless.

As regards the *teaching*, it may set Mrs C——'s mind at rest to know that the preacher whose views her son (whom I saw at

[1] Mr Carr tells me that he hesitated about allowing this, but it seemed to be the only possible time for the household. He said to Mr Carr, "We must not say anything of this to the Bishop!"

Chapel) considered to be High Church, happened to be *Mr Charles Kingsley*, my neighbour and friend, whose name is well known as a most strenuous opponent of such teaching.

As regards the Service, there is nothing High Church about it. It is just as usual in Colleges and in Schools such as Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Winchester, Marlborough; except that their Service is generally more *choral*.

You know how anxious we are to give no just offence. We must have *system* in a school, where order and discipline is everything; but if anyone could point out a more unobjectionable model I should be happy to follow it. I think nothing of such matters myself, and think it wrong and foolish to offend consciences by trifles.

I am myself neither High, nor Low, nor Broad Church, though I hear myself consigned by turns to all—as often to one as to another.

But I find too much to do in bringing before boys the weightier matters of honour, truthfulness, industry, obedience, mutual kindness, ever to trouble myself, or them either, with party views, party questions, or party practices.

Faithfully yours,

E. W. Benson.

Mr Penny quotes my father's description of Lord Beaconsfield thus:—

I well remember Benson's description of the first sight he had of Gladstone's great rival. Disraeli had been appointed a Governor of the College in 1863; but he seldom or never attended any of the Governors' ordinary meetings. Certainly he never attended a Speech Day. But somewhere about this period he unexpectedly appeared at the Annual Governors' Meeting, and on his return to the College, Benson, after telling me the decision of the Governors on the various matters submitted to them by our report, said to me: "Who do you think attended on this occasion amongst the Governors?" "I'm sure I don't know." "Benjamin." And he described him to me as seated somewhat apart from the more active members of the Governing Body, plunged in deep thought as if he had no concern in what was going on around him, a huge umbrella between his legs worthy of Mrs Gamp, on the top of which were crossed his hands cased

in a pair of ill-fitting kid gloves of which the tops extended flatly about half an inch beyond the tips of his fingers and thumbs! This was certainly the only occasion when Benson came across Disraeli while Headmaster of Wellington.

In 1870, when the College had taken its place among the Public Schools, the second Duke of Wellington showed a great interest in the place; for instance he undertook the expense of building large additions to the Sanatorium.

I subjoin an amusing anecdote of Mr Penny's about the second Duke of Wellington:—

Soon after his election as Vice-President the Duke of Wellington was one day in the Boys' Library and suddenly asked Benson whether there was in it a complete collection of the Old Duke's Despatches and Parliamentary and Official Papers. For some time past the second series had been coming out, a volume at a time, under his Grace's own supervision. Benson was obliged to confess that the Prince Consort had given the first series to the College when the Library was started, but that the second series had never been thought of. "Oh, then I'll send you them," said he; "there can be no finer reading for a young man who is destined for the Army or the Foreign Office than my father's Papers." Accordingly in a few days all the volumes of the second series then published were sent to Wellington and duly placed in the Boys' Library. The next time the Duke came he brought his cousin Lord Cowley, Ex-Ambassador to France, to see the College. Benson took them round. Presently they came to the Boys' Library, and Benson as usual pointed out to Lord Cowley the Old Duke's cloak and the Despatch from the Peninsula and other sights. Glancing over his shoulder he observed the Vice-President standing on tiptoe opposite the book-case containing his recent gift, just tilting down the tops of the books, volume by volume, to see if they had been at all read by the boys. Alas! not a page had been cut! Each volume was in a virgin state, as issued by the publisher. "H'm," said the Duke, in a disappointed voice, "Your young gentlemen do not seem to have read much of my father's Papers."

After he had gone Benson sent for Merriott[1], the Librarian, and told him what the Duke had said and begged him without

[1] The Rev. J. H. Merriott, afterwards Assistant-master at Eton College.

delay to cut or get cut the pages of all the volumes forthwith—adding, what is true enough, that every book ought to be carefully cut before it is put into a Library. If it is left to a casual reader the result is sure to be disastrous. A proper paper-knife will then be the last instrument to be used in cutting the pages. For the next few weeks Merriott was seen daily and everywhere with a volume of the Duke of Wellington's Despatches under his arm, cutting page after page all day long at every spare moment. Some of us helped him, for there were many volumes.

The next time the Duke came (Nov. 24, 1872), he brought another friend and they went round the College as usual. And Benson again observed the same process with his father's books. Then he turned to Benson; "You've had 'em cut," said he, "I know you have. No one ever reads every page of such books. You ought to have had a page cut here and there, but not the whole book." Benson laughed and in his defence propounded his theory given above that all books ought to be properly cut through by the Librarian before they were placed on the shelves; but he ever after agreed with Mr Chance that our new Vice-President was "a doosid shrewd old gentleman."

The coming of Bishop Wilberforce for the Confirmation was always a great event. My father's first sight of Wilberforce was an interesting one; he wrote to the Bishop for an appointment, to consult him about the Confirmations. Wilberforce asked him to come up to London on a certain day and call at his lodgings in, I think, Ryder Street, saying that he particularly wished to confer with him on the subject of the religious education of the boys.

My father, at some inconvenience to himself, went off by an early train and was at the house at the time fixed. He waited for nearly an hour, looking over some composition he had taken with him to employ himself. At the end of that time he heard a footstep slowly descending the stairs. The door was opened, and the Bishop came in, walking delicately, with a look of intense preoccupation, carrying in his hand an immense quarto Bible, which he

deposited on a small table, and leaned his elbow upon it. My father always said that he had no doubt he had been reading it, and that it was convenient to him to bring it downstairs with him. But at the same time it had an indescribably theatrical air. He then asked one or two questions which my father answered to the best of his ability, with the depressing consciousness that the Bishop was not paying the slightest attention. In the middle of one of his answers the Bishop suddenly looked at his watch and said that he feared he had an engagement,—"a directors' meeting," my father used to opine,—but that if he could wait until his return he had several suggestions to make. The Bishop then left the room in a state of abstraction, but returned in a moment with some letters, which he opened, and then said in his most engaging manner that he was terribly pressed for time, and that if my father could possibly in his absence answer one or two of the letters for him, it would be of great service to him. My father expressed himself delighted, and the Bishop indicated the nature of the replies desired. He then went away; my father wrote all the letters, laid them out on the table, and directed the envelopes. A couple of hours passed; my father had had no food since the early breakfast, but he did not like to go. The Bishop at last returned; my father showed him the letters. "I am infinitely obliged to you," said the Bishop, and began putting them into the envelopes as fast as he could. My father said, "Won't you just look at them to see that they are what you would desire?" "I am sure they are delightful—perfection," said the Bishop with a benignant smile, and sealed them up. Then he asked a few more vague questions, and then graciously dismissed my father, who lunched at a coffee-house and returned home in haste. Now for the other side.

Bishop Wilberforce came to Wellington for the Dedication of the Chapel, on July 16, 1863. The Masters' Library was used as a vestry for the officials and clergy. The Bishop, who had arrived at the College the day before, came in rather late, put on his robes, and then asked for a pen, ink and blotting-paper. They were provided; he then took out of his pocket a MS. sermon, only half finished, and began to write in a bold hand, quite oblivious of the conversation and movements of the clergy present. Presently a messenger came in to say that the Royalties had taken their places and that everyone was waiting. The Bishop was told; he smiled and said, "I daresay they can give me a few minutes," and wrote on, till my father was in despair. Then he deliberately blotted his MS., and signified that he was ready. My father was curious to hear the sermon, written under these very unpropitious circumstances. It was a noble piece of Christian rhetoric, stately and yet practical, exquisite in form and full of fire and feeling to the very close.

In the peroration he said:—

> The peculiar character of this College is that it is a commemoration. Like all other Colleges it is for the living; unlike them, it is a remembrance of the dead. Like all others it is full of the intense vitality of the young; unlike all others, it is itself a noble mausoleum. Like all others, its daily voice is, "Learn how to live," but unlike others, from it arises in every pause of that living hum, as the tolling of some funeral bell when the mighty pass away, the solemn utterance, "Memento mori."

At the same service, considerable confusion prevailed in spite of the Headmaster's precise orders: Mr Penny writes:—

> The real author of the blunder was Bishop Wilberforce. He had arranged that the services should consist of the ordinary Chapel service immediately after breakfast at 9 a.m., at which

the deed of consecration was to be signed. Afterwards at noon would be held the Consecration Service proper, with a sermon from himself. It had been arranged that at this earlier service all the Masters should precede the Bishop and the Archdeacon up the centre aisle and that then we should open out and they two pass between us, the Bishop to his chair, the Archdeacon to the sedilia, and that we should then return in procession to our stalls at the West end. But while Benson supposed that the Bishop would sign the deed after he had taken his seat in the apse, Wilberforce's intention was to sign it in the Ante-chapel. Accordingly "We the Masters," following out Benson's instructions, had progressed more than halfway up the Chapel when we heard behind us an awful voice saying in the Bishop's deep diapason, "They must *all* come back," which accordingly we did with much confusion of face, and stood just at the Masters' stalls while Wilberforce signed the deed, handed it to the Archdeacon and bid him "enrol it among the muniments of the Diocese." The inkstand used on this occasion was made from the hoof of a descendant from *Copenhagen*, the Duke of Wellington's charger at Waterloo. It had just been mounted in silver and given to the College and is now in the Boys' Library.

Of the first Confirmation held by Bishop Wilberforce at Wellington, the Headmaster wrote thus to his future wife :—

*June 7th*, 1859.

..... The Confirmation went off admirably, and though to my great grief I was obliged to refuse to admit one boy just at the last moment, the rest received it in the best and most holily impressed manner I ever saw. The Bishop said he was quite affected with their looks and their simplicity of manner. And indeed he seemed so. He is a most noble fellow certainly, a born orator, and with the highest of all themes a most impressive one. My eyes were quite blind with tears all the time. He spoke in his sermon of me as "him who so lovingly watches over you"—and I have been so unworthy and so neglectful and so selfish.....I am filled with shame.

The Bishop's visits were always keenly looked forward to; he generally stayed a night at the Lodge, and kept a large party of guests amused and stimulated by his

admirable conversation. It was a great blow when he was translated to Winchester. And I well remember the afternoon of a certain Sunday[1] when I started for a walk with my father. We went through the garden and just at the gate leading into the playing fields, the old college gardener met him with the news of the Bishop's fatal accident. My father turned quite white, and went back to the house in silence.

Mr Penny writes:—

One of the pleasantest things which comes back to me in recalling these early reminiscences of our life at Wellington is the recollection of the conversation between some of the ablest men of our time whom it was my good fortune to meet at Benson's dinner-table. I remember on one occasion at a dinner-party at the Lodge when both Kingsley and Temple were present, and Kingsley, as was sometimes the case, was talking somewhat discursively and illogically about contemporary events in the political world, Temple lost all patience. Kingsley would not give way, so Temple shouted—there is no other word for it—at him across the table, "I don't agree! I don't agree!" instead of waiting till Kingsley had finished his say and then replying to his argument.

There is a magnificent Beech Tree in the woods behind Heath Pool, a largish pond made by the Old Roman Road, which is locally known as the Devil's Highway. There are several fine trees near it, but this particular tree dominates the others in size and height and girth and luxuriance of branches. Benson was very fond of taking his guests to see it and took an early opportunity of showing it to Temple. Temple admired it very much and after looking at it for some time close at hand and at a distance, cried out to Benson, "I can't resist the temptation. Look out!" and before Benson could turn round Temple had made a rush and a leap and was scrambling up the bole of the tree. In a few seconds Temple had succeeded in reaching the first stage whence the magnificent limbs diverge in all directions, and was grinning with delight at his success upon Benson who was laughing heartily and looking up at him from below. How

[1] July 20, 1873.

little did either of them then suppose that they were both in a few years to succeed Tait as Archbishop of Canterbury!

Charles Kingsley's rectory of Eversley was within a fairly easy walk of Wellington. My father saw a great deal of him, and though I should imagine that there were not many points of ecclesiastical politics on which they were agreed, the fire and enthusiasm which underlay both natures made them fast friends, and my father had the deepest and most reverent admiration for Charles Kingsley's splendid energies, and his devotion to the cause of Christ.

The Rector of Eversley was often with us, and we frequently walked over to Eversley. Kingsley seldom dressed as a clergyman, and I recall him best in a suit of rough grey cloth, with knickerbockers and a black tie. My father used to relate how at the close of a discussion as to the pleasantest way of spending a holiday, Kingsley exclaimed with great warmth, and with the vigorous stutter which permeated his conversation and gave it so racy a flavour—"Why, to lie all day, of course, with your b-b-b-belly on a hot flat stone, like a lizard in the sun, and think about nothing."

He has told me that once, walking with Kingsley, at a remote part of the parish, on a common, the Rector suddenly saying "I must smoke a pipe," went to a furze-bush and felt about in it for a time, presently producing a clay church-warden pipe which he lighted, and solemnly smoked as he walked, putting it when he had done into a hole among some tree-roots, and telling my father that he had a *cache* of pipes in several places in the parish to meet the exigencies of a sudden desire for tobacco.

On one occasion Coxwell the aeronaut was lecturing at Wellington, and Kingsley was asked to meet him. Several neighbours were invited to dinner after the lecture,

and in a pause in the talk Kingsley suddenly exclaimed that he had always thought that the first aeronaut must have been a dentist—my father much amused enquired why. "*Why?*" said Kingsley, "because he is always looking down people's throats and breathing foul air, and he must so long to get right away above the housetops into the free heaven." Coxwell laughed and said, "Well, that was not the reason in my case. I am a dentist, it is true...." "My dear Mr Coxwell," said Kingsley, getting suddenly red, "I really must beg your pardon. I hadn't the slightest idea when I said it. You must have thought my jest a most ill-mannered one." And he could not recover his spirits for the rest of the evening.

Maurice Kingsley, the Canon's eldest son, was at Wellington College, a fine high-spirited boy, almost Spanish in complexion. Mrs Kingsley was fully as striking as her husband. "This is Grenfell," she said to my mother on one of their visits there, introducing her second son, then a small, silent boy, with a shock head of black hair, and large black unwinking eyes. "He is going to be a Civil Engineer! He knows a great deal about Engineering already, but not much about civility."

Though my father was always deeply impressed by the sense of religious feeling manifested at the services at Eversley Church by both priest and congregation, yet Kingsley's disregard of ceremony and ritual used to amuse him. Kingsley used to go and sit within a curious painted and gilt Jacobean screen during Matins, taking no part whatever. But to hear the Lord's Prayer at the beginning of the Communion Service coming from within the screen, in that deep solemn majestic voice, was a strange surprise to those who were used to his halting utterance of every day. When the Curate preached, Kingsley used to take off his surplice and sit in the

Rectory pew, rising to give the Blessing at the end. My father thought this an affectation.

But the friendship between the two highly-strung enthusiastic men was very intimate and close. "What is Benson's character?" said a friend to Kingsley, who replied, "Beautiful, like his face." On the other hand, till the end of his life, my father delighted in talking of Kingsley, and spoke of him with tears in his eyes.

Of the intercourse between the two households my mother writes:—

Our friendship with the Kingsleys gave us extreme satisfaction and enjoyment. Very soon after we married we began to know them, and they announced their intention of placing their eldest boy, Maurice, at Wellington. They drove over and saw everything as a preliminary. Mrs Kingsley's ejaculations of delight got stronger and stronger till they culminated in a cry of "O Mr Benson, the crowning mercy!" at the sight of the rows of jam-pots in the steward's room. When Maurice came to us they were often over, and for the latter years of their undivided life at Eversley, before he became a Canon, we had an agreement to dine with them once a month, alone—such glorious evenings! I never knew a couple who between them made such brilliant conversation. He and my husband were the closest friends. Mrs Kingsley used to call it "on the heights" when we came over in this way. Their talks on education were wonderful. My husband had been pleading with her once to get a better governess for the children—and specially that the youngest boy should be properly *grounded*—it was so important, he said, to lose no time so that he might be brought up to the standard of his age without pressure or cramming. Mrs Kingsley looked gravely at him with her beautiful mouth twitching with humour. "Dear A—," she said, "I am sure we should all break our hearts if she were to go away—but she couldn't ground a gnat." Once when they had been talking again on the subject of conversation and Mr Kingsley had vehemently stated that he believed everything connected with mind and brain to be a "fungoid growth on the body," Mrs Kingsley closed the discussion by saying, "After all, Mr Benson, the *body's* the thing, isn't it?"

He loved, too, to ride through the parish with Mr Kingsley, and on rare occasions heard him preach. Their friendship was very strong and enduring. It was not founded on agreement only, for they often differed, but the freshness and originality and intensity of Mr Kingsley delighted my husband to the core, and there was great affection between them.

One day in the early time of our acquaintance we were walking about the College with the Kingsleys. It was very beautiful to see them together—his manner towards her was one of impassioned reverence, and he led her gently along on his arm, for she was very delicate. My husband used to delight in watching them. Finally we came to the front entrance and they looked up and saw the motto of the College over the gateway. "What is that, Charles?" said Mrs Kingsley. He read it to her: "Virtutis fortuna comes." "But what does it mean, Charles?" she said. "It means, my F-fanny," he said, "that you must buy in the ch-cheapest market and s-s-sell in the dearest."

Another day when he came over, my husband took him to a small pool of water he had found at the foot of a tree—where he had seen some strange mysterious creatures moving about. Mr Kingsley stood still and gazed—then began unbuttoning his shirt-cuff. My husband was a little anxious, for, as he said, he never quite knew what Mr Kingsley would say or do next, when Mr Kingsley suddenly stript up his sleeve to the elbow and plunged his arm into the pool saying "In the Name of—Nature, come out!"

We spent a wonderful afternoon one summer wandering about Bramshill Park which was quite close to Eversley. Mr Kingsley seemed to know and differentiate every tree. One bare twisted trunk, with dead boughs, he brought us up to and said "There! that's a tree on which someone *must* hang himself. If no one has yet, someone will soon—it's a *wicked* tree."

The Dean of Westminster, then Headmaster of Marlborough, writes:—

I remember well one visit in the summer while your father and mother were still living in the College and were visited by Charles Kingsley—the first time that I had met him,—who drove over from Eversley and gave the boys and masters his lecture on Eyes and No Eyes, and afterwards played croquet with us on a piece of grass but lately laid down on that dry heathy soil. The heat

of the drive had brought on his stammering troubles. "Find me," he said to me, "a place where I can smoke without deb-deb-debauching these boys." I remember placing him by the side and screened by a brick buttress, just under the room which I was occupying; there he had his pipe, the smoke just curling up as far as my window; and that done, he was himself again.

In an interesting letter to Mrs Kingsley, written after Professor Kingsley's death, my father says:—

THE CHANCERY, LINCOLN.
*Sunday, July 11th*, 1875.

.....I never did, and I believe I never shall, see anything that spoke so loud for the Church of England as never to be put away, as did the Morning Service in Eversley church, whether he read or whether he preached....There was a bold sketch of Mr Kingsley in the *Spectator* in his squire-like aspect, and I think it was true. But I know that an equally true sketch might be made of him as a parish priest, who would have delighted George Herbert. The gentle, warm frankness with which he talked on a summer Sunday among the grassy and flowery graves. The happy peace in which he walked, chatting, over to Bramshill Chapel-School, and, after reading the Evening Service, preached in his surplice, with a chair-back for his pulpit, on the deeps of the Athanasian Creed; and, after thanking God for words which brought such truths so near, bade the villagers mark that the very Creed which laid such stress on faith, told them that "they who *did* good would go into everlasting life."...Strangers several times asked me who saw him at Service in our own school chapel, who it was who was so rapt in manner, who bowed so low at the Gloria and at the name of Jesus Christ; and so I too was surprised when he asked me, before preaching in his church, to use only the Invocation of the Trinity, and when I observed that he celebrated the Communion in the eastward position. This he loyally gave up on the Purchas Judgment, "because I mind the law," but told me with what regret he discontinued what from his ordination he had always done, believing it the simple direction of the Prayer Book.

I here collect two or three amusing episodes connected with the first years at Wellington.

In the early days of the College the lakes shortly after

their completion were frozen. A notice was sent round to the effect that no boy was to go upon the ice till its safety had been tested. After school the Headmaster went down to try it in person, the school being assembled on the bank; he had hardly reached the middle of the pond, when in an awe-struck silence the ice broke and the Master was submerged in water just out of his depth. He was soon extricated and the incident was celebrated by a copy of verses written by the College Porter, a man of great humour and undoubted originality:

The ice was frozen o'er at College:
The gents to skate forsook their knowledge,
And helter-skelter to the ice
Went scurrying, as do poor mice,
When in a loft to their surprise
The cat unveils her glaring eyes.
The Dominus was walking o'er
The ice, to see if well it bore;
Deeming it would be so provoking
If any gent should get a soaking,
Thereby inducing agues, fever,
Which are both bad for lungs and liver:
When down he went, to all men's view,
Immersed in water six foot two
Inches;—let's hope that this disaster
Will not affect the health of Master;
And that the ice, in future, may,
When honoured thus,—not give way.

One little incident of my father's early days at Wellington I may here mention (as indicating the unsophisticated nature of the neighbourhood). About a couple of months after his appointment he was walking at dusk with Lightfoot along the road between Edgebarrow and Ambarrow that led to the siding of the S.W.R. which was at first the only station. Here, by a plantation of larches stood a little hut, in which was located Pat, the "watchman," an official newly invented, that he might

patrol the College at night, in case of any suspicion of fire. My father and Lightfoot took a little path which passes by the hut; the zealous watchman rushed out, and said that they could not pass. In vain my father protested. It was useless. "If you don't go back, I'll set the dog at you and put the pitch-fork into you." At last he said that he was the new Headmaster, when Pat's hat came off and he fell on his knees, asking for mercy.

Pat was a great character. He used at stated intervals in his nightly perambulations to announce the hour and the state of the weather, under the windows of the Master's Lodge. On one occasion his cry of "Three o'clock and a fine night," had hardly died away when a head was put out, and a voice politely said "My friend, couldn't you make that nasty noise somewhere else?" It was Bishop Wilberforce, who was staying at the Lodge for the Dedication of the Chapel, who told the story the next morning with great glee, saying that he had been awakened by what he called "the grandfather of all Dumble-dores, buzzing in his curtains."

Mr Penny thus describes his own first arrival at Wellington College:—

I arrived about 6 p.m. on May 8th, 1861, at the College Station which then consisted of two platforms and a small box as ticket office on the side nearest the College. On getting out I observed two young men, evidently my future colleagues, awaiting me. They came up at once,—the younger apparently taking the lead—and introduced themselves to me. "Mr Penny?" I said, "Yes." "This is Fisher[1], and I am Benson." I was simply dumbfoundered. He looked so young, at first sight. A second glance showed me that he was older than he looked. Light, almost flaxen, hair—light blue eyes with rather prominent eyeballs which turned and flashed in every direction—no whiskers or hardly any hair on his cheeks. A long body with rather short legs in proportion, otherwise he would have been a tall man, and

[1] The Rev. F. H. Fisher, afterwards Vicar of Fulham, now of Debden.

as it was, he was above the average height. With his commanding address, but most suave and affable manner, he soon replaced my first impression of his youthfulness with another feeling of deference and respect towards my future Headmaster. As we walked up to the College across the turf I noticed the awe in the countenance of every boy whom we met and with what scrupulous attention each boy touched his cap in passing us. It was clear to me even by then that Benson was a Master whom the boys feared and that wherever he appeared strict discipline was the order of the day.

The Rev. Arthur Carr, now Vicar of Addington, my father's friend and colleague, writes:—

I remember at my very first interview with Mr Benson (as he then was) at Wellington College in 1860, how inspiring and stimulating he was. He at once impressed me with confidence and interest. The Masters at Wellington were made to feel from the first that they were helping to work out a great plan. Instinctively we saw that there were grand possibilities in Wellington College as it grew beneath his hand. The Masters were all very young men when Wellington College started, there was very little experience but much enthusiasm. This and the vigilant eye of the Headmaster saved us from great mistakes. He taught us one great lesson—to be self-sacrificing for the College, to be ready to give, and to enjoy giving time, money, thought, and whatever ability we possessed to its development on every side—to the building and decoration of the Chapel—to the organization of the games, and of the work in school. One characteristic of Benson came out in those early days, which was a feature of his career ever afterwards: his unwearied and minute attention to detail. He would spend hours in arranging tables of work for the different departments of the school. Every schoolmaster knows what this means—right proportion to be observed among a variety of subjects, fair adjustment of labour among many workers, infinite pains to avoid clashing. Each of us might assist at this or that point, the master undertook the whole. It was the same in all other departments—dormitory regulations—domestic organization—the laying out of the playing fields and garden—the building and design of the Chapel.

I find among my notes an account of a visit (his first I believe) which he paid to Windsor Castle. Being summoned to the Queen's

presence, he was brought first to a small ante-chamber where, on a table, the Prince Consort's hat and gloves and white wideawake were laid, evidently just as he had left them. Mr Benson was then introduced into a small cabinet eight feet wide and fourteen feet long. The servant then said: "Her Majesty will come through that door." And presently she appeared looking paler than usual. She immediately asked whether Mr Benson could give a good account of the College and the boys. She spoke of the interest the Prince Consort had taken in the place, and said she wished Prince Arthur always to be connected with the College. She went on to speak of his studies. He was reading with a tutor at Blackheath. "He is an intelligent little fellow, but not very industrious." The Queen also said how glad she had been to be able to send the plan of the College with remarks in the Prince Consort's hand-writing: she had found it when turning over some papers at Osborne while looking for something else, and immediately sent it. Then she spoke of the Prince Consort, how he thought for her always, and that then there was no need for her to think, "but I must think now," she said. (This was on Dec. 14, 1862, the first anniversary of the Prince Consort's death.)

The following are selected from his early letters at Wellington College.

*To his old pupil E. M. Oakeley, who had proposed to visit him at Wellington College.*

WELLINGTON COLLEGE,
SANDHURST, BERKS.
*Jan.* 14, 1859.

MY DEAR OAKELEY,

It is very unfortunate and I am very sorry, that at your first offer to come to me I cannot receive you. But the fact is so, for I have every minute occupied with business in order to prepare for our opening on the 20th, and my house is in such an unfinished state that I have had a workman here all day in the very room in which I have been writing my letters. We have nothing yet ready, and a few weeks hence we shall be in a presentable condition. Dr Temple comes to me on the 18th or 19th, and I fear I shall seem to him like a backwoodsman, so completely am I occupied with the very simplest arts of life. He is going to launch us by his good counsel, and to take an active

part in our [Entrance] Examinations. In fact he is going to pilot us out of harbour.

At present I could show you some very fine shavings, and some very fine planks, but that is all that is to be seen at present in the inside of my Chapel. And although a Freemason was pointing out to my great edification yesterday that our Foundation Stone was laid exactly where the Foundation Stone of the Temple was placed, our Chapel is certainly not fitting up à la Solomon and Hiram—without *noise*. The banging of planks, and nails, and hammers exceeds that in Big School at Rugby before Speech Day.

Ever sincerely yours,

E. W. Benson.

*To the Rev. J. B. Lightfoot, who had recently been appointed Chaplain to the Queen.*

20 *Feb.* 1861.

Hearty congratulations on your Court dignity. Our "latter Solomon," second of that name, is wiser than even I his devoted shoe-polisher (non-official) have thought him.

"But really joking is out of place," I am so heartily glad, and the Prince Consort has done so exactly the right thing—and one thing more—I hope, my dear fellow, you will prove it to the world—not by the reticence which you thought would have hampered you as Hulsean Professor, but by speaking out the thing that is. I am sure these are days when every truth-lover ought to begin;

παῤῥησίᾳ λαλεῖν τῷ κόσμῳ, πάντοτε διδάσκων ἐν συναγωγῇ καὶ ἐν τῷ ἱερῷ, ὅπου πάντες συνέρχονται—ἐν κρυπτῷ μηδὲν λαλεῖν[1].

I have been ready to die with shame at seeing J. P. Manchester among those impotent rowing prelates[2]. Fancy Arnold's name there if you can.

I don't love Bunsen overmuch, but his death-bed[3] may well

[1] "To speak openly to the world, ever teaching in the synagogue and in the temple, where all come together—in secret to speak nothing." A free quotation from St John xviii. 20.

[2] This refers to the pronouncement, signed by Archbishop Sumner and twenty-five Diocesan Bishops, issued Feb. 12, 1861, condemning *Essays and Reviews*.

[3] Baron C. C. J. Bunsen, the friend and correspondent of Dr Arnold, Prussian Ambassador to England, died Nov. 28, 1860.

teach men that scepticism is not necessarily impious or hopeless. And how *can* Lee, who dares to stand alone, have joined an ecclesiastical censure which cuts its own throat in its own words—and *he* the son of Arnold the son of Bunsen.

Well, farewell, Mr Chaplain, and pardon me my screed, your Reverence, and don't forget to pray for your godson[1] who grows apace and is a merry soul.

My wife's kindest regards and congratulations.

Your ever affectionate,

E. W. Benson.

*To the Rev. J. B. Lightfoot.*

Wellington College.
16 *March*, 1861.

My dear Lightfoot,

Essays and Reviews is indeed a sad subject. I had a very jolly letter yesterday from Temple about them. He has certainly felt deeply, and we all know how wholly different he is from all but Jowett, from whom he still differs. His manliness and chivalry however ought to prevent, and I am confident will prevent, his renouncing those with whom he has set sail, even if he did not know all about them.

Ever your affectionate,

E. W. Benson.

*To the Rev. J. B. Lightfoot.*

Wellington College.
4*th June*, 1861.

I am so busy that I have no time for any work or reading, scarcely for exercise. My complaint is not like Arnold's that I find myself disposed in leisure time to sit down with an easy book, rather than with a hard one, but that sitting down and dropping asleep is most congenial to me now. The consequence is that I am still overworked and not well. However I exert myself like Samson at Gaza for the present in the hope of having less to do bye and bye. Decentralization is my one object, and

[1] Martin White Benson, his eldest child.

with this object I spin round like a mop thirsting to get dry. A noble τέλος.

We were lucky enough to wop Basingstoke at cricket. Marlbro' is here to-day to avenge them.

Ever your affectionate,

E. W. Benson.

*To his Wife.*

Wellington College (?) 1861.

.....I wish I were more fit for my work. It is too great a work for me. I am not as keen and yet not as loving as I ought to be. I am afraid I am making a sad muddle of everything. The burden of all things seems to make me fidgetty from head to foot, so that I feel little comfort in leisure. I want a greater soul and a calmer way of looking at things. Where am I to get it? It seems to dwell in some books and to penetrate me while I am feeding on them—but Puff! it all goes when the clock strikes. I wonder if one will age into it, or fatten into it. I only wish it would come somehow—for I don't seem to have the spare minutes to philosophize myself into it.

Dear wife,

Ever your affectionate grumbler,

E. W. B.

*To the Rev. J. F. Wickenden, describing a tour in Devon and Cornwall.*

Clovelly.
15 *Sept.* 1861.

My dear Fred,

You have been so missed daily and hourly since you left us. Peranzabuloe was most striking—such a wilderness! of sand and grass and fragments of human bones. It is rapidly disappearing again. Tintagel a glorious frowning black promontory with walls scarcely distinguishable from rock. Bude a jolly little place, with *Maskell's* (of old remembrance) house made out of an old Castle and nestled with grass mounds—(before Bude) a wild cliff walk from Tintagel to Boscastle, a place in character like Tintagel.

After Bude—Morwenstow, where Mr Hawker was invisible in gout—Church interesting—and churchyard, *vide* Murray—Hartland, beautiful woods, fine Abbey Church, very lofty tower, and such a rood screen, of immense size, quite perfect, with all the original colours and gilding, soft and delicate.

Clovelly—white cottages clustered between close banks of cliff and wood, feathery woods, and picturesque peaks between, for miles along the shore either way. Clovelly Court a grand old park of the most various kind of beauty—simple, hearty people. The houses climb over each other like steps of a ladder up the ravine. No conveyance except spring carts since Truro.

Ever with all love,

Your affectionate,

E. W. Benson.

*To Professor Lightfoot*[1]*, asking advice as to whether the writer should stand for the Headmastership of King Edward's School, Birmingham.*

29 *May*, 1862.

Dear Professor,

Barry[2] gone to Cheltenham!
Out of the way for Birmingham.
Gifford has resigned—
But I can't make up my mind.

Be my Ahithophel—

Berks versus Brummagem.
£1500 versus £2500 per annum.
Rosy-cheek'd babes versus ? pasty faces.
The school my bantling versus The school our mother.
Lord Derby versus The Rev. Miller.

I can't add it up.
If I move must I move soon?

Ever your affectionate,

E. W. B.

[1] The Rev. J. B. Lightfoot was elected Hulsean Professor of Divinity at Cambridge in 1861.

[2] Principal of Cheltenham College 1862–1868, subsequently Bishop of Sydney, now Canon of Windsor and Rector of St James's, Westminster.

*To Professor Lightfoot.*

WELLINGTON COLLEGE, WOKINGHAM.
2 *June*, 1862.

MY DEAR LIGHTFOOT,

Another day and a night [to some extent] of anxious thought have made me feel that I ought not to make the first step towards leaving a work which I am convinced is so important as this. I must cherish this place—my rising system—the Masters I have brought here—the boys I love—my babies' birthplace—and not the less because I have had some pangs, some angers and some disgusts—and I think the House has *new* work to do.

Many thanks for your love and confidence and pains. I am ready to co-operate with you to any extent in securing a better servant than I should have been to the old place.

Me in my vow'd
Picture, the sacred wall declares to have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern God of the sea[1].

Ever yours affectionately,
E. W. BENSON.

*To Professor Lightfoot.*

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.
21 *Feb.* 1863.

MY DEAR LIGHTFOOT,

The Chapel here is really bee-utiful. The sermons though are mostly Jaques's, in the stones. For it is difficult to hear the ordinary ones.

Our joint love and benediction.

Ever your affectionate,
E. W. BENSON.

*To Professor Lightfoot, on the writer's being chosen Select Preacher at Cambridge.*

7 *May*, 1863.

MY DEAR LIGHTFOOT,

I did as you desired and wrote a line at once in answer to your kind little note, which I hope duly arrived, and having this done, I have since "in my grand neglectful way," as some future Kinglake may like to record, said no more.

[1] Milton's version of Horace, *Odes* I. 5.

It was kind of you to wish to dignify me with a select preachership, and proper to accept it, I trust, as I was glad that something should make it necessary for me to touch earth again at Cambridge, and I suppose that these Sundays are practically free from the incumbrance or annoyance of a congregation, so that I need not be nervous. However before that time comes, you must counsel me both as to what I shall say and how say it, for fear of those holy walls which doubtless change like opals at the sound of poisonous doctrine.

Ever your affectionate friend,

E. W. Benson.

Many thanks for the Hebrew books. I believe I could learn Hebrew out of Mason and Bernard—though the contemplation of the difficulties of others makes me doubt the possibility of ever learning any more.

*To Professor Lightfoot, on hearing of the death of his sister—and about a projected critical commentary on the New Testament in the work of which he was asked to join.*

Wellington College.

3 *Nov.* 1863.

My dear Lightfoot,

How fast the lights are dying out all around us which were shining when we began—both friends and dear ones, and great names which were familiar. A fear of new faces and other minds seems to creep on one when one turns the half of the threescore and ten, and warns one that the end of life will not be like the beginning. One does not seem able to spare any love or any regard out of the world. I have been greatly saddened and oppressed by the loss of Donne[1],—all the more because our real regard for each other was not always able to find the right meeting point. And his wife's and father's sorrow has been so deep, and his poor wife's seems to be darkening still. And we have been almost their chief comforters and helpers. But one can go on quietly with what one expects and knows and lives in, when a blow like this struck at one who seemed always to move in an air of brightness and freshness, seems too startling and

[1] The Rev. R. J. Donne, Fellow of Trin. Coll. Camb. and Assist. Master at Wellington, died 1863.

incomprehensible to be believed. I do sympathise with you, ever dear friend, and with you all most deeply.

I can scarcely turn to the rest of your last letter, but I think that you will be wishing to hear for the sake of other people's arrangements.

I have considered the matter well over as you desire—and must thank you and Jeremie very much for the honour of your request. Pray say so to Jeremie for me.

You know my feebleness and my dilatoriness. You remember Plato and the Biblical Dictionary, and the Hippolytus and the Monastic Orders. If you think I am to be trusted; and if you think I can do it; I shall be glad to undertake, and rejoiced if I perform anything to your satisfaction. I think the Thessalonians would be an Epistle which I should like to work at. But I am sorry that none of you greater lights and possessors of greater leisure have undertaken Romans or Corinthians. You or Jeremie, *you*, I should say—ought. The Corinthians would be a glorious field for you. Of course Westcott would do them beautifully if he had time, but I suppose this is why he chooses a small Epistle.

However I have yet to learn *all* about the work, if I undertake it—viz. the length and style of note—whether continuous or broken notes—whether paraphrased—is it to bear any resemblance to Pusey's Minor Prophets?

There are of course other matters in connection with it on which I must look for inspiration to the Editor—or you as his Προφήτης Λοξίας[1].

I wish for many reasons you could come and stay with us a little. Can't you and won't you? Our little girl[2] is to be christened on Sunday and my wife will be about again, I trust. After Tuesday next we shall have an unoccupied room for you.

Come and let me see you that we may talk face to face, and that I may have joy of your fellowship, and that we may be strengthened by the mutual comfort one of another. None needs it so much as

Your affectionate, E. W. Benson.

And it will do *you* good, in all troubles and trials, to try to make one who sinks and slips, stand upright and look at Heaven a little.

[1] Interpreter—a phrase applied to Apollo, in his capacity as Interpreter of the mind of Zeus. See Aesch. *Eum.* 19.

[2] Mary Eleanor Benson, born Oct. 1863.

# CHAPTER VI.

## WELLINGTON COLLEGE.

*"Where thou, through glad laborious days,*
*Didst nurse and kindle generous fires,*
*That, as the old earth forward runs,*
*Shall fit the sons of hero sires*
*To be the sires of hero sons."*

SOME of the Newspapers at the time of my father's death, speaking of his tenure of office at Wellington, wrote of him as a courtly enthusiastic young Headmaster, but as possessed of sweetness rather than strength.

There could not possibly be a more singular and palpable error than this. As a schoolmaster my father was, I suppose, one of the sternest and severest disciplinarians that ever ruled a school: he could inspire devoted admiration—it was admiration even more than love—but he could and largely did rule through fear. There is no exaggeration in saying that boys and even masters were greatly afraid of him, feared his censure, and consequently set great store on his praise. The admiring awe with which he was regarded throws light on a curious trait in character, and especially the youthful character—the undoubted admiration which boys have for severity liberally bestowed.

This severity was partly deliberate; one of his assistants has told me that the boys were originally somewhat rough, the sons in many cases of widowed mothers, who had

never known paternal discipline but had not unfrequently inherited paternal wilfulness; the masters too were young, inexperienced and inclined to confide in their own methods. It was also partly unconscious. I do not know that my father ever quite realised what an extraordinary personal ascendency he possessed; he was one of those people whose displeasure or depression necessarily affect the whole of his immediate circle. He used to regret in later years that he had thought it necessary to be so stern a ruler; in a long walk which I once had with him in Switzerland, he spoke to me first of the life-long struggle he had fought with a naturally violent temper, and he went on to say that sternness was not the right attitude for a schoolmaster, "it can *drive* a character over an immediate obstacle, but what you want is to *lead*—it is that which educates character." It is a curious thing that he, who was extraordinarily sensitive to the sight of suffering, especially in animals, to whom cruelty was so odious a vice, and who did not like to see plants struck with a stick, could have been so firm an advocate of punishment and so stern in the infliction of it. Some old pupil has said that it was an awful sight to see the Headmaster fold his gown round him and cane a liar before the school. Awful no doubt it was; but the reason of his extreme severity to that particular fault lay, I believe, in the fact that it had been his own boyish temptation, and was therefore to be relentlessly combated in others. But his severity had in it something painful, because it was with him, though he did not fully realise it, so unnecessary: he could have ruled by the tongue, and yet he did believe in and use corporal punishment to a conspicuous degree.

There was a peculiarly weighty quality in his anger, due perhaps to his forcible personality, which, when exercising what appeared to be a just displeasure, was unwilling

for the moment to take into consideration any extenuating circumstances. Real candour, which he made very difficult, entirely disarmed him. He used to say in later life that he thought anger hardly ever justifiable, and that in his younger days he had fallen back on it as an effective, though disagreeable, method of achieving a desired object.

Certainly on ourselves as children my father exercised a powerful effect, but our feeling was almost as much awe as love; he did not always clearly remember the rules he had laid down, so that there was an element of uncertainty about his justice. He never punished us, but his displeasure was frightful to bear. I shall never forget how when once as children we were in his study, waiting while he finished a letter before he showed us pictures, my eldest brother, whom my father idolised, knocked down and broke a large ivory-handled seal. All that my father said was, "Martin, you naughty boy, you must forfeit your allowance to pay for mending that." Apart from the consequences of the deed—for the seal appeared to us of priceless value, and my own idea was that my brother would sink into an indigent old age with his allowance still going to pay for the damage—the terror of the incident is even now indelibly stamped on my memory. We always had a Bible lesson on Sunday from my father, we walked with him and were often sent for in the evening to look at pictures or photographs. Still, all these things were then almost more of an honour than a pleasure. To me personally, the father I knew in later years, sympathetic, patient, devotedly affectionate, outspoken and valuing frankness in suggestion or criticism, seems to me a different person from the stately severe father of my youth, who blew his nose so loudly in the hall, and whom it was almost a relief to see departing in cap and swelling silk gown down the drive.

The following story is of course *ben trovato*, but it illustrates amusingly the feeling of awe that he inspired, or was supposed to inspire. My father did not approve of his masters smoking, and many were the devices that the tobacco-loving were obliged to resort to, to enjoy their luxury. It is true that their rooms were so much mixed up with the boys' premises that it was unseemly and perhaps created difficulties of discipline if they smoked much by day. But it is said that a master once, lighting his pipe behind a hay-rick near the College on a summer afternoon, found a boy already employed there in precisely the same manner; the culprits stared at each other, and entered into a mutual vow of secrecy, instinctively and instantly, because each was in the power of the other, each exposed to the danger of the Headmaster's disapproval.

I may mention as an instance of my father's severity the rule that he made for his Prefects that, as setting an example, they were *not* to be late for early school: it was simply *not to be*. The punishment propounded was—the first time nothing; the second time 1000 lines to write out; the third time turned down for a week into the Fifth Form; the fourth time turned down for the rest of the half. The second punishment was inflicted about three times, the third once, the fourth never.

He had a genius for the detection of offences. Some boys once robbed an orchard of a neighbouring farmer—the farmer could not catch them, but impounded a cap, which he gave to my father. Boys were supposed to have their names in their caps, but all that this contained was "Old Bones." My father sent round a notice that the offenders were to give themselves up—they remained *perdus*. He then assembled the school to announce a general punishment: as he stood watching the boys come

in to take their places, he noticed one, on a back bench, look for an instant with a half-smile into his cap: my father waited and then called him up and said, "Give me your cap." The cap had the same or some similar name written in it; my father charged him with the offence and he confessed; to the boys it seemed miraculous, hardly human.

I do not think, as I have said, that my father was conscious of the terror that he could inspire; he suffered himself much from shyness, but not nervousness, and from a great deal of acute mental depression, which in early days had a blackness and fierceness of misery that must have been very trying to those most nearly connected with him. I believe that he never attended a meeting of the Governors without saying gravely to my mother that this time he expected to receive his dismissal. "He had *joked* about it before—but *this* time he was serious." One feature of my father's fits of depression was that he thought everything was going wrong and that no one was doing his duty: in this mood his rebukes were terrible. An assistant of his has told me that he once heard from a boy that he had managed to shirk a calling over and had attended the races at Ascot. This fact he mentioned to a colleague and it reached my father's ears. The assistant tells me that he has never passed through so disagreeable an experience as when summoned for an explanation. The Headmaster's view was (1) that in a question of discipline, where the violation of an important rule was involved, a master should not receive a boy's confidence at all, (2) that such a confidence should not be betrayed, (3) that if the incident were to be made known to anyone, it should be communicated to the Headmaster, and not to a colleague. The offender was reproached with want of honour and loyalty, inveterate love of gossip, and told he

was unfit for any position of responsibility. My father must have been in a dark mood. Of later years this depression rather manifested itself in self-reproach and a feeling of deep inadequacy; but in earlier days it was mostly concerned with the shortcomings of others.

Mr Penny, speaking of my father's depressed moods, which were as a rule sedulously concealed from his colleagues, writes:—

It must I think have been early in the spring of 1868 that Benson for the only time in my presence gave way to a fit of despondency. It was the only occasion on which I saw him in tears. I suppose that men of sanguine temperament are always liable to such reaction, and Benson was the greatest optimist I have ever known. Nothing daunted him or could damp his hopeful way of looking at life. Over and over again have I sought his aid in the midst of the difficulties and perplexities and doubts which beset my inexperience and diffident temperament; and I always came away from him cheered and comforted, braced and exhilarated.

It was my regular custom, after I became his Secretary in Sept. 1867, to go to his study as soon as I had finished my breakfast and wait till he himself came out from the dining-room, where he had been breakfasting with Mrs Benson and the children.

But one morning he came in to me evidently deeply depressed. I asked what was the matter and if he had had bad news. No; but he was feeling utterly baffled. His work here did not prosper. The Governors as a body hostile and on the look-out for the first sign of failure in his administration. Worse than all, the boys he had to teach were so heavy and unintellectual, he found the Sixth a dead weight which it was impossible to bear up against. And here he burst into tears. "I cannot think," he said, "what makes my teaching here so ineffectual. I can only say that it was very different at Rugby." I hastened to say everything which I hoped would comfort him. He was as a rule so buoyant, so resourceful, so optimistic, that to see him thus cast down was terrible. I pointed out to him that in all schools and in all parts of every school there came at intervals a time of dryness. Every Form master knew what it was to have a poor Form, on whom

apparently all labour was thrown away so far as visible results were concerned. And that I felt sure it was so with his present boys. One comfort he had, which was that they were genuinely good boys, well in hand, and not lacking in industry, and his good and brilliant teaching must tell in the end. And I was right. Before six months had passed, four of these boys had obtained scholarships or exhibitions, two at Oxford and two at Cambridge. These successes too were only the beginnings of his further triumphs in the remaining years of his Headmastership.

Again, speaking of my father's originally quick temper, and of the control which he gradually acquired over it, Mr Penny writes:—

Personally I incurred his wrath once soon after I went to Wellington. The cause of offence was inconsiderable. My dormitory (the Anglesey) was just over Benson's study, and he used to pass down through it every evening, when Chapel was over, to go into his own house. I was always there during "Silence," and for a while after it, and consequently Benson often entered into conversation with me if he was not in a hurry, or had no visitor in the house. One evening in my second or third term Benson stopped, and made some remarks on school discipline, reflecting on my having broken a rule in regard to a boy either in my Form or Dormitory. To which I replied somewhat jauntily that I had done so in perfect innocence, for I had never heard of the rule in question. In an instant Benson's manner changed—his brows knitted and his eyes flashed. "You must have known of it," said he angrily. I foolishly rejoined, "If you had sent round a notice to that effect in my time, you would find my signature to it. But I am certain no such notice has ever been sent round since I came." "Come down into my study, Penny." And I followed him quaking. Then for ten minutes he poured out all the vials of his wrath on my devoted head. I was so terrified at his violence that I thought he was going to dismiss me then and there. I felt the injustice of his anger so acutely that I burst into tears and said nothing more in my defence. This at once mollified him, and before we parted he asked me to forgive him if in his heat he had said more than he ought to have done. I never again experienced such a tempest of wrath at his hands. Even then "it was over in a minute"—but for the time it was volcanic.

But this of course all had another side; he was beloved and admired by his masters for his enthusiasm and generosity, his extreme accessibility, the patience and wisdom of his counsel, and his great personal courtesy. So too with the boys; he made friends of his Sixth Form, and sacrificed much personal convenience to social intercourse with them: he used to have boys in to breakfast with him two or three times a week, half after half. I can remember that there were always two or three boys, such as A. W. Verrall and Demetrius Ghica, who were on terms of such easy intimacy as to drop in to our nursery tea whenever they felt inclined. Again, my father entertained his assistants frequently, and whenever a new master was appointed, he made a point of asking him to stay at the Lodge for the first fortnight or so of his life at the College, so as to put their relations on a footing of personal intimacy. And when my father was gracious, who was ever so gracious? His eager deference, his anxiety to take up any subject that seemed likely to interest his companion, made him the most charming of entertainers. And these qualities grew every year.

Canon Mason, now Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, who was for a time an Assistant-Master at Wellington, writes:—

> For the first week or so that I was there, I stayed with him at the Lodge, and I saw a great deal of him all that term. I took my form of small boys for the first time on a Sunday afternoon. Dr Benson came with me to the door of the great Schoolroom, and when I said I had never taken a form like that before, he said "Go in as if you had been accustomed to it all your life." I used to go to him with all my difficulties. He knew the boys thoroughly. There were two very troublesome little brothers in the form. When I spoke to him about them, he said "What can you expect of them? Their grandmother"—their father was dead—"is a rigid Calvinist, who will not let them speak above

a whisper on Sundays, while their mother is a follower of Stopford Brooke,"—who had not then openly seceded from the Church—"and comes here, saying, 'Thank God that we have got rid of that old fable of the Trinity.'" One day I could not find out which of two boys was to blame for some misdemeanour, each of them laying the blame on the other. I asked him what I should do; he advised me to punish them both. "Selfishness is on the surface at that age," he said, "but generosity lies very little below it." I took his advice and kept both boys in after the next lesson. One of them at once came up to me and owned that it was his fault.

Mr Penny supplied me with an interesting account, too long to quote *in extenso*, of the suppression of some insubordination at Wellington by the Prefects in 1866, and of the part which my father took in it. The original offence was the letting off of some fireworks; the Prefects held a meeting to investigate the matter, but could discover nothing. They thereupon determined to act boldly and keep in the whole school for a half-holiday afternoon, writing lines. They appealed to the Headmaster to authorise this. He at first demurred, but when the head of the School, Giles by name, a boy of remarkable tenacity, represented to him that he himself had always urged the Prefects to exercise their authority, and that in the second place they would be utterly discredited if nothing were done, he gave way: but he was very nervous about the issue of the experiment.

Mr Penny writes:—

> The general opinion of the Masters was the same as Benson himself had formed on the hearing of Giles' plan for the first time, but upon the whole they were inclined to think with Benson now, that the matter had better be carried through as the Prefects proposed.
>
> I have no doubt that Benson hereupon took every care in consultation with Giles that this plan should be completely organised with due regard to every detail. The School generally

thought that the plan had been abandoned, and on Nov. 9th the usual half-holiday was announced after dinner in the dining-hall in the customary manner immediately after Grace: "There will be Calling Over this afternoon at the usual time."

But when Spurling began to call over in front of Great School it was seen that the Prefects did not at once disperse, but that each Form below the Sixth was conducted by the most powerful Prefects to a suitable Class-room where a sufficient number remained to keep order and exact the lines which were to be written. The Forms which it was thought would be most inclined to rebel were collected in Great School under the charge of three of the physically strongest boys in the Sixth. Meanwhile Benson had requested all the Masters to be in College instead of going away for a walk or other exercise, so as to be on the spot in case of any outbreak or sign of rebellion. And he himself came in cap and gown to my sitting-room with a bundle of exercises of the Sixth, which he proceeded to look over in silence. The only remark he made to me as he came in was: "Penny, I think this is the most critical day in the history of the College." I could see he was much agitated and that he could hardly control his nerves, so acute was their tension. I was of a very similar temperament, but endeavoured to occupy myself with work, and together we looked over papers in silence, waiting in the sharpest anxiety for Spurling, who was to come to us when calling over was finished, or send a messenger if anything happened in the course of it that required Benson's intervention and help.

Calling over in general required about twenty minutes, but on this occasion, as was natural, took longer time to get through—I suppose a full half-hour,—and I think it was the longest half-hour I ever spent. Suddenly Spurling's springing step was heard at the end of the long passage leading to my rooms, and to our great relief he burst into the room, his face beaming with smiles. Everything had passed off quietly. The School had submitted to the inevitable, and were at that moment engaged in writing lines in the various Class-rooms and Great School.

Accordingly Benson and I breathed again and took counsel as to what should be our next move. We knew of course that when the "detention" was over the School would be very angry and probably inclined to "blow off steam" in some form or other. It would therefore be wise on our part to be on the spot and in evidence when they rushed out of College, as they would be sure

to do in the short interval between the two hours' detention and the final Locking-Up Calling Over at ¼ to 6 p.m. So, after walking round the Quadrangle and surveying the state of affairs from the outside, we took off our caps and gowns and went for a short walk in the College Grounds, taking care to be on the turf when the boys came rushing forth about 5.30 p.m. They were very excited, and reminded us of an angry swarm of bees which cannot make up its mind to settle anywhere. Some few took to Punt-about, but there was a good deal of shouting and cheering and rough horse-play, apparently made with a view of attracting our attention. We however continued to walk up and down as if nothing unusual was happening, and presently they all dispersed into the College for the ordinary Calling Over at Lock-Up in the several dormitories. Then followed tea, and I had just *proprio motu* gone towards the dining-hall to see how that meal was progressing, when I met Benson coming round the corner in cap and gown bent on the same errand. The excitement was over, and the boys had evidently nothing further in hand but the refreshment of the inner man, for the time being, with food. So we walked away towards the door leading to the Master's Lodge, of which Benson and I alone had private keys. He then told me that he had been for some days engaged to dine out that evening, with Kingsley at Eversley Rectory, and the question was, should he go. Or should Mrs Benson go without him,—he would write and explain why he did not feel it right to come. I at once begged him to go. He said that if I felt the least nervous (for I was the Senior Master in College and had any rebellion occurred I should have had to deal with it) he would stay. I replied that I felt sure that there was now no cause for alarm, and that it would be best on all accounts that he should go out and dine at Eversley. I have often felt since that I was braver in those days than I should have been in later years.

Benson accordingly went to Eversley, and in the course of the evening after dinner told Kingsley the incidents of the day. Kingsley was delighted, and congratulated Benson on having so trained a body of Prefects that they were willing to aid him in the good government of the School, and prophesied that he would be able in consequence of this proof of their power and cohesion to utilize them still further. And so it proved.

I subjoin an interesting letter which my father wrote at a later date, commenting upon a somewhat similar case, to my mother who was then in Germany.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.
*November* 8, 1872.

MY DEAREST WIFE,

* * * * * *

I returned to find hideously bad lying on the part of three boys who had misbehaved. I have sent two of them away. And yesterday the school lost their half-holiday, as notice had been given some months ago that if any member of the school persisted in untruth they would all suffer. So we all turned in, all masters, all prefects, all boys, and by writing lines did penance —it's quite like the ancient and true principle of sackcloth and ashes—for two hours. Some people would say there was no justice in it, but vicarious suffering not only represents, but *is* justice. It is the sinfulness of society which breaks out in the sins of individuals, and if society punished itself instead of "making examples" there would soon be no examples to make. We had also a strong and very interesting meeting at night in the Library and I was exceedingly pressed to punish the boys before the school, and I absolutely declined, though expressing the greatest deference for the opinions expressed. I told the masters I valued their counsels above everything, but I could not consent to act on the opinion of a majority if it was opposed to my own. I think they liked it rather than otherwise, and the effect on the school has apparently been excellent—all say so, even those who were against me.

The boys look at me like angels and are better than ever, and there is indeed little reason to complain at any time. I made the mathematical Sixth who had shown some levity a long speech and I never saw fellows so impressed. Now you will think I have had no time. But as always in storms is the case my spirits rise, and I am *much better* for the difficulty.

Ever your loving husband,

E. W. BENSON.

My father devoted a great deal of time and labour to his Sixth Form work, and expected from his boys an

almost excessive thoroughness. The clever boys were probably stimulated by the pressure, but boys of average intelligence were rather crushed by the amount of work expected and depressed by the impossibility of attaining to the Headmaster's ideal of perfection. The Rev. Walter Moyle, Rector of Ashcombe, Dawlish, has sent me some interesting reminiscences of his teaching. He says, speaking of my father's lessons in Guizot's "History of Civilization in Europe,"

What we used to do was to prepare a certain amount one evening in the week and do it in class at first lesson next morning —that is, *vivâ voce*. In setting the lesson the Master would generally give us references to quite half-a-dozen other books—bearing on the passage to be prepared—and expected us to go to the School library and get these passages up. We read in this way, besides the Guizot, a good deal of the following books: Thierry's *Nouveaux Récits de l'histoire Romaine*; *Études de Littérature*, by Villemain, and also Duruy's *Histoire du Moyen Age*. I used to *dread* these lessons, for in those days, at any rate, I knew hardly any French, and the learning even to translate several pages was in itself a prodigious labour. I have, after diligent search, found the following questions set by him on some part of the "History of Civilization in Europe" and transcribe them as you request:—

1. What does Guizot state as the chief moral results of the change in the condition of the Communes?

2. What was the prevalent feeling in the 12th century, and later still of the mass of burgesses, with respect to their rights in the matter of government?

3. What is the origin of the desire for political power? Show that the causes were not at that time in existence.

4. Was the individual burgess-character devoid of enterprise?

5. Trace the history of municipalities under and after the Roman Empire, and

6. The relation of municipalities to seigniorial government and the gradual attainment of sovereign power.

A clever prefect, chafing under the amount of work entailed by one of these lessons, wrote the following parody

of the weekly questions, which he affixed to the notice-board in the Sixth Form Room. Mr Moyle tells me that he was reading them with great amusement when he heard a rapid step, which he recognised as the Headmaster's, coming along the passage leading to the room. He instantly tore the questions down, and put them in his pocket just in time to save his friend's reputation. He showed me the original MS.

1st Lesson.—Saturday.

The next two lines and a half in Guizot.

A small portion only is set because it is wished that the following illustrative points should be thoroughly got up:—

1. The number of words and the number of letters in the passage set.
2. All other forms of meaning which the passage can be made to assume by the permutation of words and letters.
3. The weight and dimensions of the volume.
4. The manufacture of paper, and the various uses to which paper is applied.
5. The history of printing from the earliest times, with life of Caxton, and description of the modern process.
6. Memoir of Didier et C$^{ie}$.
7. Lives of all the commentators on all the biographies of all the historians of the times referred to.
8. The continental Bradshaw.

N.B.—Dr Benson is positively resolved not to set any impositions, which he abhors, but if anyone fails to answer perfectly a single question, he will write out 5 times Dr Benson's MS. notes on this passage, made at the age of six, and consisting of 20 closely written pages of foolscap 4to.

Dr A. W. Verrall, Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, who was at Wellington College from 1865 to 1869, writes:—

In giving a characteristic impression of our Headmaster, as he appeared to myself, there arises a difficulty which only with the help of the reader can be overcome. No representation of what he was anywhere, and at Wellington in particular, can, as I think, be fair or complete, unless strong and supreme emphasis is laid

upon his advantages of person and bearing. And yet experience has proved to me the danger, in dwelling on such topics, of suggesting, and even seeming wilfully to suggest, some discrepancy between the outward man and the inner, some colour of pretence. The best I can do is to state my thoughts exactly as they arise, and to rely upon a friendly interpretation. As a Headmaster and always, to my eyes, he was, first of all and above all, an unsurpassable actor of noble parts; and this he was by virtue of two qualities, first, the extraordinary range of his social and personal interests, and secondly, his high estimate of spectacular function as an index and monitor of such interests, a visible picture of society, directly corrective through physical sensation to narrowness, lowness, and selfishness. It is, I am certain, no delusion of boyish awe and enthusiasm, which would find an important lesson for life in having, for some years, daily seen Dr Benson come into Chapel. The scene stands out so strongly in my recollection, and so expresses what I believe to have been the very heart of the matter, that it must be noticed in some detail.

Punctual always, and demanding punctuality, he was extremely severe in the preparation for this assembly and entrance. In the very long cloister or passage, which leads from the courts to the Chapel itself, no one might pass the Headmaster. To be behind him was to be late and absent, a serious affair. Even to be but a little in front, and so to disturb the minute of silence and expectation, which normally preceded his coming, was an error which, in a senior or leading boy, he would certainly manage to bring home. The seats of the Sixth Form were near his own stall; if any of us sat, stood, or rose singularly and awkwardly, it would be noted; and on more than one occasion, when a certain laxity had spread among us, we had a grave and public rebuke. I seldom saw upon his face a more humiliating expression (and he had a great command of such expression) than when once, being then head of the school, I distinguished myself unintentionally by ignoring a reminder of this kind. Now if anyone will consider what boys are, he may imagine what was the merit of the Headmaster's own performance, when it is said that, amid plenty of inevitable restiveness, there was scarcely a private murmur among us against the punctilio of these arrangements. So stately and beautiful was the thing to which they led, so ornamental to our common life, so full of a social and religious poetry, which,

without knowing it, we felt. And nowhere perhaps could this have told with better or more valuable effect, than among a young company of whom very many, by memory or prospect, were associated with the severity of the army.

On many other occasions, in fact on all possible occasions, he achieved the same artistic success. Very remarkable was his management of Speech-Day, when, owing to the peculiar connexions of the College, so much transcending in dignity what was, in those early days at any rate, its weight and significance with the public, the position of the Headmaster was difficult. The personages with whom he had to act, both then and frequently, made a group in rank and power out of all proportion to the scene and to the natural height of his own office. During my four years and a half (1865–1869) I must have seen in contact with him the greater part of what was then most exalted in England. Yet I never saw, either then or for that matter afterwards, any personage (with one single exception) over whom, if and so far as it was proper, the Headmaster could not easily take the lead. The single exception, his only rival, as I should estimate, in visible nobility, was Lord Derby (the Premier), of whose ways and bearing in general I of course know little or nothing, but who certainly could on occasion do what no one else could that ever I saw, that is, act up to the level of Benson.

In judging from what internal disposition this outward effect proceeded, we necessarily quit the limits of that which can be tested or proved. For myself I am convinced—and the Archbishop showed himself to me in every kind of unguarded intimacy during many years—that his grandeur in social function was simply the expression of his strangely, and in very truth incredibly vivid interest in persons and their social relations to one another. He acted well the greatness of large human connexions, because he intensely felt it. As a judge of character it may be doubted whether he was particularly acute. About us boys he was, I think, often deceived, and sometimes deceived himself. But the extent and minuteness of what he knew about us, and about all with whom he had occasion to deal, was amazing. Again and again he has reminded me, or others in my presence, of things which it might seem hard to notice and impossible to retain, a casual remark, a change of appearance, a temporary link of friendship or acquaintance. Once, and I think only once, he stayed for a short time near my paternal home, and visited there;

yet he had always a definite and true image in his mind both of the house and the inmates, and referred to them with the natural dexterity of knowledge. Of the life which many of us lived at Wellington, at least in its external features, he could to the last, I feel sure, have given a much more lifelike account than we could ourselves; and knowing with what ease he could put us to the blush, I have often admired his honourable mercy. But—and here is the distinctive point—this wealth of recollected details arose with him neither, as it might with some able men, from natural tenaciousness of the mind, nor, as it comes to most of those who in fact have any such store, from mere curiosity, but from a genuine unaffected sense of the importance and far-reaching effect, which belongs, by the action of society, to the proceedings of every individual, however small. It may seem absurd, but it is simply true, that, as a wide and general rule, the affairs of each person seemed to be more interesting in the eyes of Benson, to look altogether larger and more significant, than the agent himself esteemed them. After a talk with him, you thought better of your concerns generally than you did before. Hundreds have told me the same.

How keen was his interest in the corporations and associations upon which he himself acted directly, it is not easy to convey. Like all strong personal traits, it might in certain aspects provoke a smile. At Wellington, as afterwards in all his growing circles, the society to which he belonged always was, according to him, the most promising, capacious, original phenomenon that you could overlook. The commonplace phrases "infinite possibility," "endless consequence," "immeasurable influence," were to him ever-present realities, and attached themselves to the most ordinary and trivial things; while at the same time, instead of the chill and apprehension, which more often accompanies a scrupulous sense of far issues, he went on almost always, especially in the fulness of his physical strength at Wellington, with a bright and even a gay spirit. Faith had its effect; and the outcome, that was looked for, ultimately came. An instance, small but characteristic, was the style of decoration, strange at the time, which was introduced, chiefly if not entirely by his instruction and encouragement, into the carved capitals of the exterior arcade in the Chapel. The workmen, though capable of much more, would have cut them from pattern-books. The Headmaster, though no artist, persuaded them to model and compose designs from the natural

products of the place, the heather, the pines, and the rest. The innovation was in the spirit of current criticism; but perhaps few, with no stronger leverage, would have thought to make it; and fewer still would have done so under the conviction that the example would prove, *as it did*, very fertile and stimulating elsewhere. But in this, as in greater matters, he was profoundly, pathetically conscious of the seminal chances in things. This, I believe, was the key to his greatness of action and the secret of his wide effect.

How far he used any conscious art in gathering his immense material of personal acquaintance and perception of social links, I do not feel able to say, but I think, little or none at all. Certainly nothing seemed to move his amusement so much as manœuvres in that direction. There is a story of this, which will show also his freedom from stiffness and conventionality, and how little his singular dignity depended upon artificial defences. Bishop Wilberforce, then Bishop of Oxford, had paid his regular visit to Wellington, and as usual (for he also was, among other things, an admirable performer of ceremonies) had produced a deep impression. There was an evening party at the Master's to meet him, and some of us elder boys were invited. In the midst of the crowd and noise all became suddenly aware that the Bishop and the Master had fallen into some discourse of uncommon gravity. Pursuing this, the Bishop, with what seemed remarkable grace, cleared a way for both into a recess of the room, where they remained for some minutes, visible but in seclusion, and were regarded, as may be supposed, with general respect and curiosity. Next day the Master took me for a walk, and suddenly, when something was being said about the Bishop, asked if I should like to know what had been spoken in the window. "When we were quite apart, he dropped his voice a little and said, *Who is the lady in green?*" My amazement was probably a fresh source of mirth; at all events either at the Bishop or at me he laughed until I very willingly laughed too. Discreet or not, such a confidence was very winning; nor was it, I believe, at all exceptional; nor did it diminish anything from the awe which he inspired, especially among those of us who were old enough, and otherwise able, to enter at all into the habitual cast of his thoughts. Long afterwards, the same delightful and unartful arts were displayed on the largest of scenes; and however his ecclesiastical administration may be judged from

other points of view, certainly none was ever more graciously and beneficially acceptable to the people at large.

At Wellington with the boys he was not perhaps, properly speaking, *popular*. I doubt whether this quality ever, unless in very exceptional cases, should belong to a Headmaster; but that is matter of opinion. His difficulties arose directly, as difficulties commonly do, from his most valuable qualities, and were the price that he and we had to pay for them. I do not think that at any time the number of those who misinterpreted and misrepresented him was very great; but they were active, and got a hearing. It took time, and some favourable opportunities, to convince us that any human being could care about other human beings, as such, so much as the Headmaster "pretended" to do. Nor, as may well be believed, did it please all of us always to find, that he knew so much of us. It was said all through my time, and as a young boy I firmly believed, that he "went spying about." Never was a more ludicrous or more pitiable error; and indeed among people of experience, grown men, no corresponding calumny ever, I believe, got hold. But it weighed with boys, and was the cause of much irritation. It will easily also be understood, how his sense of greatness and dignity in all affairs—though the school, as an institution in perilous infancy, reaped the benefit of it richly, and without it, I think, could hardly have been nursed into rapid success—both lent a new colour to the charge of pretence, and also gave rise to another charge, promoted by the graver sort of malcontents, that he was "worldly." This, I am thankful to remember, I never thought an appropriate epithet. The grain of truth in it was just this: he was conscious, as honestly he could not but be, of his power to radiate life and warmth to the furthest circle that he should ever reach, and could not but desire, with that kind of ambition which is inseparable from such an organisation, that this circle might have an indefinite extent. There comes upon me strongly, in this connexion, the memory of some words which he spoke, on no specially solemn occasion, of *all* future life as an endless expansion of *work*; but these scarcely belong to the special boyish view of him with which I have to deal.

We laughed too (and here the most serious of us, without malice or disrespect, joined in) at his rosy ideals, and his astounding power of believing and asserting that they were on the point of realisation, nay, actually were and had been realised. This, if I may say so, was truly a weakness, but a weakness

inseparable from his strength. He could not, I believe, give an *uncoloured* picture of any society in which he was vitally interested, that is to say, of any society whatever. He saw so vividly the beautiful thing that he meant to create, and the power of growing towards this perfection, which lay in the thing as it was, that, when he came to describe it, real and ideal insensibly merged, and the unenthusiastic began to gasp. I remember particularly the general amazement, and almost dismay, which was created by a certain printed address of his (to a conference of Headmasters, I think) describing a Sunday at Wellington. Nothing in it was untrue or even exaggerated, but all was softened, rounded, illuminated with a sort of Claude Lorraine effect, till we did not know ourselves in the picture. Soon after there somehow got about a parody of it (if such a thing may be whispered) in doggerel verse by one of the masters, a clever, idle, sensitive man, who both loved and hated the Headmaster. All the inharmonious elements, smoothed off in the original, were restored and sharpened in the parody:

"Calling-over—half-past eight—
Boys have lines if they are late;
But the lines are longer far
Than the lines on week-days are."

And again:

"In the evening, frank and free,
Masters asked their boys to tea,
Where at once they could dispense
Tea and cake and influence."

And so forth. Rubbish as it was, no conception of the Headmaster would be complete, even on the side of his merits, which did not bring in the fact that such a satire was eagerly applauded. But these diversions did neither him nor us any harm, and represented no ill-feeling.

From the same amiable and generous belief in his ideals seemed to proceed the only real, substantial defect in his management, which, looking back now, and since I have been at all competent to judge, I should be disposed to admit. Overrating possibility, he was a taskmaster often hard, and sometimes, as he would afterwards recognise, unjust. In the Sixth Form we dreaded particularly, and those most of all who most dearly loved him, his occasional visits to other Headmasters. Whether they grumbled or boasted, and of course they did both, our Headmaster would come back primed with impossible tests, intellectual

and moral, over which he believed (here was the point), against likelihood and certainty, that we should radiantly triumph: and dire was the result. I remember specially one awful scene, when he announced that according to Mr Bradley, all but three, I think, of the Sixth at Marlborough were unable, actually unable, to construe rightly, upon a sudden challenge, the words τὸ λεγόμενον μηδὲν ἄγαν[1]! Now this snippet of Greek, abruptly flung out, would mow down any youthful class of Grecians that ever existed. But we were put to it *instanter*, and with the cheerfullest expectations; and our product came...something short of that at Marlborough. Then fell the storm, rousing of course no repentance and not a little resentment. The affair would seem laughable now, if I could laugh over anything connected with his name and figure; but it vexed me then, and, I can truly say, for him: and the like would sometimes happen to his hurt in matters of more importance.

Not that his temper was stormy; nothing could be more untrue; nor were our relations with him in the least like that series of explosions and reconciliations by which some successful teachers seem to have conquered a sort of familiar reverence, half terror and half compassion. His indignation was a great weapon finely commanded. One of us has written, most truly, of the tremendous effect which he produced on occasions of public reproof or punishment. Yet even more terrible and more instructive was his self-control. Never was more taught in one lesson than on a certain hot Sunday afternoon, when he took us as usual in Greek Testament. Needless to say that on this subject he was specially admirable and admired; and needless also to say that he believed our enjoyment to be much more complete than in fact it was. On this hot afternoon then, an able ill-conditioned fellow was "put on" to translate in *The Good Samaritan*. He began in a peculiar, sulky, menacing tone, which woke us all up. In the course of a few verses it became evident that he was deliberately mocking, with great ingenuity, a certain bald style of "construe," to which sometimes the Headmaster, out of enthusiasm for accuracy, would compel us, perhaps beyond the need, to resort. He went through the whole parable, scoring points in every line, and dropped his last dull miserable phrases into a silence which I can hear now. It was a cruel thing to do, and it was done with skill consummate,

[1] "Moderation in everything, as the saying is."

for the boy (or rather man) was as clever as could be. Dr Benson corrected him once or twice *on points of accuracy*, without the least change of voice or face, and went on as if nothing had happened. Yet it was plain, I cannot say how, but so it was, that he suffered horribly. It was a little thing perhaps, but it was worth many expositions, both to him and to us. I cannot say what I felt towards him then, what I still feel. His look, and his gesture as he put down the mark!...

As a disciplinarian, and in the infliction of punishment, he was thought hard, and perhaps he was. But I do not think his sentences were lastingly resented, which is the true test of justice, at least for boys. One quality he had without which the most equal justice is in domestic government the most pedantically absurd. He could ignore, without seeming not to know. And he could wait. During my first year, before I reached the Sixth, I deserved the cane, by rule, more than once, and for some time could not well understand my escapes. But I did understand, dimly but effectually, when he took our Form in *vivâ voce*. He cut my work (which was very good in its way) to ribbons, and made me a miserable laughing-stock for about half an hour on end. Nothing could have been juster or more to the purpose.

Of his kindness to me, and to many another, from the time when we came within the range of personal association with him, I do not know how to say enough. It was such, that only the debt of truth to him could have enabled me to pursue so far the unwelcome task of trying to balance his merits by *pro* and *con*. He saved my health and my sense; I believe that he saved my life. At fifteen I was a sensitive, fanciful, anaemic creature, such as many are whom it would be a mistake to kill. I was not really unfit for the rough and vigorous life of the school; about two years later I began, with moderate success, to govern it. But at the time of which I speak, something of home-life, something like the sympathetic and intelligent circle, from which I came, was almost as necessary to me as bread and butter. All my masters did much for me. But what could the Headmaster do? I hardly expect to be believed, when I say, that from the end of my first term in the Sixth to the day when I left the school, I went to tea at his house—a free informal "nursery" tea which he took with all his family—*whenever I liked*, that is to say about twice in every week, and it might be oftener. Every summer I went to them for long visits, at the sea-side, or wherever it might

be; and indeed ever afterwards, to Wellington, to Lincoln, to Truro, I was bidden and constantly reminded to invite myself just as it were to home. Nor, so far as the thing was at all possible, was it otherwise even at Addington. They welcomed us everywhere and at all times, both he and one of whom I may not more fully speak. In later years it was only an exquisite and strengthening pleasure; to some of us, as boys, it was just life.

As a counsellor, his unrivalled knowledge of detail and circumstance, his interest in the individual, gave him an advantage above any general wisdom. *He felt the real pinch.* I am ashamed to be still talking of my own affairs; but at least they are what I know. It was a crisis for me, when I saw that, after the approaching holidays, I should, if I stayed at Wellington, almost certainly be "Head of the School," a really laborious and responsible charge. I was then a rapacious student and (except perhaps an infamous player of football) nothing else. My perturbation may be measured by my helpless impertinence. Without any intimation of the Headmaster's purposes, I actually went and told him that I could not be "Head," and that I should leave! I ought, I dare say, to have been snubbed. What I know is, that a harsh or light word then would have ruined my best chance in life, and (as I make bold to say) would have lost a good year to the school. Dr Benson, at any rate, saw and believed, as the fact was, though it looked otherwise, that I was in the veritable agony of a nervous conscience. For about a fortnight he discussed the matter with me almost daily, always from my point of view, and without a sign of the disappointment which, with only too much reason, he felt, as I was afterwards to learn. He brought down, to our mutual amazement and delight, my father, instructed in the case. In a fortnight I was a very little ashamed, and exceedingly sanguine. And during my year I was to the Headmaster like a third hand.

To act with him was like being in a sort of solemn and joyous drama. Perhaps (but I do not know) he tried to govern single hearts and fates a little too much. Of the personal connexions which he brought about between me and other boys, older or as afterwards younger, some were useful, some at best sterile. But his restless care was a great call in itself.

He was merciful, or could be so if he saw cause, to the point, as it might seem, of weakness. In me, as in many other young fellows of tardy physical development, it was then a fundamental

fact, that under the least pressure I could not tell a disagreeable truth. When I had lied, I was horrified; but on the next occasion I lied again. The notice which Dr Benson took of this was merely to avoid, with scrupulous and delicately perceptible contempt, all occasions of question. I can date very exactly my first useful repentance and beginning of amendment, from the expression, the look of *self-reproach*, which passed rapidly over his face, when a breach of his custom had produced the predictable result.

Of his intellectual teaching, the best part perhaps was his talk, which was wonderfully rich, witty, and variously adapted to the occasion and company. In class he was, as I now think and suspected even then, something too much of the grammarian and verbalist. There was handed down among us, I believe as a tradition from Rugby, a certain imaginary translation by him from the Georgics, beginning "*Continuo*—From the first *and all along* —*in silvis*—in the *wild* woods—none of your trim groves!—" and so on; a mere parody of course, but not without point[1]. However he felt and taught very thoroughly the inadequacy of language; and perhaps scholarship can accomplish nothing, in the deepest sense, more important. And he both could stimulate and, still better, could liberate the enthusiasm for letters which in youth, if teachers will believe it, is really not uncommon. During my last two years, when, with his help and others', I had learned how to study, my class-work was reduced more and more, till at last I was scarcely more limited than a freshman at the University. The method was at least so far successful that, when I went to Cambridge, I had already read more classics than some "Seniors."

He had this disadvantage that, although he both spoke and wrote impressively, as a man must who had in him such intense moral force, his style in neither was a good or a safe model. His sermons had some celebrity, and they moved us greatly. But it was not by the understanding. He compressed too much, and corrected too much, both mentally and with the pen. To the last of his life it was my personal experience, that his public documents, and even sometimes his most refreshing private letters, were in places scarcely significant to me, unless and until I had completed them in imagination by his glances, movements, and tones. It

[1] The Prodigal Son's "after-care" for "repentance," the Baptist "wrapped about in woolly shawls," are instances of the same tendency mentioned by one of his pupils.

was as a person and on persons that he had to act. Happily the range of his personal knowledge and interest was prodigious.

It was reached and maintained, at Wellington as elsewhere, by a marvellous and a dangerous industry. There was scarcely an hour of the day or night at which he was not often working hard. He must have known, I think, that in all human probability he would prove to have fore-spent his old age.

He enjoyed profoundly, and with a sort of kindly malice which animated the enjoyment, all the little perplexities and entanglements of the daily life—such, for instance, as this. All the Sixth Form must compete for one at least of the annual composition-prizes. By many of course the "compositions" were vamped up at the last moment with every conceivable device of indolent shabbiness. Once, on the last night for the "Iambics," a certain S—— descended on me with a peremptory demand for "spare verses." I had two translations ready, in almost all respects (such was my notion of fidelity to the original) completely different! So I handed over, with a few erasures, the one which I had decided not to "run." S——, who could beat me when he pleased, rapidly touched it up into something which, but for some truly incredible *slips*, was much better than the over-laboured alternative which I retained. I got the prize, and S—— was *proxime*. When this was announced, Benson sent for us both, and, *under the form of comparing our merits*, unravelled the whole business, to our intense misery and equally intense amusement. What was done to us I do not remember; probably at that time nothing, for I certainly had the prize; and doubtless on some proximate occasion something extremely unpleasant. Me he punished always through my vanity, which was considerable. Whenever I had been "slack," it would strangely follow that before long I broke down in a "construe," and was held up to scorn. To the duller boys, who were my terror, the high pitch of the criticisms which "floored" me was naturally not perceptible; nor were my sufferings at all less salutary when, as in time came about, I perceived the manœuvre.

I could write much more, but must come to a close. In choosing these reminiscences, I have tried to sift, out of the long accumulation, that portion which really belongs to Wellington and the days of school, the only part of his splendid career upon which my witness can be comparatively valuable. I have also tried hard—and now perhaps with time given I am able—to tell,

up to the capacities of the written word, the exact truth. I have eliminated with care, to the best of my power, everything which we of the school did not then feel and know. His grave is now as the grave of our father. We learned from him the power and the weakness of language, the beauty and the courage of life.

So he appeared to sensitive and gifted boys, to masters touched by kindred enthusiasms. To these he opened the beautiful treasures of his ardent mind. To these he was the vivid, idealising master and leader, magnifying both opportunities and defects, seeing boundless possibilities in the simplest words and acts, both for good and evil, and with a vitality which rippled, to the extremest verge, the society in which he moved.

Those who looked on life more coldly and impartially, thought that in his view there was a want of balance and proportion; those whose nature was small and poor saw in the richness and luxuriance of his nature, insincerity and exaggeration; those whose characters lacked force and purpose were frightened rather than inspired by the vividness and alacrity he required.

It was always somewhat difficult, even to those who admired and loved him best, to move without affectation in the high atmosphere both of thought and emotion in which my father naturally moved. I can recollect being paralysed as a child by having my meagre conversational stock criticised, and by being required to produce from my lessons or my reading something of more permanent interest. I still think this is a mistaken view of the parental relation, but for the mental stimulus it gave me I am grateful yet. Later, when travelling *en famille* with my father, worn with heat and dust and railway-trains and the *dura navis*, his own fatigue would take the form of indignant exclamations that we did not gaze with more avidity on what we could see of Paris through the door windows of a crowded omnibus.

Yet of this high pressure of thought and emotion he was certainly not conscious. He thought that all were made of the same fire and dew as himself. It was always a certain strain to be long alone with him, to converse with him, however much interested in the subject one might be. What was natural to him tended to be affectation in another, and his forceful temperament demanded companionship without allowing intuitively for strain. Yet I have often heard him say that he thought Dr Arnold must have been a difficult man to live with because of his intense earnestness and his curious lack of humour.

I select a few letters from his correspondence at this time :—

*To the Rev. J. F. Wickenden.*

1864.

Dear Fred,

Westcott and Mrs Westcott spent some days with us lately—you may imagine the delight and good which he wrought in me. He is truly no common flesh and blood. His work, his brightness, his love of all things beautiful, his quickness of detection of latent wrong in all things specious and not beautiful, his self-discipline and his constant cheerfulness are fine and rare indeed—add to this his great learning!

Your ever affectionate,

E. W. Benson.

*To Professor Lightfoot.*

Wellington College, Wokingham.
4 *Mar.* 1864.

My dear Lightfoot,

Oh! my dear fellow, you have done a cruelty in setting me to preach these sermons[1]. I haven't an idea in my head which is younger or sounder than my teeth—and if I try to

[1] He was Select Preacher before the University of Cambridge for the first time in 1864. He preached on March 25 (Good Friday), March 27 (Easter Day), April 3 and April 10.

make a new one I generally discover that it is either heresy or popery. For I believe I was not destined for the Via Media originally.

I hope I shall not make a contemptible or a ridiculous figure. A poor one I certainly shall, and now that you are not going to be up to counsel me a little, I shall go to great grief.

I suppose you have been very busy. I have longed for you here week by week. There really seems to me to be trouble coming in the Church. I wholly and entirely go with the Privy Council judgment[1], except in those parts where they comment on the rest of the Book. That seems to me unworthy, however true. I think I shall be obliged to subscribe to the Natal Defence Fund[2]. I don't think my conscience will let me rest without it. But I don't see your name.

Is anything more heard of the Commentary on the Bible? I am waiting orders.

Do you know that the Bishop of Bullocksmithy[3] at his last Ordination made his candidates sign an article expressive of their belief in the true doctrine of Inspiration etc.—I think there is no doubt about it.

We have all been very poorly with bad colds. I can't read in Chapel: and your godson (who grows tall and likes reading) has not been out of doors for two or three weeks. I'll give him the kiss you desire for him. Mrs Benson's and my own best love.

Ever your affectionate,

E. W. Benson.

[1] The sentences of the Court of Arches on Dr Rowland Williams and the Rev. H. B. Wilson for their contributions to *Essays and Reviews* were, on 8 Feb. 1864, reversed by the Privy Council. By this judgment it was said that Lord Chancellor Westbury had "abolished eternal punishment."

[2] Bishop Colenso's Appeal against the sentence of deprivation passed on him by Bishop Gray of Capetown was argued before the Privy Council in Dec. 1864. That body in March, 1865, decided that the sentence was void on the ground that the Letters Patent purporting to create the Sees of Natal and Capetown had been issued after those Colonies had been granted independent legislatures, and consequently after the Crown had lost its power to constitute Bishoprics or confer coercive jurisdiction therein. A Fund was raised to meet the Bishop's legal expenses, and was contributed to by many Churchmen who, without agreeing with the Bishop's views, thought he had been unjustly treated.

[3] The reference is to *The Book of Snobs*, "on Clerical Snobs," by W. M. Thackeray.

*To H. Lee Warner, Esq.*

*Aug.* 30, 1864.

My dear Lee Warner,

Give my love to Arthur Sidgwick—and to all the ugly battlements and everything under them reposing; I love Wellington College, I find, with the love with which one loves oneself,—a dull identical love. But I never see an elm-tree, literally, without thinking of Rugby. You will find your love grow immensely—for dear as the place of one's boyish work and friendships, and above all, enmities, is, no place comes up in one's thoughts to that in which we do our first work as men[1].

Your ever affectionate,

E. W. B.

*To the Rev. B. F. Westcott.*

Wellington College, Wokingham.
28 *Oct.* 1864.

Dear Westcott,

How has all gone with you and your house since we watched you dwindle into a speck across the bay? That happiest of vacations seems like a dream across the fussy days in which I live here—or rather, sometimes, quite the solid event of the year.

How have your Essays[2] progressed really? And will you really let me see some of the frightful heresies which used to beckon you so attractively on all sides? I feel as if I, at whose blindness and fatuous fires Lightfoot is always scoffing, were in fact a pillar of orthodoxy—or, I will say, a stump.

I have heard from Wickenden to-day. He has not been quite well, but is one of those happy people that are *not* fussed except by themselves.

I have heard nothing from the only other unfussed friend I have, Lightfoot; he is too tranquil to write.

[1] H. Lee Warner and Arthur Sidgwick began work as Rugby Masters together on Aug. 25, 1864.

[2] "On the Myths of Plato and Aeschylus," published in the *Contemporary Review*, 1866 and 1867, vol. 2, pp. 199, 469 and vol. 3, p. 351, and reprinted in the "Essays on the History of religious thought in the West" (Macmillan and Co.).

It was most amusing to see him rush headlong into the Cloisters at Winchester one day soon after we parted from you. My wife and I were sitting there at the time, not having the least idea of his propinquity nor he of ours. The vain attempts he made to see through his eyeglass until within about a yard of us, and his difficulty in believing his eyes when he did see, rendered him funny. He was halting between two trains on his way to Normandy whither I believe he did not go.

Ever affectionately yours,

E. W. Benson.

*To the Rev. B. F. Westcott.*

Well. Coll.
4 *Jan.* 1865.

My dear Westcott,

I am full of musings about the πολλαὶ αὐλαί. The Encyclical[1] doesn't make me in love with the One Fold, however far it may go to show that honesty and fearlessness are *not* missing from the Roman Roll of virtues. Still I am sure that there is a grandeur in your view which I was at first disposed to deny it. And it comes nearer to the true idea of the *Civitas* Dei perhaps—what you abjure is the *Urbs* Dei.

Upon the other subject I can't see, I own, why you should consider the Ascension (or rather the Session) as the *complement* of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, and merely its natural consequence—which I think I understood you to hold; why not rather the Resurrection the first necessary step towards the Session—the Introit to the Liturgy. The Resurrection appears to have the most precious accidental influence on this present Life and Hope. But the place at the right hand of the Father to be the very Spring of Life Eternal.

Ever affectionately yours,

E. W. Benson.

[1] The Encyclical of Pius IX. to the Bishops of the Roman Communion, condemning Liberalism. Appended to it was a Syllabus enumerating the various forms of Liberalism condemned. It was published Dec. 21, 1864.

*To Professor Lightfoot.*

WELLINGTON COLLEGE, WOKINGHAM.
9 *Jan.* 1865.

My dear Doctorial-Professorial-(Kingly-and-Episcopal-Chaplainish)-State-Councillor, shall I ever see you or hear of you again except in the Newspapers—or gilt on the Divinity Calf back of some unread (I never read) "Thoughtful contribution to our Theological literature—a work which will go far to redeem in the eyes of 'Fatherland' itself our country from the too long deserved reproach etc., etc.," see *Guardian*, Oct. 1865.

How is it that I never can help writing nonsense to you, however vexed I am?

Seriously, *shall* I ever see or hear of you? Why don't you come and see me? You promised that you would at Winchester. Where are you? What are you doing? Sitting on some divine σέλμα, or are you at some Baiae? What a jest that was when we congratulated each other (or you me) on your being made Chaplain to the Prince Consort as an augury of some work in common!

Do come and see me—I am a solitary Turtle (Dove—not Reptile)—just now, my wife being at Rugby. I have been detained by two sick boys, and have attempted to read.

Your abominable myths about my heresy—(Westcott will tell you that I am a pillar (or stump) of orthodoxy)—have driven me full into the earlier Judaism. I have just finished the Clementine Homilies, with which I quarrel chiefly because they are deficient in liveliness towards the end. I was prepared for worse heresy and folly.

But really what a picture of primitive *Unity*. People simply *dream* when they talk of it—why we are nearer to it *now*, and that is as far as Heaven from earth.

What bad times these are—our own Churchmen are going no one can see where! Disraeli's and S. Oxon's alliance[1], and these Congresses, seem to me to augur worse than anything since the

[1] Mr Disraeli's speech on the 25th Nov. 1864 at the meeting of the Oxford Diocesan Society for augmenting the endowment of small Benefices is remembered for one phrase used. "What," he asked, "is the question which is now placed before Society, with the glib assurance which to me is most astounding? That question is this—is a man an ape or an angel? My Lord, I am on the side of the angels."

Reformation. Westcott has been good enough to come and stay with us a few days; if it were not for such men as he is and Temple, and one or two who can both think and believe, I should fear that thought and faith were at last parting, because they had found their married life so unhappy. Save two or three, the only truth-loving men I know now are humble-minded enough, I am forced to confess, but scarcely to be called believers.

And the believers seem to me to be more and more Roman *in spirit*. I don't mean in articles of faith—but undistinguishingly blended with Rome in the *reasons* for believing.

How long will the Reformers' compromise endure?

For three elements of disruption—

1. The expression in scriptural *words* of things not directly stated in Scripture, and previously stated with more boldness and clearness in common words—such as the Sacrifice in the Eucharist—the Real Presence—the Power of the Keys—and other things—seems to me a difficulty of an awful kind—it must some day be owned that the *words* are not to be relied on.

2. The figments of an authority in Scripture not needing an interpretation, and absolute.

3. The territorial and political position of the clergy intertwined with all constitutional order, not a standing-army like the Romish clergy. These three things seem to me in our day leading fast up to some great complication. Don't you think it is so?

Westcott has been to see Lee[1]—and has come away most happy—had most interesting lights upon his character and works.

How I repent me of my part in a conversation about Westcott as we walked up the street in Marseilles. He *surely* has work before him.

So have you—I wish you would do it—and not stand so long in the market-place.

So has Temple—I wish he were not so greedy of *daily* work.

So has not Stanley now—nor Jowett—the former has but to preach his old message, a right holy one, and will constantly—but there is nothing more in his line of thought to come out.

For me, I wish I had been a soldier. So hard is it to have just looked on this land of Colchians, and then to be caught and held by these dark blue Symplegades of Ignorance and Inability.

Your affectionate and not very happy,

E. W. B.

[1] Bishop of Manchester.

*To the Rev. B. F. Westcott.*

WELL. COLL.
*June* 28, 1865.

MY DEAR WESTCOTT,

Thanks for your kind invitation to your speeches. Would that I could come to yours and you to ours. For those tumults are after all useful to one perhaps; though they spoil the blue water with strings of weed and clouds of sand which may last, they leave the bay (seemingly) bluer and (certainly) cooler and fresher for next morning's bathe.

I have been reading Tertullian. I'm afraid you'll utter some pungent remark. But I *do* like him, and his worship of the Paraclete and belief in His ready help is glorious to me. I have not read enough I suppose. But so far I can't find anything really heterodox. It is no more wicked (is it?) to think the Paraclete spoke in Montanus than to believe, as I suppose many of the wisest believed, that Hermas and Barnabas were inspired. Identification with M. I can see none.

Ever affectionately yours,

E. W. BENSON.

*To his Wife.*

HOTEL DU LOUVRE, PARIS.
(1865.)

MY DEAREST,

I am here through an inconvenient accident. My portmanteau did not turn up at Paris, and the Superintendent begged me to remain a day and see if it came by to-night's train. It has not done so.

The most comical thing was that while I was looking for it, I put my hand into my pocket for my handkerchief and finding something unusual there, drew it out. There were three empty purses in it deposited no doubt by some pickpocket. I had to go like Brown, Jones and Robinson, before three intelligent Police Magistrates or the like, and make depositions.

Another unhappy wretch came in who had had his pocket picked of £190 and someone else's purse put into his pocket—a favourite *coup* 'twould seem.

Westcott has not I fear at present any Popish sympathies whatever and doesn't like mass and declares he cannot follow the Creed. No hope for him—at present.

Your loving husband and father and brother,

E. W. B.

*To his Wife.*

CONVENT DE N. DAME DE LA SALETTE.
20 *August*, 1865.

MY DEAREST,

For such I am allowed still to call you. The date of my letter will inform you of the step which I have taken. You will find I believe all my affairs in good order—so that you will have little or no trouble with regard to them. In this mountain sanctuary there is peace—and I know your love and goodness will not seek to drag me hence by any vain and violent measures. My two companions are equally happy and equally free in this retirement from the world. Here there are Fathers simple, pure and pious—a devout and humble race of believers—in fact they will believe anything!

Well, dearest, I hope you are sufficiently alarmed?

Your ever most loving husband,

E. W. B.

*E. W. Benson to B. F. Westcott, on the plaid which the latter wore on their tour abroad.*

THE TRAVELLER TO HIS TREASURE.

Whilst *gamins* praised in undertones
My russet reed[1], what saved my bones
On jaggy odoriferous stones?
Thy folds, my plaid.

Whate'er I wrought, whate'er I ail'd,
Even when my "Petit Verre" had fail'd,
What calorific still avail'd?
Thy pad, my plaid.

[1] A brown reed pen, with which Mr Westcott used to sketch.

What cool'd the veins by Phœbus fired,
When on the Col the boor admired
Both how I clomb, and how "transpired"?
Thy coils, my plaid.

When Como's sun flared overhead
My parapluie I quadruplèd,
For round the gingham thee I spread,
Expansive plaid!

Yet once those Hot-wells did thee wrong:—
Like thee they calmed me—made me strong—
I left thee o'er the railing flung,
Thankless, my plaid.

Forgive me!—still entwine my waist,
My shoulder climb, descend my chest,
Still 'neath my elbow be embraced
Thy fringe, my plaid!

My Heater still and Freezer be!
My Cushion and my Canopy—
All comfort in Epitome,
My magic plaid!

Mine's no entomologic mind,
(Like his who sought, yet feared to find,)
Yet—scouring thee *perhaps* were kind,—
O world-tost plaid!

Then—should I share Duke Humphrey's cup,—
(As famished boas on blankets sup,)
I half think I could eat thee up,
My tender plaid!

E. W. B.

*Sep.* 9, 1865.

*B. F. Westcott to E. W. Benson, on the wide-awake which the latter wore on their tour abroad.*

REQUIESCAT.

Ah me! had I the poet's pen
Which traced the triumphs of the plaid!
A nobler theme demands my song,
A crown and not a robe: but sad
The truth—my rhymes will dull its sheen,
For Herne Bay is not Hippocrene.

A wide-awake, a casque, a hat,
How shall I name the changeful thing?
Now in this shape, and now in that
It bodies some imagining
Of grace or dignity to view,
Chameleon-like in varied hue.

The weight of years is on its brim,
The light of suns is on its crest;
Its black has mellowed down to brown;
The outline wavers: for the rest
Each hue has some instinctive power
To suit the fashion of the hour.

Not Rubens had a grander sweep
Of beaver swelling broadly down:
Nor Gessler's a more sovereign look
To bear the honours of a crown:
And cunning fingers could not vie
With nature's subtle broidery.

E'en as I write I see it still
Circling the thoughtful artist's brow
With softest forms of wavy shade
Worthy of Tintoret; and now
It stiffens out and seems to say
"I lead: you follow and obey."

B. F. W.

HERNE BAY,
*not* BELLAGIO,
*Sept.* 1865.

*To the Rev. B. F. Westcott, on an unpublished paper by the latter on La Salette*[1].

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.
*Oct. 30th*, 1865.

MY DEAR WESTCOTT,

I really don't think any one can call Mariolatrous what you say. The "omitted doctrine" alone can be twisted. But why not make this clearer, and say what I suppose those

[1] La Salette, in the district of Grenoble, became a place of pilgrimage in 1846.

who comprehend it will take you to mean, the need of seeing further and grasping more personally the Person of Jesus? or, if you mean more, why not still point out the path in which it is to be found? People, I think, can quote only what you *don't* say if they wish to Romanize you.

Wouldn't it be also interesting as an illustration of what you say as to a "New Religion," and explanatory of your views too, to mention the horrible inscription we saw, "Ab irâ Dei *Libera* nos[1]"?

Anyhow I hope the paper won't disappear.

You of course don't want to be thought of as leaning towards the worship of Mary, because you are not doing so. Of course wiser heads than mine may state whether that is the aspect of what you have written—but if so can't you colour it more after your idea?

How I envy you the power of gathering, inventing, and developing ideas in the midst of school work. More and more ideas cease with me, and the best refreshment is the mere revival of boyhood in the classics. And as regards progress, I am "toiling through immeasurable sands."

Affectionately yours ever,

E. W. BENSON.

## *To Professor Lightfoot.*

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.
*Epiphany*, 1866.
(In new house at Wellington.)

MY DEAR LIGHTFOOT,

Have you seen Maurice's book on Conflict of Good and Evil? He is more nebulous than ever. It is an exact paraphrase of Jowett's formulation of him—"All are right:—I most right. All are wrong:—I *most* wrong."

Ever your affectionate friend,

E. W. B.

[1] On a statue of the Virgin that B. F. W. and E. W. B. had seen in Dauphiné.

*To the Rev. C. B. Hutchinson, on the death of his child.*

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.
*May 15th*, 1866.

MY DEAR HUTCHINSON,

It was a great sorrow to us to hear of your sorrow. To have a child in Heaven is a thought which I doubt not, when well and truly grasped, is an unearthly blessing, but not to have the same child on earth cannot but be at first a sad, sore wound. Nevertheless the verity of the blessing is in nothing more certain than in that it has the character of all His Holinesses in not being at all comprehended at first. It must, I fear, be weeks before even you, who are not given to look on this earth as your own, can at all bring home to yourselves in any work-a-day form, the truth that a part of you is already above.

But surely it is so—half your heart. I had a fancy the other day that there was some deeper cause for a childish ailment in Martin than there was really, and for a whole day I seemed to be walking in a dream—and could not conceive what life would be like without him. My dear friend, I can feel how acute the pain must be. But I have prayed, and will pray earnestly that he may take his due and holy place *in* your circle and not out of it, and that you may still count yourself the father of the three, though one is in higher place than yourself.

Puerum poposcit carnifex, mater dedit,
Nec inmorata est fletibus, tantum osculum
Impressit unum: "Vale," ait, "dulcissime;
Et cum beata regna Christi intraveris,
Memento matris, jam patrone ex filio[1]."

The headsman came, she gave her little one
Nor lingered wildly weeping, but full free
Spake, kissing him, "A sweet farewell to thee,
Sweet babe, and when before the Heavenly Throne
Thou standest in white robe, remember me,—
My guardian saint and still—and still my son."

We both unite in best love and most heartfelt sympathy for you both.

Believe me ever,

Your most sincere and affectionate friend,

E. W. BENSON.

[1] Prudentius, Peristephanon X. Passio Romani Martyris l. 823.

# CHAPTER VII.

## WELLINGTON COLLEGE.

*"Slight not the smallest loss, whether it be*
*In love or honour: take account of all:*
*Shine like the sun in every corner."*

GEO. HERBERT.

IN 1865 the numbers of the College having largely increased, and all available space being required, a new Master's Lodge was built; the planning of this was a great pleasure to my father; he spared a sandy bank as a playground for his children; he contrived the house so that the rooms all opened on a large central hall, with a gallery round it leading to the bedrooms. The fittings were of pitch pine, then held to be a beautiful wood, the entrances and hall were distempered with a light lilac wash, supposed to be bright and cheerful, but inexpressibly dreary and inharmonious. The study was fitted with a door opening into the porch, so that masters and boys had free access to my father's study without passing through the house. He laid out and planted the grounds with great care; but it was all very wild: the garden melted into the heath, and the rabbits used to gambol on the lawn in the twilight; on the hot summer evenings my father and mother used to dine in the garden under the shade of a grove of birches; the borders were planted

with old-fashioned flowers such as Hollyhocks and Sweet Williams. My mother writes:—

I shall try and put down without much attempt at arrangement some little points of the life at Wellington College, which would not be known to the world at large. One great feature, especially during the earlier years, was the daily walks. Every day regularly after lunch we used to start off and ramble over the country for at least two hours. He had a habit of starting off at the most tremendous pace till he had worked off the fret of the morning's work, and then gradually subsided into an ordinary pace. In the summer he often took a book, and we used to sit down at rewarding places, and he would read to me. We read all the *Idylls of the King* this way the year they came out. He talked freely of everything, but used to fall sometimes into silence, during which one could feel how life and thought were throbbing within him. I never knew anyone whose silence was more pregnant. Whether it was the silence of thought, or musing, or displeasure—or even boredom—there was a burning vitality about it all which gave those nearest him a sense of living hard also. It was sometimes the most curious sensation. I have known what it was to feel physically breathless from the speed at which his mind was working, without a word being spoken. One of his favourite employments out walking was to translate hymns, discussing it all freely, rejecting expression after expression till he had found the very finest shade of meaning he wanted. He took great delight in this, but never allowed the smallest slovenliness in word or metre. He wrote hymns also in this way. His Rogation Hymn

"O Throned, O Crowned with all renown"

occupied many a walk in the fir wood at Wellington.

He was very fond of all the details of arrangement inside the house. The house we lived in for the last seven years at Wellington College was planned by him with the greatest care. He spent a good year in planning and altering and revising. Once in the house, with his study in order for work, he devoted himself to the nursery. For years he had saved all kinds of ordinary prints and pictures for this purpose, and he would give a spare few minutes or sometimes a wet afternoon to pasting these pictures on the walls. He would begin with various centres, and radiate

from them till finally the whole nursery was covered, and then he had the walls varnished. The pleasure he gave to the children in this way was indescribable. The other day one of our sons went back to Wellington College after years of absence—the present headmaster was most kind and let him go up into the old nursery, but he was distressed to find he could scarcely remember a single picture. Something caught his eye and caused him to stoop—and then he suddenly found himself quite at home—he was at the level he remembered, and everything was familiar. My husband associated the children with himself very much in the decoration of the nursery—they sat in a row in their little chairs, cutting the edges of the pictures straight for pasting. My daughter said to me only the other day, "Papa was very patient with my jagged edges—he never scolded us about them, but I felt it to be an awful responsibility."

Later on in our Wellington College life he used to walk a great deal with the children, and besides being always very fond of making them observe, he used to play with them most delightfully. There were some grand beeches near Wellington College, within the compass of little feet, and there was a special one which he used to call the King's Beech. The children being very young used so often to mistake this that their father named it "Oak-oh-I-mean-beech-papa." Here many games went on—he used to hide in the fern which grew all round them, and fill them with a delicious sense of mystery and thrill, not knowing where or in what guise he was going to break out upon them.

From their earliest years also he used to encourage them to make rhymes out walking. He would suggest a subject, ask their advice, begin a line, ask for a word or an expression, take their suggestions, discuss them fully, modifying them, and give them the intense interest of feeling they were co-creators, and my daughter tells me that on one occasion he went a walk with her and her sister, aged seven and eight: they passed a flock of sheep with bells, and he began to make a little poem on it, asking their advice and mostly taking it. The first stanza ran as follows:

Tinkle, tinkle, shepherd's bell,
For I love your sound full well.
From the sheep that sound proceeds,
Browsing o'er the verdant meads.

("Verdant meads" was the suggestion of the eldest girl, seriously discussed and finally accepted.)

For it tells of peaceful days,
Well-kept homes and honest ways.

It went on:

As the flock together keep,
With the leader of the sheep,
So may we our Leader love,
Safe and faithful forward move,
Choose no thorny dangerous way,
But by our gentle Shepherd stay.

If we miss his warning look,
He will use his guiding crook.
Welcome check and welcome pain
That brings us to his side again,
'Neath the shadow of the rock
Where the Shepherd rests the flock.

My father certainly delighted in nothing more than the society of his children. We used to go and talk to him while he shaved before breakfast; in the afternoons he used to walk with us from a time when we had almost to run to keep up with him. In the evenings we often went to him to look at pictures, such as Flaxman's illustrations of Homer, or those in the old *Penny Magazine*; and at dinner we always sat at the table with him and my mother, reading or drawing, and partaking of dessert.

In the holidays his great amusement was sketching. I have hundreds of his sketches, mostly of architectural subjects, drawn on a small octavo block of tinted paper generally in Prout's Brown, with a reed pen or a crowquill, in the style of Petit[1]. He was never at his ease with foliage or foregrounds and used to omit trees with artistic licence. He was also very fond when we were children of drawing either from a book or more generally out of his own head careful pictures of Gothic castles and cathedrals,

[1] John Louis Petit, author of many architectural works, of whose drawings my father was very fond.

strangely massed together, with quaint little inscriptions in Latin or archaic English rhymes, which were greatly treasured. Quite late in life, after he was Archbishop, he made some attempt in his Swiss holidays to practise drawing in water colours under the tuition of my sister, and produced two or three careful rather overhandled sketches of mountains, which he used sometimes to take out of his sketch-book and look at with a regretful pride, saying, "This is not so bad as might appear: but I began too late: I am an ὀψιμαθής." He never travelled without a pocket-book in which he jotted down in pencil inscriptions, odd architectural features—anything which took his fancy.

My mother continues:—

He always felt most keenly anything that went wrong in the school, or any serious fault of a boy: I remember well one special time; there had been great trouble about a boy; it was clear the offence could not be passed over, and that the boy must not remain in the school. There were several terrible interviews with the boy and his parents. The parents were broken-hearted, but bowed to the decision. He told me how terrible it was to see the meeting between the boy and his father; I don't remember any words now, but there was no severity, only deep grief. At last they took the boy away—he was not expelled but taken quietly away. That afternoon my husband and I started for a long walk, as usual, and went to Cæsar's Camp, about three miles off, talking of all this. There were magnificent Roman fortifications there, covered with fern. We sat down here as we always did, and in a few minutes he burst into a passion of tears. The whole misery and wretchedness of it overcame him, the bright promise of the poor lad, with this blight on it, the love between him and his parents, and their broken-hearted but still loving grief, and his own absolute certainty that the boy must go for others' sakes; he lay among the fern, shaken with uncontrollable sobs; I could only sit by him and wait. After a while the storm had expended itself; he was able to walk back quietly with me.

He had naturally a very anxious mind, presaging evil quickly,

and easily believing in the *irreparableness* of an action or an omission. Yet in physical danger he had no fear—never lost his head, and did the right thing with great fortitude and calm. This was specially true in later years in relation to horses. He was a most fearless rider, even sometimes a careless one, being so fond of his horse that he let it have its own way too much. There was no break-neck place into which he would not go gaily if the fancy took him, to the confusion sometimes of his companions. He had had several carriage accidents but was never in the least nervous.

But he was prone to be fearful about the issue of his undertakings, particularly in the smaller things. The great ones brought their strength with them. In the early years at Wellington he used often to tell me when he went up to a Governors' Meeting, that he would probably come home dismissed. The immediate cause would be some small thing, but general inefficiency would he thought be their ultimate ground. I used at first to believe this and be on tenter-hooks all day. Later on it became almost a joke, but he was quite serious about it even then at times. He took things so much to heart. He was thought harsh by some boys, but they could not help knowing all the time how he *cared* for them, their progress, their character.

Many years later, in a diary, when reviewing the course of his life, he said that there were certain things that could he live his life over again he would do differently; one of these was that, if he were again a schoolmaster, he would speak to the boys about spiritual things more directly and more individually. But his tact with boys and his sympathy with idiosyncrasies struck outsiders. One who was often with him in early years, writes:—

One thing that struck me was the way in which he looked at the boys as individuals, never in the lump—but that I suppose is common to all schoolmasters who know and are fit for their work. It struck me because it was the first time I had come across it.

Mr Carr writes:—

I will now recall an interview that illustrates Benson's power of eliciting truth—his sense of the importance of confession,

and the infinite trouble he would take, the time he would spend and not count lost in bringing about a needed moral result. A Wellington boy of high promise as a scholar and of great charm of character in many ways, fell into grievous sin which was covered by a tissue of falsehood. The sin was all but demonstrated. The only need for the boy's own sake was that he should confess. I was present as the boy's tutor, and I shall never forget the beautiful way in which Benson pleaded with him for more than an hour. At first the hard look and proud lips compressed to conceal the truth seemed to defy confession. But still the pleading went on with the utmost gentleness, till at length the false shame yielded, the hard look vanished, and free confession came with tears. The whole look of the boy altered. It was a great victory and left on my mind a strong impression of spiritual power.

An Old Wellingtonian gives me the following instance of his spiritual directness when dealing with boys, which I may quote; he writes:—

My father had died in the Mutiny. One of my brothers was a high-spirited and troublesome boy at Wellington in the early sixties. The Headmaster wrote to say that he was very unsatisfactory, and my mother went down in much fear to see about his removal from the school. Nothing could exceed, so she often told me, the kindness with which she was received. Before she left, the Headmaster had joined mother and son in prayer for the boy's welfare, and the whole complexion of the present and the future was changed for them both. It is nearly twenty years since my mother died. I have wished to tell the Archbishop how the memory of his sympathy, bringing light and hope to the widow's heart, was honoured in our little home in Gloucestershire. I very nearly told it at one of the Lambeth Garden Parties in '89, when I introduced my future wife to him, and in that wonderful way he had of bringing the eternal down to earth, he solemnly blessed us both as we stood upon the lawn.

The Dean of Lincoln, who succeeded him in the Headmastership, thus wrote of him in the *National Review* of June 1897:—

My first acquaintance with the late Archbishop was in the autumn of 1867, when I spent a Sunday at Wellington College as

the guest of one of his younger colleagues. At that time he was in the heyday of his own school work. Early difficulties had been to a great extent overcome, and the school was taking generally the shape which he had imagined for it. The heath-clad wilderness had been replenished and subdued. He had himself moved out of his somewhat narrow quarters in the college building into the new and charming "Master's Lodge." He had attained to a VIth Form after his own heart. Its scholar of the greatest promise at the moment was one known since to letters as the brilliant, if sometimes paradoxical, writer of *Euripides, the Rationalist*, and there were other members of it destined to win distinction in arms, in the Indian Civil Service, and in education. I had known him before through correspondence, and at second-hand in the way that an Oxford tutor knows many headmasters, from pupils of his own who take work at a school, or boys from the school who come to the University; but the first personal contact was an event. His appearance was striking. It was a face of command, with great play of feature, eager, but quiet, and giving the sense of a fund both of humour and of determination. In receiving a visitor he was quite at his best, gracious, cordial, even affectionate. Then, and in all changes of position, he had the characteristics which make anyone interesting who is engaged in important work, keen and fresh interest of his own in it, and an eye for its picturesque and ideal aspects.....

It has been said in one or two of the notices which appeared after the Archbishop's death, that his rule of the school was by fear. Discipline is the first necessity of a young society, but if the words be taken as describing his temperament or the general character of his government, they are entirely misleading. He had a quick eye for individual character, an understanding of boys' difficulties, a strong sense of the humourous side of much of their troublesomeness, a ready sympathy with aspiration and effort, however unsuccessful. He certainly commanded loyalty and affection from many. But he ruled on the Public School system—as much as possible through his VIth Form. On training and impressing them he spared no pains. He taught them almost entirely himself, and he did not, as is too often done, leave them without guidance in their ruling. The terminal admission of Prefects was a formal business with a short religious service (borrowed from Rugby), and those who heard his little addresses on these occasions, speak of them with enthusiasm

as more effective even than his sermons in Chapel, sermons themselves (if we may judge from the volume published under the title of *Boy Life*) among the best of school sermons. His knowledge of boys was very great, and so was his power of putting high principles of action into pithy phrases which they would understand, and feel, and remember. He ruled through his "Prefects" and he ruled through his "Tutors." The relation of a tutor in charge of a "dormitory" (a gallery of living as well as sleeping rooms) to his boys was, in his arrangement, as nearly as it could be made, that of a house-master in another school to his boarding-house, but in no school, perhaps, was the theory that the tutor stood *in loco parentis* so fully carried out as at Wellington.....

With his young assistant masters also Benson was a disciplinarian.....But he attached them generally to himself, and they believed in him. He had a tolerance for natural infirmity. "——— is rather conceited," someone complained to him. "You do not know," was the answer, "how a little self-conceit helps you through dull and irksome duties." He left behind him, as his successor knows best, a staff of able men, united (not by any means because they were all of one colour), and with an unusually high and human ideal of their work.....

No one could see Benson at Wellington without feeling that he loved his position. He loved, as he loved all through his life, the work of organizing even to minute detail. He loved and idealized the place, the country freedom, the lustrous air, the scent of heather and firwoods, the scraps of historic association, the Roman camp and the neighbouring Swinley and Windsor Forest. He passionately loved teaching—his Greek Testament lessons, the careful reading of Thucydides, Latin verses, "the prettiest and sweetest things in the world," as, once in after days, he called them. He loved the school chapel, every brick and stone and timber of which he had seen laid and carved; the painted windows of which he had planned in subject and design so that they should be filled in on one harmonious scheme as years went on, and gifts and memorials made it possible. He loved its services, its short, bright daily services, with the hymns of his own appointment (used in after years in the private chapel at Addington); the ritual, so carefully thought out and so quiet, a prevision of the Lambeth judgment; the looking over of the boys, and their orderly filing out past his stall, what an officer once called "the best bit of drill he ever saw."

Professor Henry Sidgwick writes:—

At the close of the earlier reminiscences which I wrote down for you, relating to your father as I knew him in my schooldays at Rugby, I hinted that before the end of my undergraduate career, his intellectual influence on me had given way to that of a school of thought entirely alien to his. As I look back now on this change, its rapidity and completeness seem to me surprising:—or rather, perhaps, they would seem so, if I had not in later years had personal experience—from the opposite point of view—of similarly swift and decisive transfers of intellectual allegiance in the case of pupils of my own. I feel bound to make this clear at the outset, because one result of it is that—in spite of an intimacy never clouded by any consciousness of change in our relation of personal affection—my reminiscences of his talk and judgments as to his views in later years are rather those of an outsider, intellectually speaking. At the same time the very contrast between the workings of our minds often seemed to suggest to me a vivid idea of his: and I propose to put together some of the ideas thus obtained and give them you for what they are worth, after making clear the conditions under which they were formed.

To explain more precisely the "contrast" of which I have spoken, I will begin by sketching briefly the ideal which, under the influence primarily of J. S. Mill, but partly of Comte seen through Mill's spectacles, gradually became dominant in my mind in the early sixties:—I say "in my mind," but you will understand that it was largely derived from intercourse with others of my generation, and that at the time it seemed to me the only possible ideal for all adequately enlightened minds. It had two aspects, one social and the other philosophical or theological. What we aimed at from a social point of view was a complete revision of human relations, political, moral and economic, in the light of science directed by comprehensive and impartial sympathy; and an unsparing reform of whatever, in the judgment of science, was pronounced to be not conducive to the general happiness. This social science must of course have historical knowledge as a basis: but, being science, it must regard the unscientific beliefs, moral or political, of past ages as altogether wrong,—at least in respect of the method of their attainment, and the grounds on which they were accepted. History, in short, was

conceived as supplying the material on which we had to work, but not the ideal which we aimed at realizing; except so far as history properly understood showed that the time had come for the scientific treatment of political and moral problems.

As regards theology, those with whom I sympathised had no close agreement in conclusions,—their views varied from pure positivism to the "Neochristianity" of the Essayists and Reviewers: and my own opinions were for many years unsettled and widely fluctuating. What was fixed and unalterable and accepted by us all was the necessity and duty of examining the evidence for historical Christianity with strict scientific impartiality; placing ourselves as far as possible outside traditional sentiments and opinions, and endeavouring to weigh the pros and cons on all theological questions as a duly instructed rational being from another planet—or let us say from China—would naturally weigh them.

You will see at once how totally alien this manner of thought was to your father's. For him, the only hope of effective and complete social reform lay in the increased vitality and increased influence of the Christian Church: useful work might be done by those outside—his recognition of the value of such work was always ample and cordial—but it could only be of limited and partial utility. The healing of the nations could only come from one source; and any social science that failed to recognize this must be proceeding on a wrong track. And the struggle for perfect impartiality of view, which seemed to me an imperative duty, presented itself to him—as I came to understand—as a perverse and futile effort to get rid of the inevitable conditions of intellectual and spiritual life. I remember he once said to me in those years that my generation seemed to be possessed by an insane desire to jump off its own shadow: but the image was not adequate, for in the spiritual region he regarded the effort to get rid of the bias given by early training and unconsciously imbibed tradition, as not only futile but profoundly dangerous.

I do not mean that he failed to do justice to the motives of free-thinkers. Even in the sixties—when it was not uncommon for orthodox persons to hint, or even openly say, that no man could fail to admit the overwhelming evidence for Christianity, unless his reason was perverted by carnal appetites or worldly ambitions—I never remember his uttering a word of this kind: and I remember many instances of his cordial recognition of the

disinterested aims and moral rectitude of particular free-thinkers. Still, the paralysis of religious life, naturally resulting from the systematic and prolonged maintenance of this attitude of "unbiassed" inquiry, seemed to him fraught with the gravest spiritual perils; however well-intentioned in its origin, it could hardly fail to be seconded by the baser elements of human nature, the flesh desiring to shake off the yoke of the spirit.

It was, I think, primarily owing to my sense of the deep and irreconcileable difference between our points of view on this fundamental question, that in my years of "storm and stress" as regards religious convictions and ecclesiastical relations—i.e. from 1859 when I took my degree to 1869 when I resigned my fellowship at Trinity—I had comparatively little direct and overt discussion with him on the problems that were occupying so much of my thought. But there were other reasons for this. Though in discussing special questions of history or scholarship, or—when occasion arose—of ethics or theology your father often showed much dialectical acumen, a quick and eager appreciation of subtle distinctions and an intellectual pleasure in ingenious arguments, I think he had little taste for arguing out methodically points of fundamental disagreement where the issues were large and vital. At any rate I think he would rather do this with comparative strangers than with intimate friends: in the case of the latter, the sense of profound divergence, which such discussions inevitably intensify, was painful to him. The disposition to avoid such discussions was, indeed, only the negative side of the sympathetic quality that constituted the peculiar charm of his conversation,—the quickness and tact with which he found topics on which his interlocutor's mind was in general harmony with his own, and the spontaneous buoyancy and force of sympathy with which he threw himself into full and frank discussion of these topics.

Thus in the years of which I am speaking, in the walks we had together at Wellington College, he would talk of things and people towards whom we felt more or less similarly: of scholarship and literature ancient and modern,—we were both ardent Tennysonians with all that is implied in enthusiastic adhesion to that flag—of school organization and discipline, and the peculiar problems presented by his work at Wellington; of his friendship with his neighbour Charles Kingsley, whom he knew that I admired; and so on, avoiding points of fundamental controversy

so that one never felt them to be avoided. Nor do I mean that, on the rare occasions on which I introduced such topics, he showed any reluctance to discuss them: only they never seemed to come in naturally: I had, if I may so say, to drag them in of set purpose, and to degrade the conversation consciously and deliberately into a debate. And I had the less inclination to do this, because it did not seem to me that your father had any turn for the particular form of debate which seemed to me required, for arriving at satisfactory conclusions on these subjects. What I desired was a discussion systematized and methodized with the utmost care, with the processes of reasoning laboriously unfolded and scrutinized and the ultimate principles or general assumptions precisely defined and made completely explicit. But most of this would have seemed to your father tiresome and pedantic waste of time. The attitude of sustained reflection on the logical processes of his own mind was alien to his habit of thought. I have heard him more than once express his sympathy with the saying of Goethe that he could not interest himself in "thinking about thinking." His mind always seemed to me predominantly synthetic in its movement to a conclusion theoretical or practical; scrupulous in avoiding one-sidedness of view, imperfect knowledge or unprecise conception of the data on which judgment had to be formed; but not naturally inclined to analyse and distinguish the grounds of judgment and give separate weight to each. To spare no pains in getting all the relevant facts clearly before his mind; to realize vividly the significance of each; and then to trust the conclusion that rose spontaneously in his mind on a contemplation of all together—that seemed to me the essence of his method.

I remember once talking to him of a difficult question of school management—cases of schoolboys suspected of theft—which was then occupying the newspapers. He said "My plan was simple: when a case of suspicion was brought before me, I would say nothing and keep myself from forming an opinion, till I had got all the facts quite clear; and then I would work at the facts till my mind was quite made up. If I concluded against the boy, I would then send for the parent and say, 'These are the facts, this is my conclusion, this is what I think best to do for the boy and for the school. Will you tell me frankly what you think?'" "And," he added, "I never found a parent unreasonable." This decisive reliance on the

general resultant impression produced on his mind by a group of facts examined as closely and apprehended as precisely as possible, seemed to me characteristic of the manner in which he dealt with theoretical as well as practical questions.

Connected with this habit of mind was the predominantly historical character of the ideas that stimulated and governed his activity, in all departments. I once heard him called a conservative Stanley: and, in spite of the great interval that separated their theological positions, it certainly seemed to me that he resembled Stanley remarkably in the breadth and force of his religious sympathies, playing on a historical basis, in the vividness with which he loved to imagine the scenes and personages of the past, and generally in the historical source and form of the considerations that guided him to important conclusions. He loved not only his land and his church, but all the particular institutions, to which the work of his life led him to feel the eager and loyal devotion that was the spring of his inexhaustible activity,

"with love far brought
From out the storied past."

At Lincoln this was easy: a man must have an obstinately unhistorical mind who could live in the precinct of Lincoln Cathedral without having his thoughts continually carried back to times long ago. In Cornwall, again, antiquarian interests are natural and seductive: what was characteristic of your father was that he studied the history of Methodism in his diocese with no less ardent a sympathy than the history of the Anglican Church. But Rugby was—for most of us whose connexion with it commenced in the fifties—decisively modern. It began, in fact, with Arnold: the times before Arnold we were mostly content to regard as the Moslems regard the times before Mohammed. However, before your father had been there long he had formed for himself a vivid image of the founder, Lawrence Sheriff, and his times and circumstances, aims and aspirations; and I remember well the impressiveness with which he brought this image before our minds. And I used to say that in spite of his endless delight in scheming and planning,—and even in the hard detailed labour of carrying schemes and plans into effect—he would have found it difficult to interest himself as he did in the making of Wellington College, if it had not been connected with the memory of a great national hero. But here I believe I was

wrong: if it had been simply a modern commercial school in a brand-new suburb, his ingenuity would have found some way of sending imaginary roots from it into the past, and surrounding it with historic associations.

It often seemed to me surprising that a man so fond of old things as your father should also have so eager a delight in making new things: and in fact there was in his mind a remarkable combination of two tendencies—one to practical and creative activity, the other to admiring contemplation of the past—each of which had to be very strong to balance the strength of the other. I cannot but think that, if he had not had an unusually keen pleasure not only in achievement, in the production of results socially useful, but also in the process, the ingenious adaptation of means to ends, the intensity of his historical interests and sympathies would have tended to make him purely conservative —a "laudator temporis acti" obstinately opposed to innovation: on the other hand, if he had been less historically minded, his equally imperious desire to have everything with which he had to do rightly ordered and administered, and performing its work vigorously and effectively, might have made him a thorough-going radical. The result of the two tendencies together, balancing and blending with each other, was that, while intensely averse to destructive changes, he was always inclined to sympathize with efforts at social reform of the constructive or adaptive kind, even when he could not agree with the principles on which they were founded. I have always thought that—unlike most men —he grew less conservative as he grew older: still, at all times of his life, any breaking of a link with the past, not absolutely indispensable, would give him pain, any preservation of such a link would give him pleasure. I remember that, in the sixties, when I and others of the younger fellows were organizing and discussing attacks on various old institutions in Trinity, I was usually careful not to talk to him of these assaults, planned or delivered: but there was one practice as to which I hoped that even he might sympathize with our condemnation— the practice of making the sizars dine on the remains of the fellows' dinner. But I found I was wrong; he deprecated any change; he had been a sizar himself and had always felt that, as a poor student, receiving eleemosynary assistance from an institution endowed with funds to promote learning, was in a perfectly honourable position, it was mean and ungrateful to be

ashamed of any outward symbol of the position. "Especially," he added,—not wishing to speak too gravely for the occasion—"as we got a very good dinner."

On the other hand, if he hated change, he was still more averse, not only to disorder, but to want of efficiency, stagnation, want of vitality in any institution in which he took an interest. So far as radicalism means a disposition to wake things up, make institutions more alive and machinery more efficient, I think he generally had a certain sympathy with radical movements, even when he could not join in them, or even felt bound to resist them.

This essential interest in vitality, spiritual and social, strongly influenced the attitude of his mind on religious and ecclesiastical questions: and more and more, I think, as time went on—though I do not mean to suggest that there was any fundamental change.

*To a colleague, who, on being told by Dr Benson that the work done by his form was wanting in accuracy, had replied by compiling a list of elementary mistakes from a bundle of Upper VIth exercises.*

*March* 23, 1867.

My dear A——,

It would really be better that you should not reply, as you have three times done, to advice about points on which I wish you to lay more stress in teaching your form, by preparing immediately a catalogue of mistakes made in the VIth. You can scarcely think me ignorant of their shortcomings, and it will not alter my advice.

I want you to take my hints simply as they are meant, and to act on them without considering that there is any necessity for such a *tu quoque*, which I must tell you plainly, though good-naturedly, does not suit either your dignity or mine.

I have handed your notes to my boys who will, I hope, lay them to heart.

Ever yours,

E. W. Benson.

*To Professor Lightfoot in reply to a letter urging him to write on Tertullian or Cyprian.*

*April* 7, 1867.

My dear Lightfoot,

Many thanks for your letter. It is necessarily a great pleasure to think that you and Westcott have thought me capable of writing on such a subject, but I fear that I should disappoint you. I shall probably go on working at the subject for myself, and if I have time and continued health I shall probably write on it. But then failure would only touch *me*, and no one would have a right to quarrel with me, however much they might think I had mistaken my vocation. But if I write for you and Westcott, I shall fall into both misfortunes.

This would be a very serious consideration: for I would rather enjoy the smiles of you both, even if they were somewhat pitying, (considering the miserable estate of a Headmaster—that *servus servorum mundi*—) than have you both frown on me for attempting what I could not compass, even at your request.

I have not yet read all Tertullian: of Cyprian I know really nothing. And with my present life I read so slowly that it is impossible for me to say *when* I could be ready, (Kitchin says Schoolmasters will undertake anything, but never finish their work —my case certainly,) even if I attempted it.

Then I feel that there is an unknown amount of knowledge required as to the source of Tertullian's knowledge of either the Text or the interpretation of the Bible. And Versions are a terrible subject. Though Westcott would no doubt guide me in this, he would I have no doubt find me as inapt as he has done ere now in other things which I did not like—Aristotle to wit.

Now all this considered I don't quite know what to say. I don't want pressing to try anything you would like me to try, but I should not at all like to do it badly, or short of my own ideas as to what ought to be produced on such a subject.

Your ever affectionate,

E. W. Benson.

*To Professor Lightfoot.*

THE WEIRD, NITON.
24 *April*, 1867.

MY DEAR LIGHTFOOT,

I shall like Cyprian, I doubt not, almost as much as Tertullian—I hope you will not want him *soon*. I will set to work immediately with a will.

I shall give summer holidays D.V. entire to it, and if you won't want Cyprian till *after* Xmas, will undertake to have him ready. This is what I hope you can allow in the way of time—I *might* do it sooner, but would rather not.

Yours affectionately,

E. W. BENSON.

*To the Rev. B. F. Westcott, on the death of his little daughter, my father's godchild.*

29 *Jan.* 1868.

MY DEAR WESTCOTT,

If as a Father you can feel so purely the gain of dying, I as her Godfather ought indeed to be simply glad that one of my children is with God. But I *cannot* help grieving even over that little one who has only been "suffered to come" without one stray glance away from Him.

To-day when your letter came, tho' I knew you were in mourning already, a kind of strange sense made me draw it out of a whole heap of letters and read it first. I felt, in the strange way one feels sometimes, that there was a weight in it.

Ever with our love to all your house,

Yours lovingly,

E. W. BENSON.

*To Canon Wickenden.*

*July* 14, 1868.

MY DEAREST FRED,

I am 39 to-day. And full of grumps. I feel I ought to congratulate my friends on their having had another year over me, and really life is now so full of mere work, with a constant

sense of dissatisfaction brooding over the hours, and so little of time for enjoyment that the very power of enjoyment goes away fast, and I constantly go off from pleasant things to work which is not pressing, simply because I can't enjoy pleasant things. My mood all day is to be glad that elasticity does not act as once it did, and repair all that was bent at a bound, and I own I mourn less for what time takes away than for what it leaves behind. One has no business to say all this even to one's oldest friends, however I *must* say it to someone, and to whom so well as to you?

Your ever affectionate,

E. W. B.

At Wellington my father as a headmaster lived rather outside direct ecclesiastical influences; his most intimate friends were engaged in work similar to his own. Dr Westcott was a house-master at Harrow; Dr Lightfoot was Tutor at Trinity; Mr Hutchinson was at Rugby; while Mr Wickenden was an invalid. In 1866, in the summer, Dr Westcott and Dr Lightfoot joined in a summer expedition with ourselves at Llanfairfechan. As we drove the last stage of our journey in a coach, Lightfoot was engrossed in a novel of Jane Austen's, laughing as he read, with the rich chuckle that was so characteristic of him, and refusing to look at any of the surrounding scenery. In 1868 the same party, with the addition of Canon Wickenden, took two adjacent houses in Langland Bay, near Swansea. To Langland also came John Wordsworth, now Bishop of Salisbury, who acted for a time as my father's Composition Master to the VIth form at Wellington. The only other ecclesiastical visitors to Wellington that I remember were Bishop Atlay of Hereford, and Bishop Hatchard of Mauritius, who had sons at the school.

Through John Wordsworth my father was introduced to his father, Christopher Wordsworth, then Archdeacon of Westminster, who came to stay at Wellington in 1868.

The same year Bishop Jackson was translated to the See of London, and Dr Wordsworth appointed to succeed him at Lincoln.

Mr Carr writes:—

I may mention here what I believe was the first interview between Dr Benson and his predecessor in the primacy, Dr Tait. It was on the occasion of the marriage of the Rev. J. H. D. Matthews, now Headmaster of Leeds Grammar School, with the Archbishop's niece, Miss Edith Selfe. The wedding breakfast was at Lambeth Palace; Dr Benson was among the guests, and in the course of the afternoon Archbishop Tait took him and others (among whom I had the privilege to be) over the palace. It was an interesting meeting of those two great men, and I believe the beginning of their friendship.

*To the Rev. B. F. Westcott, recently appointed Canon of Peterborough.*

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.
20 *Nov.* 1868.

MY DEAR WESTCOTT,

First let me say how glad I am about Peterboro'. A tardy recognition and small, but one which I know you will much care for and the first only I hope of worthier ones.

Then let me thank you for your sermon[1]. The only thing I do not like candidly is its hopelessness. If it *is* a great work, why should the tone of the sermon place you yourself outside of it? Am I wrong in so reading it, or is it but εἰρωνεία[2] that we may find suddenly, while listening to you speaking distantly of it, that the new power of the Kingdom of God is among us? For all else it is beautiful and noble and true—and its εἰρωνεία may be well its best truth.

You will be pleased, I imagine, about London[3]. Not displeased I hope about Lincoln. He[4] was staying with us (having received Disraeli's letter on his way), while making up his mind. Or rather, while altering it—for he had determined to refuse.

[1] *Disciplined Life.*

[2] A pretended ignorance, purposely assumed.

[3] Bishop Jackson of Lincoln, recently translated to London.

[4] Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., Archdeacon of Westminster, recently appointed Bishop of Lincoln.

He is really a most loving and most interesting old man. He won hearts freely just by his simplicity and self-denyingness. He is more than nine-tenths of an ascetic already. Shall we not have in the Coenobium[1], an Episcopium—or apartments for retired Bishops? He is really quite eager about the Coenobium—sees the force of it.

Yours ever affectionately,

E. W. Benson.

Doesn't every clause of the Lord's Prayer, said with the thought of a new coming organisation within the Church, seem to teem and throb with a new life?

*To his friend J. F. Wickenden.*

1 *Dec.* 1868.

Dearest Fred,

What account of yourself? I hope you don't think that my trade makes me really as un-fond as I think it must seem to do. You have no idea of what life is becoming to me—a humming-top is the only thing that resembles it, perpetual motion, very dizzy, hollow within, keeping up a continuous angry buzz.

You must not think or speak of yourself as you do, unless speaking so helps you not to think so. I am sore puzzled—for Westcott is just in the converse frame of mind to you, and thinks he has sacrificed higher things to *βιωτικαὶ μέριμναι*[2], and I don't know what to say to him because he won't be persuaded, false as his fears are. (Of course you won't say anything of this to anyone, —I shouldn't have said it to you, except that your own unbased self-reproach may somehow be a little healed by looking at *his*—which is the exact converse.) Who are such consolers, such friends, such helpers when there is no help, as people like you? You are forbidden to take constant regular, grinding work like ours which unfits us for gentleness, mercy, faith, that you may do a Samaritan work. If you are quite well and strong again you will

[1] A college for married priests, with their families, which Mr Westcott thought might be founded with advantage. See *Contemporary Review*, Vol. XIV. p. 101.

[2] Cares of this life.

smile at me—but I feel it for all that—it is in weakness after all that men are most strong:

> Man's weakness waiting upon God
> Its end can never miss—
> For man on earth no work can do
> More angel-like than this.

Oh, if you could only know all my bitterness of self-reproach, called to a work of which I am not worthy, and not often sensible of its importance, you would be thankful.

Ever your loving friend,

E. W. Benson.

*To the Rev. B. F. Westcott, on his scheme for a Coenobium.*

Wellington College.
3 *Dec.* 1868.

My dear Westcott,

I was very much obliged to you for, and yet very sorry about, your last kind letter. The hope of the Coenobium is I fear dying away for us. But though it is very true, as your sermon says, that the founders of the ascetic organisations have hitherto been young in years—yet the very idea of the Coenobium is that it should be begun by men with families. It must be in its birth what it is to be afterwards. The world is to be resigned by the New Coenobites not before, but after they have entered into it, and it is Family Life for which a higher pattern wants now to be set.

I know the caution needed, and I feel that in fact I am not nearer to it than you are. But I want to *see* my theory—and must it not be necessarily *out* of the βιωτικαὶ μέριμναι that the new order will come forth? As for your not having listened hitherto to calls from Heaven, I am sure that it is the intensity of your listening under so many hindrances, and in asceticism which you have already found possible, that made me hope the star would rise in our own day and over our peaks.

But I am far—oh infinitely far—from being ready to take the step myself.

I am not sure whether you will be pleased or not pleased to hear that I have been offered and accepted the Chaplaincy to the

Bishop of Lincoln. It is in one way another link to you and Lightfoot which is delightful of course. But I feel that it is in some slight measure a compromise of myself with a party with whom I do feel but do not think, and I don't know whether to look for *good* or *harm*. However, as *neither* is more likely, I need not trouble about it. My colleague is Meyrick[1].

Ever affectionately yours,

E. W. BENSON.

## *To his Wife.*

### *(Enthronement of Bishop Wordsworth.)*

RISEHOLME PALACE.
*March* 31, 1869.

DEAREST,

I couldn't write yesterday before post time to give any account of myself as you are superior to those womanish fears which are allayed by the apparition of a directed envelope. So I did not post one. By the way I am *not* superior to them: so mind you *always* send me a line under similar circumstances.

The county of Lincolnshire is, my dear, flat: flat, certainly, but not without an effectiveness of its own. But Lincoln Hill is certainly most grand. And Lincoln Cathedral (with its long ridge super-cathedrically long, and its three towers, which are proportioned to one another and the ridge in a very perfect way regarding it merely in block) is most grandest.

The Bishop came very punctually and the Chapter came down the Nave to meet him at the West door, headed by the Dean who *en route* asked me to lunch. The rest of the clergy "vested" some in surplices and some in gowns, one in a biretta, two in white stoles, and one occasionally keeping himself warm by wearing his hood in a very sensible and peculiar manner over his head.

The Bishop descended from his carriage, looking well but more tired, took his place, the clergy preceding him, and John Wordsworth and I following him as his chaplains.

The Te Deum was chanted while the procession advanced. It went right up to the high altar and the Installation was at

[1] The Rev. Frederick Meyrick, Prebendary of Lincoln, Rector of Blickling with Erpingham, Norfolk.

once proceeded with, after the silent prayer. The Dean did his part well, and the Bishop with great dignity and as if he *meant* it. Then to the Throne in which he was placed just as the Archbishop was at Canterbury. He himself then read the Lord's Prayer and the people joined in at "And lead us not." A good effect. Then versicles and responses—then, "How beautiful are the feet," and then the Collect. The Chapter went to their stalls: I had the honour of sitting in the kind of wing stall which in this fine old throne there is on either hand of the Bishop's throne for his chaplains: John Wordsworth sat next to me—Mrs Wordsworth in the other stall on the west side of the throne. If I had had the Mitre on my knees, or the book of the Gospels, like the Archbishop of Rouen's chaplains, I should have felt beautifully mediaeval. The service was very beautiful to my mind; the boys singing very carefully and very precisely, though the pointing was too complicated to allow of its being congregational enough, and the chants were not familiar. The choir was very full. There were a good many people about in the nave, and there were perhaps 100 clergy. There did not seem to have been wide enough or definite enough notice about the day, or there would have been more. And they did not get the Mayor or the laity well represented. The Dean and Chapter seem to have very little notion of how to manage to win the laity and they are deservedly unpopular though very amiable, nice people. They somehow want working into an effective institution and I do trust the Bishop will be able to lead them. He has the most fervid and the most businesslike ideas as to getting their cooperation, by consulting with them, forming committees and giving them church work to do in earnest. It is only in this way that Chapters and such bodies can regain their position and do their needful work in the world and (if it is not already too late) I hope the Bishop may induce the Chapter of Lincoln to do something.

After the Holy Communion, which the Bishop celebrated and which was a new thing in this Cathedral!—I mean on such an occasion—and which was a very good and happy hour for all (though I was sorry the service was not richer at this highest point)—and which may I hope be a sign and a pledge of new blessings and truer communion of pastors and people than in past times—the whole company went into the Consistory Court where the Bishop delivered a *most remarkable* and *touching* and businesslike speech. What strikes me about him is that there is so much

poetry about his views—the very highest of poetry I mean—in the looking to an ideal state of things both in common life and in church matters together with such wonderful practicality in his idea of how to set about it. Whether with such a diocese he will have time and strength to *organise* himself, no one can say. But one may trust that he will inspire some people and set them to work, on a less confused tack than hitherto.

The Bishop spoke of the suggestive physical characterisation of the place—a Christian Parthenon on a Christian Acropolis—"a city set on a hill"—high above the smoke and din of the world—of his great predecessor, St Hugh, and of a probable presence of a Bishop of Lincoln with a presbyter and deacon (i.e. as it were John and me) at the Council of Arles in the 4th century, which opened my eyes in a matter of antiquity. Grosseteste[1]—Sanderson[2]—and Kaye[3]—a Reformer before the Reformation—the author of the Preface in Book of Common Prayer—and the learning and gentleness of the last. Then he spoke of clerical and lay action—and what do you think? of *Woman's* action. I almost think, of the *representation* of Women—"to whom as well as to ourselves the Church belongs."—I wished you had been there before all day, but especially then. You see that Radicalism is not the only woman's help. He spoke most feelingly and movingly too of the position of Dissenters and of how we ought to deal with them. Dissenters through no fault of theirs—hereditarily and by circumstances only—and not *at present* bitter or unmanageable.

It made an impression.

He walked about afterwards shaking hands and thanking some clergy present for an address, which had been so bunglingly managed that some were excluded—and the Chapter who ought to be the very persons to manage all such things had not signed at all.

We all went to the Deanery to lunch, a nice luncheon but too select. Such a beautiful house, with all manner of arts and sciences and luxuries visible everywhere, not protruded you know, but peeping out. Jeremie[4] of course full of complaints in all directions against people who had not given him due notice of how when and for whom the ceremonial was to be. But we know what this means. Fancy Alford murmuring because he didn't *know!*

[1] Bishop from 1235—1253. [2] Bishop from 1660—1663.
[3] Bishop from 1827—1853. [4] James Amiraux Jeremie, Dean 1864—1872.

But he is very poorly and looks wretched. I am sure I do not know what would become of the Church of England if he resigned his Professorship; it is so good of him to enjoy it and keep out some possibly dangerous thinker like Westcott for instance. All his kindliness which is great and his wit and his knowledge can't make me forgive this deadly wrong he is doing at this time. However I remember him in the Litany and hope his heart will turn.

Riseholme is really a fine house and the grounds are very nice. There is a lake about which I had not heard, and a pretty and dry walk by it, up and down which the Bishop walked with me for more than half an hour; very pleasant it was and very good for me. I don't at all like living in this time of cloud. If there is a change coming in the Church of England I hope it will come soon. I don't approve of being swept away, and would rather have to set to work on the bits and rubbish to build the new house. However the Bishop and I agreed that the change was coming.

The Bishop has evidently an enormous mass of work and wants a private secretary to do nothing else—a Private Secretary like you, who could write exactly like him and forge his name and not trouble him about his letters or his own affairs at all—what a treasure you might have been developed into by a judicious headmaster. If the E. S. Bill[1] is carried I shall retire into my dressing room occasionally, teach the Sixth, and you shall carry on everything else. I will take Martin's Latin.

We are now going to walk into Lincoln to the service. The maidens are highly and naturally indignant at there being no seat for the Bishop's family. They sate opposite to the Throne yesterday but in some Prebend's pew not their own.

It is ridiculous and is among those things in which Chapters are so silly. They stand on precedent as some people on etiquette. It may be questioned whether the Dean would think it correct to put out the Bishop's robes if they caught fire,—unless some Dean could be proved to have done it before. They would not allow a Canon's baby to be baptised in the Cathedral though there is a font there—on that ground.

Your most loving husband—with regrets after all that I didn't bring you by might,

E. W. Benson.

[1] The Endowed Schools Bill of Mr W. E. Forster.

Bishop Wordsworth nominated my father his examining chaplain, and made him Prebendary of Heydour-cum-Walton, the stall of which was close to the stall he was afterwards to occupy as Chancellor. The Chapter of Lincoln is supposed to say the Psalter daily, a portion being assigned to each Prebendary. My father's Psalms were iv. and v., *Cum invocarem* and *Verba mea auribus*; a plaster cast of the *Miserere* of his stall adorned ever after the walls of his study.

In the evening before his installation as Prebendary of Lincoln, he wrote the following prayer:—

LINCOLN, *July* 8, 1869.

Lord, Thou knowest how from a child Thou hast put it into my heart dearly to love the beauty of Thy house—and how earnestly in all the minsters of England I have prayed that Thou wouldest raise up once more among us the Spirit whereby they were once builded to Thy Name, and inhabited to the peace and edifying of Thy people; and that Thou wouldest give even to me some portion of that Spirit and some sight of the work thereof before I die, and some part in the same.

Let my prayer continue in Thy sight, and hearken unto it, O Lord. I thank Thee that Thou givest me to sit in Thy holy Church of Lincoln, though the office of Thy churchmen is become for our sins and uselessness but a shadow.

We and our fathers have abused and wasted and corrupted Thy glorious gifts of old and they were taken from us and we care not, because we know not how great is the work that is passing out of our hands and how large the means which Thou hadst given us to perform it.

O Lord, have mercy on us ere it be too late. Let not learning and study and peace and beauty and order be taken away from us. Restore, O Lord, the colleges of Thy priests through the whole land, but let them be priests rich of poverty and alms-deeds, of diligence in mercy and in sacrifice, of righteousness, of zeal, and discretion.

Let them know that the vileness and thought of our vices and the misery of our ignorance will not pass from town or country through the ease of pastors and the sweetness of their inheritance.

By the Sign of the Cross, good Saviour, teach us this.

Thou hast said Blessed are the poor, but we all seek to be rich and plentiful in quietness.

And the priests' wives and children that should strengthen us a hundredfold are through our weakness snares unto us.

This, Lord, is painful, pitiful confession of my own sin and weakness and the weakness of my brethren. And it is not in me to help. But, O Lord, send by the hand of him whom Thou wilt send.

And in silence and unknown, let me help in the cause and open ways speedily, good Lord, that we know not, ere I be old and die. The sins of my youth and the selfishness of all my days have taken all strength out of me and I ask no honour in Thy service for I deserve but shame. But I pray—I earnestly pray—I earnestly beseech Thee, good Lord, to let me have some work to do and grace to do it. To feed Thy sheep better than I have fed Thy lambs.

My life has not shed light, O Lord, and therefore my words can give no more strength. But, good Lord, let the words be Thine, and let not me nor any man ever think them mine, and the vileness of Thine instrument shall magnify Thy glory.

O Lord, restore to Thine houses Thine old armies of priests and companies of preachers, but let them be the people's priests—not lovers of wealth nor courtiers of power—let us have learnt our lesson once for all, good Lord, to belong but to Thee and Thy poor people—so shall not history and life and Thy word be wasted on us any more, nor even on me Thy poor and blessed servant. O Jesu, Shepherd, Master, Prince, listen and save.

E. W. Benson.

To be made Prebendary of Lincoln to-morrow in the Stall of Heydour-cum-Walton—and I ignorant of the very meaning of such a word[1].

[1] See *Lincoln Cathedral Statutes*, Part I. the *Liber Niger*, Bradshaw and Wordsworth, Cambridge, 1892, p. 210. "Another copy (i.e. of a form of Installation of a Canon or Prebendary, printed in 1863) used at the admission of Dr Benson to the prebend of Heydour-cum-Walton, July 9, 1869, is now preserved in the Muniment-room at Lincoln (A. 4. 12). It was supplied to him as the authorized form by the Chapter Clerk. The form of oath contains the following clauses: '.....do swear that I...will observe and keep all the Statutes, Customs and Ordinances, written in the New Registry, and also all others published or hereafter to be made and published by lawful authority.....I will inviolably observe the *Laudum* or determination of the late Venerable Father in God, William Alnwick, Bishop of Lincoln, so far as

This appointment, which involved no residence but only two annual sermons, was an immense pleasure to my father. The connection with the ancient foundation of such a Cathedral was a source of pure delight to him; Cathedral problems, long congenial to him, began to occupy his mind closely; these thoughts were the germ of his article on "The Cathedral, its Life and Work," published in the *Quarterly Review*[1], and his contribution to the *Essays on Cathedrals*, edited by Dean Howson (1872, Murray), which he afterwards reprinted in one volume and amplified[2]. His friend Westcott was by this time a Canon of Peterborough, and was much occupied with the scheme already referred to, of a Coenobium, or monastic establishment of married clergy who were to live simple domestic lives of study. It is to be feared that the essence of such establishments is after all celibacy, without which men cannot have the freedom from cares or the sense of common as opposed to individual attachment to their work. My father was more definite: he was anxious to see established celibate societies of preachers, but he realised that the Canonical life could well be restored in modern days, and that marriage might help rather than hinder it.

The following letters passed between him and some of his old friends on the duties of Prebendaries.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.
*July* 10, 1869.

MY DEAR LIGHTFOOT,

I have *two* most pleasant letters of yours unanswered—a rare event for you and me. I wish I could have come to

I lawfully can, and may, by lawful authority be required to do....' I have some recollection that it was in his efforts to investigate and to understand the obligations involved in the latter clauses that Dr Benson (now Primate of all England) learnt many of those lessons from the 'Old Activity' which have helped to direct the renewed life of the Church of England in recent years."

[1] Vol. 130, No. 259.

[2] *The Cathedral: its necessary place in the life and work of the Church*, by Edward White Benson, Bishop of Truro. Published by John Murray, 1878.

Windsor, simply because your proposal was so delightful. I should have enjoyed to walk with you beyond anything. But the afternoon had to be spent in travelling to Lincoln, where I was yesterday installed as Canon of the Cathedral Church of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Lincoln, and Prebendary of Heydour-cum-Walton in the same Church!

And now I want you to write me a screed on what you consider to be the duties of unendowed Prebendaries in Cathedral Churches, what they are to be and do or aim at. There are two annual sermons connected with this stall—but *that*, I suppose, you would not think to be the ἔργον. What is the *raison d'être* of an unendowed prebend? It is not an ecclesiastical medal, is it? If you say yes, I shall be ashamed of having taken it, for I haven't deserved it. And yet—however, sketch me out my duties: I shall ask B. F. W. the same, and if your views converge I shall be satisfied, as well I may be.

How unkind to say that you imagine I don't hate show days. If you saw me blanched and boiled on Speech Day you wouldn't say so—Ugh!

By the way, Prebendaries of Lincoln have votes in the Chapter for election of Bishop—and Proctors: when we are disestablished, our *wasted* vote will become precious. But don't say we must wait till then.

The Bishop is very anxious we should do something. But *quoi?*

Affectionately yours,

E. W. Benson.

*To the Rev. J. F. Wickenden.*

Master's Lodge,
Wellington College.
15 *July*, 1869.

My dear Fred,

I am so much obliged to you for your jolly little note, that I take the liberty of saying so—at the same time as I thank you for your former letter (grievously misdated "St Peter's Day") congratulating me on my Stall.

You know me well enough to know that, whether it is childishness or not, the thing pleases me more than what many would consider far more fortunate things. Surely the fact of so

much gold being or not being attached to a priesthood in a Church does not make the difference between reality and shadow.

But I don't know whether you are aware that Canons of Lincoln—for in spite of the usual name we are "Canons of Lincoln and Prebendaries of such a Stall"—have votes in the Chapter—for the Bishop! in his election!

But—ah my revered friend—just wait till we are disestablished, and then the vote will mean something. The matter has been brought into court, and meaningless as the privilege is, who knows but that the decision that the votes are legally to be taken in that and one or two other little things, may not just be the underground thread—the winter life of the Dormouse.

E. W. B.

*To Canon Westcott.*

2, ESPLANADE, WHITBY.
12 *Aug.* 1869.

MY DEAR WESTCOTT,

I want very seriously to ask you what are the duties of unendowed Prebendaries. You are the only person I know who has given any serious consideration to Cathedral subjects. They seem to me to be very important subjects, and yet the world seems to be letting Cathedrals sink out of existence, and the cathedral bodies to be doing a great deal to bury them out of sight. *You* will not feel insulted because I know you are of the same mind, and if any one will do something to save them—(and I hope and trust *write* something to show their place and function before it is too late) it is you.

Now it seems to me that the fact of receiving money does not make the whole difference between the *functions* being real and being none—and so I want you seriously to tell me what you do think the unendowed Prebendary of Heydour-cum-Walton in the Cathedral Church of the Blessed Mary of Lincoln ought to do for his work. I have to preach twice in the year and to recite daily two Psalms. Is that all?

I have also a vote for the election of *Bishop*. Is the whole function become a scorn and derision unto men that are round about us? If you say so, I shall doubt whether I am a Bonze or a πρεσβύτερος[1].

Affectionately ever yours,
E. W. BENSON.

[1] A Presbyter or Elder.

*To Canon Westcott.*

2, ESPLANADE, WHITBY.
*Sept.* 4, 1869.

MY DEAR WESTCOTT,

If *you* cannot tell me what are the duties of our unendowed Prebendary, I must subside. I asked Lightfoot too and he only chaffs. But I cannot believe it to be too late to do something. I feel more and more devoted to the idea of corporate associations, and their work—and to see them perish off the face of the English earth is too grievous. If I had a private fortune I should certainly go and live at Lincoln and try whether I could not be allowed to do something. But how I prate!

Ever yours affectionately,

E. W. BENSON.

Two years later he felt somewhat differently, and wrote again:—

*To Canon Westcott.*

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.
*Sept.* 30, 1871.

MY DEAR WESTCOTT,

It seems to me that a Prebendal Stall has ceased to be a shadow even, or to contain a hope. I may have been dreamy or foolish in supposing it was a representation of what had been, and might be again, which it was worth keeping up, just for the sake of continuing a tradition to bridge over the intervening epoch. But at any rate I was serious, or I should not have allowed myself to be installed with a religious Service, and have taken a very solemn oath that I would maintain the "rights" of the Chapter.

But now, the Bishop's Council having been reconstituted in a formal way[1], the holder of a stall has become only a person allowed to wear a surplice and to preach twice in Lincoln

[1] The Ecclesiastical Commissioners Act 1840 formed a code remodelling the Capitular System. Among other provisions the annual residence of Deans and Canons was fixed at 8 and 3 months respectively. At Lincoln a fourth Residentiary Canonry was added to the three already existing, and the Prebends were converted into Honorary posts, their incomes being merged into the Commissioners' Common Fund.

Minster—and the oath is broken—or at least has become one which there is no possibility of fulfilling. I have thought it over and do not at present see it in any other way.

If I *ought* to have seen it at first, and known that there was no reality, I am very sorry. Because I do not wish to be a figure in ecclesiastical farces; and if either the status is changed, or if simply my eyes are opened, I think upon the whole I ought to retreat from a false position. I shall be very sorry indeed to vex the Bishop of Lincoln, but I have thought of writing to him to resign the stall. Indeed I have half written the letter explaining my reasons, but I quite determined to do nothing rashly, and to write to you before I sent it. You are the one person in England who thoroughly understands it, and I am myself quite at sea in many points which to you are quite clear on principle. If therefore you will be so kind as to help my decision, I shall be once again grateful.

Yours ever affectionately,

E. W. Benson.

The Headmaster after some thought decided not to resign the Stall. The traditions of Lincoln were already very dear to him, and he looked upon the appointment as having come to him as a call to do his best to infuse new spirit into ancient forms. As he so often said afterwards, "It is a great mistake to abolish old traditions because they seem to be practically useless: they meant something once: we ought to try and revivify them that they may mean something now."

*To his Wife.*

Riseholme.
17 *Sept.* 1869.

Dearest,

Yesterday afternoon Susan and John and I walked with the Bishop after the Paper, and a delightful walk the other way round to the one which you didn't go after you went away the day before, so now you know exactly. It was towards Nettleham. Well, the Bishop's talk was delightful and went on to the end of the world and I was surprised that he does not expect a material restoration of the Jews. Perhaps I *should* have

known, but John didn't either. You should have seen him just stand and lift up his hands (not in deprecation, but earnestness) and say, "Not in the least, John—not in the least—don't let us Judaise Christendom—let us Christianise Sion—wherever a child is baptised, *there* is Sion—there a citizen is born into Sion."

In the evening they made me tell the stories of St Hugh I told you at Whitby. I just made it a little more complete—*and* looked at my *watch*—I daresay I made plenty of mistakes, indeed I was pulled up for some—but *I* was interested and they kindly declare they were. The best was that Monsignore did not go to sleep. He winked 40 times in succession just at the end—but not 41 times. I said a very little about the last scenes, but I couldn't trust myself to say all. I've promised to read a little of what I read to you one night to the Maidens by themselves, only it must be when I don't feel cry-ey.

I wish I had *time*. I think I shall speak to Macmillan about St Hugh. But how am I to do one tenth of the things I have to do? With my head full and bound to be full from morning to night of the faces and fortunes and nicenesses and naughtinesses of all those 320—and what I must try to make the Governors do, and Mr Gleig, and enmities and intrigues and book-keeping and the price of meat, and the consumption of beer, and my sermons on Sundays, and Westcott and the Dictionary; however I think all those are so many disjected stones and that they want a keystone to make them into an arch stable and true and that their keystone (I think) is St Hugh.

Fancy what appears by the Register! Won't Jeremie shake in his shoes?

Dean Mackworth was presented to the Bishop in the 14th century, for various articles, among which was that he wouldn't walk in the procession "directe et linealiter," but would walk "oblique"—and either side by side with or close after the officiating clergyman.

Your ever loving husband,

E. W. B.

He writes in a Diary a description of one of his journeys to Lincoln at the end of 1870 for his preaching turn as Prebendary:—

*Sunday, Jan.* 1 (1871). I travelled from Exeter to Lincoln on Dec. 31, and had still to end my sermon. I preached in the

Cathedral in my turn as Prebendary on the Circumcision, the Festival taking precedence of the Sunday, which had otherwise been the turn of the Archdeacon of Lincoln. I ventured to preach on the necessity for steady preparation for the disestablishment of the Church of England. In the afternoon the Bishop Suffragan of Nottingham preached in the Nave and openly criticised my sermon. But he was friendly to me personally, though he spoke of the subject after. He is content with things as they are. The Bishop of Lincoln not so, but thinks we need not precipitate by looking on. He wishes me to preach the other side of my view—the loss to the State which will ensue.

*Monday, Jan.* 2. Lunched at two with the Dean[1]—most amusing—acute—witty—his quotations from French—his plain but perfect table—make me always think of a French ecclesiastic before the Revolution. The very last of the type.

Since he resigned the Regius Professorship he has taken a new lease of life and spirits.

The merry pleasant anecdotage of the conversation is all that one can carry away; and certainly if Deans and Minor Canons live this life of elevated gossip always, it is very different from the earnest life of the Bishop's house. But whose fault is it, but of those who have alternately taken away means and work from what should be the greatest institutions of the Church?

The close relation which sprang up between my father and mother and the whole Wordsworth family was a source of the deepest happiness. Besides the Bishop with his vast learning, his mystical devotion, his brave and tender spirit, his deep unworldliness, there was Mrs Wordsworth, the most affectionate of friends; Elizabeth, now Head of the Lady Margaret College at Oxford, whose interests were as wide as her insight was swift, and whose facility not only in literature but in art was remarkable; Mary, now wife of Canon Trebeck of Southwell; Priscilla, wife of Dr Steedman of Oxford; Susan, now living at Lincoln; Dora, who married my father's successor, Chancellor Leeke—all most sisterly spirits;—John, now Bishop

[1] Jeremie.

of Salisbury, with his fertile, slowly-working and profound mind; and Christopher, then at Cambridge, a man of patient erudition. This sudden discovery of so many like-minded friends stimulated my father's whole life, and gave him a new form of happiness. It was just what he needed to brighten a life of drudgery and authority that tended to centre his thoughts on himself and a somewhat narrow horizon.

His health, which had not been good, improved: he became better, and by 1870 he had recovered his vigour of body and mind. Very great was the benefit derived from the delightful holidays taken in concert with the Wordsworth family at Whitby in 1869 and Ambleside in 1870.

Miss Wordsworth writes:—

Among the pleasantest of our recollections are those visits at Wellington College at the close of the sixties and the beginning of the seventies. I never get a glimpse of the fir woods now when travelling on the South Eastern line, without feeling as if the old life must be hidden away somewhere behind those red stems and deep green branches, that your mother must be on the look-out for us with a volume of Browning in her hand, and a corner of that green velvet sofa kept vacant in the pretty room with its pine-wood wainscoating and the beautiful prints, and that your father will be coming in to insist on our hurrying out before it gets too dark to see the new mosaics, St Matthew, Daniel, or Melchisedek, in the Chapel.

In those days he was, I believe, the youngest-looking of Headmasters, and this look of youth lasted quite into middle age; this was partly owing to his abundant hair, light brown and for a long while hardly touched with grey, his clean-shaven face and active eager looks and movements. I think I should say that eagerness, fervour perhaps would be a better word, was his main characteristic. I always used to notice the size of his eye-balls, which when he was excited showed more than in an ordinary man's face. He had the hands too of an enthusiast, every finger full of character and vigour. It was a pleasure to see him handle anything. It was curious that with an oval head and face the hands as I remember them were very square. The beautiful brow and mouth are familiar

to us all from photographs; he used to laugh and say that when a boy he had tried to cultivate a "horse-shoe frown," which readers of Scott will remember characterised the race of Redgauntlet. The line of the eyebrows sloping downwards from the centre of the face (as in classical sculpture), and not horizontal or even sloping upwards, as in many English faces, gave great distinction to his countenance, and was beautifully repeated by the outline of the upper portion of the head. But no photograph could ever reproduce what is seldom seen in a grown man to the extent it was in him, the rapid change of colour in his face. I have often seen him blush with pleasure like a schoolboy. This characteristic, together with the unusual flexibility of the lower portion of the face, gave a great range of expression, and was, when combined with a rich, deep, sonorous and often very affecting voice, a splendid outfit from nature for such a career as his was to be.

He was a very quick observer, with a most delicate eye for minutiae. Things like the "tooling" of a well-bound book, or some slight architectural detail, or the different forms of letters in early MSS. were dear to his very soul. In the wooden benches in Wellington College Chapel there is a tiny line of "dog-tooth" moulding inserted among the plain lines which finish off the backs of the seats. I feel almost sure this was his doing, it is so exactly like him; it is a mere nothing, and yet gives a certain distinction to the woodwork. It was this little touch of distinction which characterised everything he had to do with. Such things as the tone of a bell, or even some detail in dress or jewellery or furniture were all matters to which he was keenly alive. He was an admirable draughtsman, and had he not been an Archbishop would have made a first-class architect. As a slight illustration I may mention the design he gave for a friend to work on his sermon case, the ☧ with the Dove above it, and the red and yellow tiles, with the heads of saints, that he designed for the dining-room fire-place at the Chancery.

I have always thought it curious that with so much of the artist and critic in his nature, he never quite did himself justice in his literary style. He was a great admirer of Thucydides, also of George Herbert, and at one time he was a diligent and enthusiastic student of Carlyle. Certain it is that while (even in his private letters) there are many most felicitous phrases, *as a whole* his style was more nervous than easy or attractive. However, it was *his*

*own*; a voice and not an echo. It was *himself*, his own personality, that told on others. He possessed in an unusual degree that kind of magnetism which makes those who are in company with its owner always conscious of what he is doing, and instinctively disposed to follow his lead. (Except Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, I never knew a man who possessed this quality to a greater extent than your father, but in the Bishop's case it was, I think, more consciously exerted.)

You could not be with him for three minutes without feeling he was no common man. "There's that man Benson taking it all in," was the ejaculation, in half-comic, half-despairing tones, of a candidate who had come to Lincoln for ordination and was exploring the Cathedral with a party headed by the future Archbishop under the guidance of some habitué of the place. It was this power of taking things in which always struck you when you were with him. We had a most delightful combination-holiday once at Whitby, and his intelligent knowledge of the whole district added greatly to our pleasure. I think I can see him now in his old flannel coat and black felt hat hammering away with you and Martin for geological specimens in the Whitby cliffs (three ammonite brooches, much treasured by my sisters and myself, were a precious record of St Hilda): or carrying over his arm the brown rug striped with blue, his mother's gift when he went to school, and settling down for a good read upon the sands.

Certainly in all that part of Yorkshire his foot was metaphorically at least "on his native heath." The long out-door walks were good for him physically, and there was that background of ecclesiastical antiquity typified in the fine old Abbey which dominated the headland above the fishing village—alas, rapidly turning into a modern watering-place!—which exactly suited his mind.

A record of one or two of these Yorkshire walks from a journal kept at the time may stand for a specimen of many others.

*Saturday, Sep.* 4, 1869. Walked with Dr Benson and John to Sleights moor, close by railway. Splendid walk over sandy heather. Beautiful distance, tumuli and hills. Feet sank deep into heather, and nothing between you and the sky. It seemed a place for extremes meeting. Turned past a railway cutting to the left. On our right a rich hill side, mountain ash, I think, and bracken—a dell between. What a wilderness of purple flowers! and woods beyond, which we had not time to visit.

Talked about *Christian Year*. How much of the classical element. Dr Benson regrets "sister nymph beside her urn[1]." Why has Christianity no Homer? Round by Littlebeck. Much struck by the windings of the stream which we followed closely. One grand beach overhung by cliffs. Longed for a figure of St John the Baptist preaching to a group of people beneath their shadow. Passed close to the Throstle's Nest. Had a race for the train, quite needless, and after all waited half an hour at the station discussing Hymnology. Dr Benson repeating "When I survey &c." Subjectivity in hymns.

*Thursday*, *Sep.* 9. Went up in evening with Dr Benson and others to finish sketch of dear old Abbey, which seems to have been part of ourselves. Walked about, watching the beautiful sky behind the old lancet window. Presently —— and —— joined us, and we all walked about together arm in arm saying the Heydour Psalms (iv. and v.), the Magnificat, and Psalm xxiii. It was an evening none of us will, I think, ever forget. Walked quietly to the gate of our Paradise, feeling, as E. W. B. said, "Resigno quae dedit." Down the steps—across the harbour in a ferry boat. Some one playing "There's no place like home."

*Friday*, *Sep.* 10. To Lincoln. In afternoon to Cathedral, E. W. B. with us; beautiful anthem of Hayes, "He maketh peace in thy borders." A happy welcome at home. New dish. The *Laudum* of Bishop Alnwick[2].

It was delightful to pass from the picturesque ruins of Whitby

[1] The allusion is to the Poem for Monday in Easter Week:

Or canst thou guess how far away
Some sister nymph, beside her urn
Reclining night and day,
'Mid reeds and mountain fern,
Nurses her store with thine to blend?

[2] This alludes to the fact that at Riseholme, the residence of the Bishops of Lincoln, on the visit described, a covered dish was placed before my father by the Bishop's orders, which, when the cover was removed, was seen to contain the original copy of Bishop Alnwick's *Laudum*, which had just been discovered in the Muniment Room. My father had asked the Bishop what *was* the *Laudum* of Alnwick which as Prebendary he had sworn to obey. The Bishop could not tell him, but caused a search to be instituted with successful results. The *Laudum* was the written award made by Bishop Alnwick as arbitrator (in 1439) upon the fierce altercation between the Dean (Mackworth) and the Canons of Lincoln. He afterwards drew up new statutes (Novum Registrum) for the Cathedral which were never enforced. See p. 326, *note*.

to the living splendours of Lincoln, in that happy September of 1869 which nearly closing, as it did, the first year of our father's Episcopate, seems to me as I look back upon it, almost the high-water mark of our enthusiasm. I should perhaps say that Dr Benson's enthusiasm for the Cathedral and City life, and it would be unfair not to add for the Bishop, had a reflex action upon ourselves.

We viewed the life there in the light of his vivid and poetical imagination. I can see now the irradiation of our own dear father's face at some outburst of zeal, assumed petulance, and humorous irritation, or effusive and characteristically expressed gratitude on some occasion that awakened the easily roused feelings of his chaplain. When he first appeared in his chaplain's scarf in the Chapel at Wellington College it was popularly supposed by the 4th form boys that Mrs Benson had died in the night and that he had promptly adopted this method of going into mourning for her. So at least the story runs (*ben trovato*).

The following is an extract from Miss Wordsworth's Diary a little later:—

*Sunday, Sep.* 2, 1871. Wellington College. Morning, all but Mary to Sandhurst Church. After dinner E. W. B. read *Pilgrim's Progress* to us and the children out in the garden. Evening, walked to Sandhurst Church and back. Father and E. W. B. talked on classical subjects. Aeneas leaving Creusa (à propos of my mother dropping behind and telling them not to wait for her!), her appearance to her husband afterwards, and saying he had been quite right—subjection of women in heathen times—the good laws of Augustus Caesar concerning marriage &c. preparing the way for Christianity—the extraordinary change in the character of Tiberius—beginning so well—to be traced (E. W. B. suggested) from the time of his enforced divorce from his wife and marriage with his wicked niece Julia, after which he lived in a kind of voluntary exile, and emerged from it like a madman.

*To Miss Wordsworth.*

MASTER'S LODGE, WELLINGTON COLLEGE.
*St Michael and All Angels*, 1869.

MY DEAR ELIZABETH,

Don't think me ungrateful for a letter for which I was impelled to write off a thousand thanks that minute. But I'm

really delightfully busy. It would do your heart good to see how good tempered the Pickering Moors[1] have made me in spite of neuralgia. I have seen 17 people in the way of interviews since 12 o'clock, and I assure you I'm not discomposed. It's amusing to tell you what a heap of work has to be done, but it will not be at all amusing if you take that to mean that I am too busy to delight in letters. The expectation of letters from you has changed my views with regard to the post, and the wondering Porter (whose crimson countenance is so badly matched with his scarlet waistcoat that if Mary saw it, it would put her at once out of conceit with my hood—would it be *right* to *dismiss* on that account an otherwise satisfactory man? I wish you would tell me)—well, he wonders to behold me about Post time advancing to meet him, instead of disappearing round the Chapel at his approach.

9 p.m. There is the most beautiful sheet lightning flashing every instant in the North as we come in from Chapel. It is the flashing of Michael's sword.

. . . I seem to see Wellington College 400 years hence, a graceful ruin with a happy party spelling out the E. . . and the W. . . and the B. . . and the M . . . gister of an old stone in the day when parents having recognised their own duties to their children, marvel that ever they could have been sent to herd in the masses of a public school, and then they will vilify those who strove to inspire and purify them, as some dear friends of mine are content to accept the tales of enemies about the old men[2] who kept society sweeter until very near the end, when society's own evils burst in upon them.

But oh, what sorrow it is to think that Lincoln and Lichfield and Winchester and all the rest may pass out of our hands with all their capacities undeveloped! . . . You will all shudder at the Post-bag, as I did at Whitby. But it is all your faults: I never talked so long in my life as I did about Cyprian *that* night, and never wrote such letters before, so your fault it must be.

[1] Near Whitby. [2] I.e. the monks.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### PROSE AND VERSE.

"*The milky way, the bird of Paradise,*
*Church bells beyond the stars heard, the soul's blood,*
*The land of spices, something understood.*"

GEO. HERBERT.

I WILL here give two or three specimens of his literary style at this period, both in prose and verse; they reveal his mind very clearly, both its strength and weakness—the rare beauty, fervency and originality of his thoughts, and the over-elaboration and quaintness of diction that obscure the lucidity of the thought, and divert instead of concentrating attention. The first is a mystical discourse on a verse of Scripture, written on St Cyprian's Day (26th Sep.) 1869, apparently at the end of the Summer Holidays, and addressed to three of the Miss Wordsworths. It has never been published. Its quaint mediaeval title is—

"Concio
habita in spiritu
ad
Tres Sorores *de Prato Resurrectionis* (Riseholme)
Die Dom.
Natali autem S. Cypriani
A.D. 1869.
Habuit Macarophylax Albius Benedicti F."

[A speech made in the Spirit to the three sisters of Riseholme, on the Lord's Day, also the birthday of St Cyprian, A.D. 1869. Edward White Benson made it.]

And especially worthy of note is the passage which deals with the death of saints, which seems to foreshadow in a way that is almost prophetic, the manner of his own death, and the holy influences thus withdrawn from the Church.

S. Marc. vi. 31.

Venite seorsum in desertum locum et requiescite pusillum.

"Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest awhile."

Proem.

Dilectissimae sorores—we are met together to-day in spirit not in flesh, being absent in body not in heart, and therein I preach to you, even while you, in this my heart, do make music sweeter than organs to the glory and praise of GOD.

And my pulpit hath twelve sides, being none other than the garden table whereat I write on the lawn; and the sun westering, doth smite the right cheek of my face. Whereby I find that I must work while it is called to-day, because of the evening of night wherein no man can write or work—also the twelve-sided table mindeth me that this sermon must be truly apostolic, writ on the very figure of the Holy College.

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Dearly beloved sisters—It was "Venite seorsum" that Christ said. After a while he said, "Exite foras." But this time, "Venite seorsum." Another time he sent them through all the cities of Israel, but this time it was "Requiescite pusillum."

Yet surely one would have said that God's work was already standing still too much, when John Baptist was laid in his grave. His disciples came and told Jesus, and would not a man have thought that now was the time for one greater than John Baptist to step into his place, and from his place into a higher, until he had revealed Himself? Or if in the secret counsel of God that hour was not yet come, will He not send one of the Twelve, a Peter or a John, to take up the work—to "penetrate the masses" yet more with the call to Penance; to lift them by one or two simple ideas well-grasped and made their own to higher ways, whence they might lift their eyes again above their fallen estate, and seek a better peace with GOD than had of late been theirs.

"Venite in desertum locum"—the teaching of nature—GOD's

speech read in the beauty of the wilderness—this is to be their immediate teaching and their abiding strength. Not Nature alone, but nature in the presence of Jesus Christ. Nature alone is oft too weak to heal us, too weak to teach—too oft in her glorious beauty she is even our temptress. But nature in the presence of Jesus is strong indeed; and we too ourselves have wondered, and have spoken of our wonder, that the purple of the moors and twilight on the river while the northern sea lay all gold, and the living beauty of stately trees and waving branches, should have such power to make us forget the world's trouble or labour, and send us home stronger at evening than when we arose in the morning. It was because Jesus Himself drew near and went with us, and talked with us by the way, for His speech has power to penetrate not the ear only but every organ which He hath made: He made the channels and He sends out the streams that fill them.

He that walked in the heat of the day in the garden which He had made for the man to love, He Himself, beloved sisters, hath wished that we should spiritually discern things which the holy birds, and the innocent things that dwell among them, know not.

For as well as the teaching of Nature under His presence, they had too the conversation of friends. The companionship (dearest of all things that God gives on earth) of those who loved the great past, who hoped for a greater future—who amid the immediate wreck had eyes yet to see that the great fragments were not to perish for ever; that the bare gable and the stately buttress might be framed into yet statelier homes than of old, so as for the spirit of man to be hallowed and grow great again, and for the suffering of the world to be healed, and for the outcast poor to have the Gospel preached to them.

Here was their healing—and under so great a calamity—here was their education as their thoughts grew peaceful again and turned once more from the past to the future.

Venite seorsum—the bidding, while all obeyed it—woke different feelings in different hearts. Some perhaps understood it as He meant it—other some would be only too willing to hide their sorrows—yes, and perhaps their despair of an age which unconcerned saw so much go down that was true and good; and of a society whose regenerators were thus marked for early doom—but some perhaps in their sense of strength unused, and courage

unbroken, thought—(or would have thought but that they trusted Him)—that they were wasting time, that they needed none of this teaching of Nature—that they had learnt all that intercourse with friends could teach them—that, even as to their association with Christ Himself, the times pointed them rather onward to use what they had learnt already, than still to linger even in His sacred presence.

However, the choice was not theirs but His—He bade them "requiescite pusillum"—and they rested.

And so again do *they* lie down to Rest, just when it seems as if the world's need and the Church's is the sorest, who after long lives of keen experience enter on silent years of incapacity[1], and pass away from the hearts of men more than if they died—and they too who, touched more gently, actually pass away[2] to sleep in the dust when their knowledge is fullest, their spirit clearest,—yes, and their hearts gentlest and the spell of their presence and their words most potent.

The later age of some of God's servants seems to attain to such fulness of wisdom and sagacity; the impetuousness of youth gone, yet its courage and its fire remaining, its intellectual brightness as fiery keen as ever, its loves more true, more tender,—the inexperience to which conquests once seemed easy has been succeeded by an experience which sees in multiplying difficulties only multiplying hopes, yet knows that each difficulty is a fort impregnably held for the enemy unless the *one* access to the citadel is found: once they were overburdened with grief at the failure of attempts which they knew to be in a holy cause, and even yet can scarce think ill-directed; now they are upheld by a faith which knows that the science of attack on Satan's fortresses is in advance—be it ever so little—of the skill with which they are defended: their ancient eagerness is all there, yet it is an eagerness entrenched in quietude. And now the moment is come for some decisive movement—who is so fit as those venerable saints to head it? Yet in that very hour—to the baffling of our intelligence—the wisdom of God sees the moment for withdrawing them. "Venite seorsum" is breathed in their ears; "et Requiescite

[1] Henry Philpotts, Bp of Exeter from 1831 to 1869. He last addressed the House of Lords in July, 1863, but was compelled from feebleness to speak sitting. His last act was on Sep. 9, 1869, to execute the resignation of his See, which did not take effect as he died on Sep. 18.

[2] Bp Hamilton of Salisbury, d. Aug. 1, 1869.

pusillum": the osculum Dei kisses their spirit from their lips. The battle goes on while the heroes are parted from it, and while their guiding hand is wanted most they are already on their way "in desertum locum"—to a fair lone place where they find Christ and the Apostles sitting still, as once beside the Galilean Lake, pausing "awhile" till the hour of their recommencing work comes round again.

And bethink you of the Apostles' Rest—was not the Feeding of the Five Thousand their next day's work? Christ's own widest miracle—their own most blessed ministry to the poor and faint and weary. In all other miracles they were but devout reflective watchers—in this they were happy partakers as full of activity as the day before they were full of rest.

And bethink you again of the Rest and Repose of the Faithful Departed. Who can tell the calm glory of that Rest? The joy of the contemplation of the Face and Word of Christ, who is the unsetting Sun of Paradise—but, beloved, if it pass our utmost thought to conceive of the perfectness of the Rest, what shall we look for as the *Work* that shall flow out of that same Rest? When once the Lord riseth, and calls men about him and goes forth, what think ye will be the infinite work for which that rest is now preparing them?

If the sleep of the Dead be so blessed in vision and in knowledge, what shall Life from the Dead be?

Let us beware lest we misname or misapprehend any appointed Rest. Let us no more yearn for present employment when God's providence bids us "be still" than we would think it good to yearn after cessation while God bids work. Shall we not miss a blessing if we call Rest a weariness and a discontent, no less than if we called God's work a thankless labour? If we would be holy in body and spirit shall we not keep smooth brow, light heart, whether he bids us serve his table, or wait our summons? To turn a new page in Nature's Book is a worthy pastime, say rather it is a new way of hallowing the Revealed Name of God: to intercede for those who have no time, or who have hearts too anxious and too pressed to pray effectually; to learn the great ways whereby old states of society were wrought into the substance of God's kingdom: to weigh well if there be remedies yet unfound which shall meet the strain of our society to-day: to know the principles, to scan the aims, the means, the steps of the saints; to lay aside all that can hinder us from union, that can weaken

our own hands when the call comes (as it will come surely), these things are not the hasty preparations of an hour before midnight. They demand thought; they demand loving gentle speech, patient of difference, keen to stimulate; they demand cheerful discoveries of God's goodness to our souls; they are things which cannot be inwrought but by those who will stand in sunny places till the Warmth of the Light of the Visage of Him who is Risen pierces every cold shadow. The life of one man is very short; the life of a worthy society is endless, for it passes on and works in one spirit while its members are withdrawn from it one by one. How shall the efforts of men be gathered up together once more as in the societies of old, so that Christian Lives shall not be golden grains sweeping down amid the river sand, but be gathered and wrought into an armlet for our King, and rest as a sceptre in His Hand, as a crown upon His Head!

The saints of God are jewels, but in this day they have no setting. It is worth your thinking of, O beloved maidens, as it is worthy of all men's thinking; even though we none of us shall ever have part (it may be) in the working out, yet the more they be that will give their hearts to it, and talk of it by the way, the sooner will they whom God shall call be able to begin, and the readier will they find the soil for the sowing.

To trace the old paths: to understand the present: to talk of the future: these methinks were things whereof the Five Wise Virgins spake, what time they watched the Lamps burning till the Bridegroom came. They waited and they wearied not, albeit there was so little for them to do.

St Cyprian now prayeth ever that work begun in Carthage may have fruit in England, and over all the earth—and we will pray with him. Perchance in the mind of God he seeth us praying, and loveth us in his Lord. But be it so, or be it not so, we pray with you as you with us; pray ever that the work of your father, your brother, and of me unworthy whom ye have honoured with such a name, may be work that shall endure when all that is built on the Foundation shall be tried with Fire.

I bare you in my spirit—because ye desired me—this day before the Altar of God, while the Blessed Gifts lay thereupon; yea, I bare you all, I forgat not one that belongeth unto you: I made mention of you while I made mention of St Cyprian, and of the Church of Lincoln, and of mine own house, and of the God-taught youths whom our Master hath appointed me to feed.

Behold, He hath sent me unto you for my peace, and because He saw that my wife and I lacked hearts of peace and faith to commune with us and hold us to His side. Therefore I give thanks for you all, beloved sisters, and pray ever that He bless continually them whom He hath made so good to me and her, even while He called some from the earth who had loved and cherished us hitherto—that He bless you and perfect you and all yours and your Mother and Father and mine in the Lord Jesus. Amen.

Explicit concio circa mesonyctium.

*To Miss S. Wordsworth, on the "Concio."*

WELL. COLL.
*Nov.* 29, 1869.

It is so pleasant—it would be affectation not to say so—to hear that Miss Frere[1] cared for the Concio. I must only say that when I turned over the leaves of your copy of it I *did* wish I had spent more time on it—and what a happy coincidence (to me) of Miss Frere's having written on the text herself. There was a kind of prophetic tenderness about the lines, as if a sense were present while they were written—only half conscious—of *that* not being the only rest which God forces on us sometimes. Don't you fancy that the end of Rest being Refreshment (even of rest which we unwillingly take, when we are forced to sit still and wait, and seem to see the sun going down, and our work spending itself), while for some, hard work and business goes on increasing till the end of life, so that they may rest at once when it is over—so for others who are forced to rest before they die, death is the instant beginning of their new activity? There must be *some* wanted to *begin* the work of business of the new life before all the multitudes begin to be engrossed in it. Those whose Rest is here are perhaps marked as the pioneers *there*. This is all very drearily expressed—I haven't concentration to write three stanzas about it, and so my meaning suffers.

How good of you to speak of writing out Cyprian as an enjoyment—that part is so dreadfully dull, that if you are not crushed by it, I really shall feel scarcely any scruple about the more entertaining part.

Your ever loving,

E. W. BENSON.

[1] Sister of Mrs Wordsworth, and at that time a great invalid.

The next specimen is a poem written on the summer holiday at Whitby in 1869. There was a stone with a Roman inscription built into a wall at Julian Park near Goathland, a wild moor village among many tumuli and signs of Roman and British habitation, which they made an expedition to see. The MS. has a sketch at the top, not very artistic, of the stone.

E L(egione) VI(sexta) Vi(ctrici) L(quinquaginta) V(exillarii) M(ilites)

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"Even select troops of hostile barbarians were frequently compelled to consume their dangerous valour in remote climates and for the benefit of the state." GIBBON, CH. I.

Found it at last along the dree stone wall!
A stone of stones! a Cephas to the rest!
And the bruised bracken 'plains of pilgrimage
Ruder than ours who would have let it wave
To shade with tender green the grey-head thing.
How faint the lines! And each disjointed curve
Not curved, but dragged with straight and angular score—
No mason hand! no mason weapon here!
A dagger point it might be, and a flint
To rub the chipping smooth, and groove it more.
—A dagger point;—and here he sate who worked
The iron pen—sate sideways—so the line
Of letters from the right initial droops.
"Keeper! it was a Roman made these words,
Was't not? How say you down in Julian Park?"
"Ay, Sir! and wants a Roman back to read them—
Never saw any man could read them else.
But there were plenty Romans once awhile
In Julian Park. We found their Church one day
Down in the gorse—censer and broken cross—
The parson treasures them.—Aye! they were Romans."
"And are the grouse plentiful on the moor?
I saw a black-cock yesterday"—
"They're rare,
The black game. And the grouse are still but poor—
Ne'er looked up since the pest—two years agone."

Then fell the weirdness that still comes betimes
When, after earnest talk, I fall to talk
For talking's sake, because I am too wise
For them that know a little less than I.
So with a shiver I felt it coming on:
I grew to be the keeper. Then I grew
A thousand years old—cold and fatuous,
And watched myself, a-stroking of the stone,
And turning to a Roman.
Is this a Roman? this fine nostril? eyes
A-glitter, cheeks aflame—fire under ash,
Ash palely strewn 'neath skin of tawny silk—?
Womanish chin? These long-lashed lids? those hands
So thin, so long, wrought in transparent bronze—
That clutch, that twitch the dagger up and down,
Filing white dust out of the lichenous rock?
This is not one hath tugged the she-wolf's dugs;
Child of some captive race—race prone to die—
Race long out-worn, and beautiful in decay,—
Rent from the East to watch the lowering West.
For so these giant Romans hurled the world,
And bade the nations keep each other down.

"Mithra! farewell—thou canst not shine!
This land of mist it is not thine.
I worship now a worthier shrine—
I worship Jove Capitoline.

"Thou canst not give me back the life
I pledged—thy Priest—ere days of strife.
I feel thee:—for my soul is drawn
All aching to the land of dawn.

"Yet thou no more shalt rule my will,
Though thy slack leash torment me still.
I serve who smites, or sun or shade,
And scorn the gods that cannot aid.

"And you, my friends, the Forty-Nine
Whose helmets gild yon purple line
One moment, as ye round the swell
Of that broad-bosomed heaving fell,

"I could not, would not march with you,—
This paltry life just oozing through—
These gentle folk, tho' full of guile
Will shelter me, for my brief while.

"They call'd you home across the brine—
The Prince and Jove Capitoline;
And year by year our camp of turf
Must melt into this peaty scurf.

"Then who will know how stout a line
We muster'd round our crimson Sign?
Our Fifty Men who held the land
Quiet from here to Dunum sand;

"Our Fifty Men! Death comes apace.
My dirk and he run out the race—
But I will mark our Fifty's pride
Ere in my wrist he stems the tide.

"Twenty adored the Libyan sun—
Twenty the Persian—I was one.
And Ten were of the Royal line
That worships Jove Capitoline.

"Fresh Fifties from the Victrix sent
For forty summers came and went—
But we have been five years away,
And I the first shall die to-day.

"God knows how valiantly we wrought:
Blithely we hunted, blithlier fought;
And blithely earned the thankful smile
Of this poor people full of guile.

"Ah, Death! you come—but it is writ,
'Victrix' and 'Fifty' every whit.
'Twill take a thousand years of rain
To wash this boulder smooth again.

"Now have me, Death! nor more ado:—
But, Death, where will you take me to?
To gods who smite or sun or shade,
Or back to him who cannot aid?

"When from the heather-bloom below
A mist upon the mists I go—
To the bright Mithras of my line,
Or up to Jove Capitoline?"

The dreadful burden of his careless song—
The aweful earnest of his careful strokes—
Rang in mine ears, while from the heather-bloom
He passed, and I was sitting where he sate,—
Keeper beside.
Joannes[1] took my arm,
And click'd my note-book and his own—and soft
With searching eyes drew me across the bent.
I dared not ask, I know not till this hour,
Whether he saw the double change or no—
Wrapt in the sketch, or gazing o'er its edge.
But still I yearn'd tow'rd Jove Capitoline;—
When two fair sisters—*Pré St Anastase*[2]—
Beckoned us on because the sun was low—
Clad were they in pale blue—and on their arms
The scarlet under which still sleeps the white
Wherein arrayed they prayed the Dove descend.

The following lyric was written at Wellington College: I do not know to what it alludes.

Just Lord, when I have done a wretched right,
And good men think to do a merciful wrong
Correcting me, let fall a cold clear light
Between us. Make them wise and make me strong.

"Justice thou may'st not wrest favouring the poor."
O grievous, gracious rule, who then may live?
Yet better die upon this purple moor
Sooner than rase the line thy fingers give.

E. W. B. *Feb.* 1872.

The following lyric belongs to early Wellington College days:

CUM ME TENENT.

When this vain world's deceitful show
My heart enchanted keeps,
Then one who walks with me below,
My guardian Angel, weeps.

[1] John Wordsworth. [2] Riseholme.

But when with tears my tale of sin,
On bended knees I tell,
Joy springs the Angel's heart within,
Who loveth me so well.

Farewell then joy whose fruit is pain,
Spring in mine eyes, sweet tears,
Spring ever fresh and fall like rain,
To weep my sin-stained years.

That in the heavens my woful mirth
May wake no wailing voice,
But to behold me wean'd from earth
The Sons of God rejoice.

E. W. B.

The following lyrics were written in the later Wellington College days:

*Half Truths.*

The Edge of the Wood.

Vox pavitantis[1].

Sweet lives about my footsteps lie
As white as this fresh fallen snow,
Nor those pine columns climb more high
Nor redden to a heavenlier glow
Than lives of friends that o'er me tower,
My summer shade, my winter bower.

But how the shadows throng behind!
Are there such shadows on *their* days?
Those ghostly lights that flit and find
Cross lights, gross glooms in vexing maze!
And what that formless thing below?—
And—Christ!—those footprints in the snow!

Vox Paracliti.

Ah! pinfold heart—looplighted soul,
Who, pleased with half a parable,
And rebel still against the whole
Would'st learn my lesson, but not well,—

[1] The voice of one who is in dread.

Are not my shadows lovely too?
And was it not my Hind ran through?*

Those formless tufts?—Go near and say
"This is a sorrow buried fair"—
The dusty brown, the dusky gray
Shall purple forth in heath-bells rare;
In countless bells of still perfume
And waxen delicacy bloom.

* *Which is a hard place of Benedicti. But I say that the Hind whose slot scared him in the snow was "the Hind of the Morning" or as it were Aijeleth Shahar, and he knew it not.* Note by the author.

## Vox Languentis.

True Light! Though I have built too low,
And cannot catch Thine orbèd sun;
That heaven is bright with Thee I know,
And Thy clear dawning is begun.
Dawning so clear that I can tell
How trends the shore, how fall the rills,
Where glooms the angel-haunted dell
And forms of the eternal hills.

Dear Warmth! I chose me lands of snow—
And, while I linger on my knees,
My folded hands to marble grow,
And all my genial currents freeze;
And yet I think this is not death
Because I *feel* the cold so keen:
The very snowdrifts underneath
Keep warm perhaps a living green.

Great Strength! but I have none of Thee.
I see—I feel—but cannot rise.
And weak ones call for help to me—
O agony of agonies!
How canst Thou bear my upturned eyes?
This breath too weak to break in wail?
Would I not serve Thee could I rise?
Or give me strength—or draw the veil.

The following poem is an answer to the preceding.

VOX PARACLITI.

And said I that thy strength should be
A glorious might with might to spare?
Which dashed to earth despairingly
Would but rebound to do and dare?
So shouldst thou chide Me, O My son,
And I with thee not once would chide.
Yet lie thou still—I whisper on—
And all My love I will not hide.

As wine of heaven in myrrhine bowl;
As dying love in whispers breathed;
So is My keenness in thy soul,
All might in thinnest frailty sheathed.
The myrrhine will not break: the air
Trembles—the ageless word is said:—
And thou art not too weak to dare:
Flow, Heart! thy fountain shall be fed.

Though thou for utter faintness pine,
Shrink from all tasks and fear all pain:
Once put thy hand to work of Mine,—
'Tis wrought—and thou hast borne the strain.
Then Who was with thee all along
New summer, springing lights reveal.
Trust Me—I said thou shouldst be strong,
I said that thou shouldst be, not feel.

*A remembrance of Easter Eve in Rugby Chapel*, 1868.

The following is an elaborate poem in the style of George Herbert. It is adorned with a careful sketch of a crowned heart, surmounted by a cross, and encircled at the base with a ring of tiles.

YE TRUE READING.

A Quip.

Of late I got a pacquet from the Court,
And label'd, "For thy Chapel—by the Aulter—
The Legend is for profit and for sport—
Sort it, nor faulter."

The pacquet had in it a kinde of mould:—
The Legend was nine tiles—on each a letter:—
I marvel'd how my king should be so bold
To send no better.

I raked my moulde, and by the holy horn
I strewed it; then I fell to at my spelling—
But how I grieved upon my Prince's scorn
Is past the telling.

For with that moulde it 'sorted parlously,
As thus in one plain circular I laid it;
And, every letter fitting curiously,
"VILE EARTH" I made it.

But then I saw the strangest miracle,
For every grain forsook its proper station
And ran in current; and each particle
Glowed red carnation.

"My V, my L, have gone astray," quoth I:—
"'LIVE EARTH'" quoth I, and sorrowed of my blunder.
And penned a letter very gracefullie
To prayse the wonder.

Then once again it chang'd: it clomb in air:
But it dull'd back into its old clay colour.
Yet on a point it stood; then, rounding faire
Swell'd and grew fuller.

I mused me—and I posed me—moved the type—
"'VILE HEART.' But ah! my Emp'rour, my Creator!
Did not I know it? And didst thou not wipe
Out hence the traitour?"

In that same instant it grew cristall clear:
Th' hyaline sea is not more clear and brightsome:
I lost all sense of wrong—all sorrow and fear—
I was so lightsome.

For then I saw Emmanuel's light of love;
Knew what he meant.—Back V and L I shifted;
And tow'rd dear musick in the airs above
My front I lifted.

And the bright heart went flashing round and round
At th' Aulter place, immortal ichor bleeding,
Translucent unto Him and whole and sound:—
"LIVE HEART" 's the reading!
F. BENEDICTI—hys quip
And the syghte is overlefe.

In the early seventies the Greek Archbishop of Syra and Tenos came, as I have said, to stay at Lincoln: my father was much interested in him; the Greek Archbishop attended the Consecration of Dr Mackenzie as first Bishop Suffragan of Nottingham, in St Mary's, Nottingham, about which my father wrote:—

Did I mention to you how much I was struck with the impression made by our Consecration of the Elements on the Greek Archbishop? If not let me tell you on the other side. Only be merciful.

He watched it most intently as did his chaplain, each time that a new consecration for the multitude of communicants was required, and he put out his hands making faint half gestures to himself of crossing and blessing the bread and wine with such a strange dreamy mystical look. While the Consecration was going on in the body of the church, he talked quietly to the deacon about it for some time—and I saw him *imitating* with his finger and thumb the easy way in which the Bishop of London transferred the bread from the credence to his paten; and then with a half pitying smile he raised his eyebrows and nodded and put out both hands as much as to say, "Did you ever see the like?"

He wrote the following sonnet on the same:—

Ο ΤΗϹ ϹΥΡΑϹ ΚΑΙ ΤΗΝΟΥ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΟϹ

*and how he kept festival with us of the Epiphany of Christ in St Mary of Nottingham.*

Bronzed of Aegean summers, bowed with power
"Laid on," saith he, "by God, and borne by God[1],"
Erect above us kneeling, hour by hour,
Veiling his raven tresses' lustrous flood,

[1] His words to Bishop Mackenzie.

Tenos and Syra's Alexander prays
Forgetting Delos' sheen 'mid our dim grays.
Robed like a purple sunset, still he read,
Yet half he scorned our sweet simplicities,
Familiar-reverent of our broken bread.
Prayed—smiled full soft—and smiled and prayed again.
And with unconscious hands felt for the thread
Of his own gorgeous, antique mysteries.—
Ah Lord!—ah! for Thine undivided reign
Splendid as Heaven, and as Thine upper chamber plain!

I subjoin a hymn written in 1873 by my father at the request of a neighbouring clergyman, the Rev. H. S. N. Lenny, Vicar of Crowthorne, whose Church was dedicated to St John Baptist and consecrated on May 5th of that year. Crowthorne was a little hamlet close to Wellington College, and in the Parish of Sandhurst.

*A Hymn for the Festival of St John Baptist.*

June 24.

Praise we the Baptist's living Lord
  Who evermore shall crown
For His dear Church the ageless Word
  Of Him Whose Name we own.
The Wonders of old time are ours,
With deeper meanings, richer powers.

"Behold the Lamb of God," he cried—
  The voice that thrilled the waste;
Down to the full on-rushing tide
  The pilgrim thousands haste,
There from unfaltering lips to win
Knowledge of self and grief for sin.

"Behold the Lamb of God: He stands
  Yet silent and unknown;
Bright with baptismal fires, His hands
  Lave and refine His own."
So still our spirits, Spirit-stirred,
Are born of water and the Word.

"Behold the Lamb of God!" he sounds
A more soul-piercing strain:
God's spotless Lamb—and ours the wounds—
For this world's Life is slain;
And mystery of mysteries,
We touch, we taste that sacrifice.

Great Three in One, Who didst o'er-gleam
That mystic ministry,
Father in cloud, and Son in stream,
And Spirit hovering high,
More blest Thy kingdom's youngest child
Than the dread prophet of the wild!

# CHAPTER IX.

## WELLINGTON COLLEGE.

"*Sonantem plenius.*" HORACE.

In the year 1869, Bishop Temple was appointed to Exeter. There was a good deal of High-church opposition to the appointment, headed by Bishop Wordsworth, who regarded the Headmaster of Rugby as a dangerous heretic. My father was not only a most loyal admirer and friend of Dr Temple's, but knew how deep and ardent his holiness was; he wrote both in the Newspapers and to private friends most firmly in defence of the strength, wisdom and faith of Dr Temple, and sent to the Bishop of Lincoln copies of his published letters, enclosing a resignation of his Chaplaincy. The Bishop of Lincoln smiled and threw the letter into the fire; and my father became Dr Temple's examining chaplain as well as the Bishop of Lincoln's, and held both appointments simultaneously for a few months.

My father wrote to the *Times* concerning the Temple Controversy. The letter is dated "Wellington College, Oct. 16," and was printed Oct. 22, 1869. A few paragraphs may be quoted.

I hope not to be thought presumptuous if I venture to raise a voice for the honour of one on whom the whole fight is turning. The same motives which have kept Dr Temple silent so many years under misconstruction may very likely keep him silent still. His better and abler friends are silenced, too, some

by their position, some by the party cries which would challenge their advocacy, and some of those who know him best, and therefore value him most, by the immediateness of their connexion with him and his work.

In these circumstances I venture to write as one lying under none of these disabilities, whose religious and ecclesiastical opinions, so far as they may be known at all, will be known to differ "by the whole sky" from the unhappy book, the worst page of which is turned to-day, and as one who, nevertheless, may claim Dr Temple's friendship as one of the best parts of his life.....

There has never been quoted an unorthodox *dictum* of Dr Temple's. He is incapable of uttering or holding one. If he held one he certainly would utter it, for his worst enemies allow him fearlessness, and those who have had the very slightest contact with him know well that there is "such an honest nature in the man" that to obtain or retain one office or gift at the price of concealing an opinion is not in him.....

My own opinion is that the book[1] not only went infinitely beyond this, but that the conception was a mistake and the proposed treatment uncalled for; that theology no more suffers than any other science from conventional terms and definite language, and that it is no more advisable to call "the Law" "a rule," or to call a conscience enlightened by the Divine Spirit "principle," than it would be desirable, as the late Master of Trinity humourously proposed, to adopt the same method in physics, and treat of the "impenetrability of matter" as the "unthroughableness of stuff." But the choice of phraseology, at any rate, is a matter of opinion, and there is good precedent even for such attempts to bring philosophy down among men.

He goes on to say that Dr Temple's Rugby Sermons are the best answer to the charges brought against him by Dr Pusey. He continues:—

I read the beginning of the second sermon: "The return of Easter should be to the Christian life like the call of a trumpet. It is the news of a great victory. It is the solution of a great perplexity. It crowns the work of Christ. It was expected by prophets, it was witnessed by apostles, it is the

[1] *Essays and Reviews.*

foundation of apostolic doctrine." Is this the language of one "whose whole argument" is, as Dr Pusey, alas! believes, "hostile to the Creeds"? In another sermon I read "of the mysterious grace of God" (see note at the end), of "the secret power of the working of the Atonement of Christ, working even in those who have never heard of the Atonement." Is this the language of one who holds the Bible story to be but "a stimulant to the conscience," like "one of George Eliot's novels"?

Sir, that Dr Pusey should have penned this sentence is a real grief, and I cannot but believe that his love and candour will recall it; but that he should ever so have written wrings one's heart. That he should seek, too, disestablishment as a welcome deliverance from the most energetic toilsomeness, the tenderest feeling, the Church is likely to have laid at her feet for many a day, this makes the whole Church one's confidant. "Hostile to the Creeds"! I have been in Rugby chapel often when the Creeds have been chanted, and then the sight of the Headmaster's stall has revived the memory of another "complete image of the union of dignity and simplicity, of manliness and devotion," which we have read of.

There are many now who could tell you of faith established and love of Christ made real by his work, and love of the Church too. His Form, his House, know well how constantly he has pressed on them the reading of their Bibles—"daily, alone, making it the one rule of life." To one person I know he absolutely refused to read a famous sceptical work, discussed at the time in all reviews and in all companies, till the half-year was over, "because I will not go to the sixth with even the thought of his sentences hanging about me"; and one in fear of worldly contentions, asking, "How shall I bear it? What can I do to get strong for it?" was answered, "Go to the chapel." And one who was disposed to put aside the Offertory and use another means of collecting money remembers even the tears with which the eyes swam before the lips had finished the sentence: "If there are two ways of doing a thing, and the Church has approved one of them, that ought to be sufficient to make us choose it and love it."

Sir, the self-denial, the resolution, the health-breaking labours of this man have inaugurated a scheme which, whatever may be said against it, will revive our old waste places of England—wasted money, wasted buildings, wasted energies—into fresh,

strong fountains of education; and there are other institutions which their *soi-disant* friends talk of "revising," but the remedies they have yet proposed will stiffen in death the languishing members. If they are to be revived it must be not by handing them over empty and swept to a grand custodian, but by thronging them with active and well-organised workers, as the other foundations will be thronged which he has touched.

They who censure this *congé d'élire* know not the man. They know not the singleness, and truth, and patience; they know not the courage, the manliness, the life, which they would divert from the service of the Church; they know not, which is more, the power of inspiration, not short of genius, which he has for others, the energy with which contact with him sets other men to work; how many a shadow springs before him into reality. For, least of all, do they know his sympathetic charity, and the might of his Christian faith.

We have yet to learn how we are to give our great institutes their true reality; how we are to make ourselves worthy once more to be the Church of the masses—masses which it is my firm belief he will have helped powerfully to penetrate with the love of the Cross, the love of the Church, when *Essays and Reviews* are forgotten.

Thank God for the tokens which are abroad that other of our Bishops, too, see somewhat of that great secret! But we cannot spare Dr Temple.

### *To Miss E. Wordsworth.*

*20th Oct.* 1869.

I feel very gravely and bitterly sorry about the mistake as to the letter. I mean in that I had not made it plain that the letter was *then* going to the newspapers, and that I sent it to the Bishop because I didn't wish him to become first acquainted with it *through* the newspapers. I wrote it as *soon* as I saw Dr Pusey's, feeling that a defence, to be worth anything, in that case must be instant. If I had had *time* to seek advice, I should have written to the Bishop himself, at the risk of giving him additional trouble, instead of only begging you to acquaint him with the contents. I thought that like Edward Grim I was bound to put out my arm *while* the sword was falling; hoping that in this case it might stop other blows.

I could only trust and pray that he might not be displeased

with me and my view of my immediate duty—I can only say that this came to me διὰ προσευχῶν καὶ διὰ πολλῆς ἀσθενείας[1] and I may say διὰ δακρύων[1] also.

I see the evil there would be in pressing on a Diocese a Bishop unwelcome to the majority. But do we know the views of the *majority*? As to the Clergy, Temple himself said the other day (he knew nothing about my letter), "Many of those who have taken part against me will think it necessary for consistency's sake to hold aloof from me. But if it please God to send me here, and to give me a little time, I have no fear about winning them." Indeed he would do it. I think therefore that we may even now *afford* to consider—what the sense of justice tells one one *ought* to consider—what the very Truth of the *man* is—(as a most prayerful, painful student of the Word, a most eager liver by all Holy *Rule*) —and not only what may be the present opinion about him, which in ignorance of him would now hold him away from his work.

I will, if I have a chance, bring out more still my dislike—my horror—not my *dread*, for I will not fear it—of *Essays and Reviews*. But I did say, (1) "That the whole conception of the book was *wrong*." (2) "That it went *infinitely* farther than even that wrong conception." And I thought perhaps I ought not to say more than *that* in a paragraph of which the object was what it was.

I must not—dare not—let something else you say pass without protest. You do not know me when you say that "to be misrepresented etc. for a friend's sake would rather attract me than repel me." You don't know how I shrink and quake, and how miserably afraid I am of any *censure*—even the censure of people I do not and ought not to care about. John, I think, has heard my painful confession on this subject. But *do* not think that it was anything chivalrous, or quixotic even, which prompted me to rush into the fray. If there is visibility in the spirit world, my poor spirit would have been seen dragged and pushed pale and sinking into the arena, by forces which would not let it hide.

I feel with you that Truth *is* before Peace. "Peace *through* the Truth" is the only Peace. But then my position is that Temple is *in* the Truth—and what a beginning of truth would it be for me if I were to stand by and see one whom I *know* to be a Christian indeed, so traduced as an unbeliever, and himself so silent. How could I answer it? It is not for me to give any

[1] Through prayers and through much infirmity—through tears.

opinion on other points, but it seemed to be plainly mine to bear *witness* to his *character*.

I am receiving letter after letter from people who say that I am a right witness here because I am known to lean so far away from his supposed school, and indeed to have forfeited friendships, and even family affections, by opposition to it.

I am much exercised even now about Rugby. I have written a long letter to John, putting before him pros and cons, as to my standing. But I have told him not to advise me if he had rather not. Sitting here alone at midnight, writing this long letter to you, and thinking of Lord Derby's[1] deathbed, and most of my two oldest friends this same time it may be—or at least of one—I feel like a man on a hill-top covered with mist, who can't see his own way, or the Church-spire, or the sky.

### *To Bishop Wordsworth, on Dr Temple's appointment to the Bishopric of Exeter.*

MASTER'S LODGE, WELLINGTON COLLEGE,
WOKINGHAM.
28 *Oct.* 1869.

MY DEAR LORD,

I hope I have not seemed ungrateful for so much goodness and so much tenderness as you have showered on me from your own and other hands in this last painful time. If ungrateful I should have been graceless too. But I have been away for one day, and so worked and perplexed all the other days that I could not get ten minutes to thank you. My examination of the whole school is going on and it gives me sessions of seven hours a day. It will be over on Saturday and I shall breathe again.

Your parable of Paul and Mark and Barnabas was most refreshing to a troubled spirit, and if I deserve to be called "Son of Consolation" it is because Consolation has come to me so richly. But I could not have sailed to Cyprus. I should have had to stay like the Marpessian rock. Love and Justice to Temple made me feel that I could not be still while his own orthodoxy and want of personal faith in Him with whom he walks almost as if He were visible, were questioned. And if he has not learnt the whole story of the Great 40 days of the teaching of the

[1] The 14th Earl of Derby, three times Prime Minister, died Oct. 23, 1869.

Kingdom of God, he may learn it yet in giving so true a soul and so earnest a will to labour in the Church's work more directly. To see such a Mark labouring with you in the great cause, and, as you so happily auspicate, hand in hand, in the division of our vast dioceses as the first step, would be a sight "gude for sair een" in these days. But if one *cor pusillum* has room for what I have not at all too strongly expressed as my feeling for Temple, and at the same time for the ἑνότης πνεύματος[1] which God has blessed me to feel in your own whole spirit and work, surely the Catholic Church in her most Catholic branch can give you both plots in the same vineyard. And I scarcely write this when (I am addicted to omens) I see side by side in the Society for the Increase of the Home Episcopate, as two of its earliest Committee, the Bishop of Lincoln and the Bishop Elect of Exeter[2]. I hail it γηθόσυνος κῆρ[3]. Thank you for that noble word that "The Grace of God moves in diagonals." It is a motto. And when in the next world the map of the sad Bella Justorum is spread out before our eyes, with what wonder we shall recognize that the strange marchings and countermarchings of bodies of men which we took sometimes for foes, and always regarded with distrust, were after all but the bringing up of bodies of unknown allies under cover of night by a generalship whose plans we could not follow in the campaign.

I hope after all that the letter has not been without good result. A very large and kindly correspondence which has flowed in on me upon the subject, seems to say that it has removed some prejudices which rested on simple ignorance of the man, and these you would think it right to remove, all the more because you had other principles of objection. One letter in particular from Canon Cook has given me much pleasure. I have had one exceedingly bitter and painful letter from A— B—, which I have endeavoured to answer in a different spirit.

I am still much exercised about Rugby. I had a letter yesterday which almost made me resolve to stand. But my heart falls back on my younger and poorer bride here. I don't think I can give her a writing of divorcement.

[1] Unity of spirit.

[2] In the Session of 1869 Lord Lyttelton had introduced a Bill for the increase of the English Episcopate. The Bishops of London and Oxford supported it; the remainder of the Bench abstained from voting, and the measure was rejected by 43 to 20.

[3] Glad at heart.

Pray do not shudder at a third sheet. It is only taken to renew my thanks most earnestly for your sympathy, and to ask your consideration for me—and to assure you that—God being my helper—I will endeavour to prove to you more and more that you do not throw it away.

Ever, my dear Lord,

Your most faithful and affectionate Bedesman,

E. W. BENSON.

The "Boy Bishops and Maiden Deans" were gravely impressed by your benediction[1]. And Maggie said "He knows quite well, doesn't he, that it is the girls that ought to be Deans—not Bishops?"

The last phase of ecclesiasticism is that Martin and Arthur have now agreed always to call Freddy "Bishop" and he receives it with condescension. But Nelly thinks it is not quite right—rather profane. They are an amazing amusement with their innocently busy devices amid all anxieties.

*To Miss E. Wordsworth.*

13 *Nov.* 1869.

The Rugby business is indeed well and happily over; and I, though I'm not quite sure that M. is of the same mind, walk about this beautiful place with a tenderness I have not had this ten years. For all that, these many excitements seem to draw a thin, perfectly transparent, but as it were tangible veil, for these few weeks between the place and me—and I am not so excitable and troubled with troubles as I was, and can work harder at it with less fatigue. Perhaps that is the good which is to come of it, and when the veil is rolled up one will be keener than ever. *Faxit Deus!* Don't you think one does sometimes go through these baptizing processes—they don't change one's case, but somehow they manage to "retemper" us, as Albert says[2], and send one on an old route with a new tone.

I received the Bishop's letter this morning. And this evening from the Elect of Exeter one which astounded me[3]. If he had

[1] Bishop Wordsworth had called my elder brother and myself "The Boy Bishops," and my two sisters "The Maiden Deans."

[2] Refers to the *Récit d'une Sœur.*

[3] In this letter Dr Temple asked Dr Benson to be his Examining Chaplain.

not written to *my* Lord first I should have been in a great quandary, but as he secured his permission I have no real ground for declining, while I should be very glad to serve or help Dr Temple in anything which *my* Lord does not dislike—but I feel my first and only allegiance due to him. However from another side it really seemed as a sudden and swift step towards the accomplishment of the prophecy that a corporation may yet come out of Dissidence. But St Barnabas himself was not taken a little way with St Paul and *then* sent off with St Mark. Still the Bishop's prophecy rings strangely round in one's ears.

There *is* more holiness in Philology than in Bones. What rubbish it is to call the former the study of Man's work and the latter the study of God's work; it is like calling what one writes with one's finger in the sand better than what one writes with one's pen.

The boys are all out in Blackwater Meadows running or watching Kingsley's Steeplechase—for which he gives them a prize every November—painting themselves red in our iron streams or black in our peat, and with such a blaze of warm clouds in the most glorious sky over the heathery ridges and fir woods. The lanes were full of flies and gnats. Never was such a November, and yesterday the cows were standing winking in the sun all afternoon, and lazily lashing their sides with their tail-tassels, having by no means studied the Calendar to such good effect as we.

Your most affectionate,

E. W. Benson.

*To Professor Lightfoot.*

Wellington College.
15 *Nov.* 1869.

Dear Lightfoot,

I am glad you liked the "Temple letter"—at least you don't say you liked it, but at any rate I was glad you think it produced the effect which I intended it to produce.

I am not *expers* of your fears of his rashness, defiance, independendulousness, or whatever it is, in future. But *this* made no difference upon *that* issue.

Arthur Butler has been staying here a week, and it is like having a piece of the heavens to carry about with you.

You will imagine that my Bishop was not very happy about Temple. I can only express the deepest gratitude that he has taken it as he has done—in the sweetest way—and holiest—though differing from me intensely.

I hear the saddest accounts of Lee[1].

Would I could look on you! I have been in trouble about Rugby, but fortunately had no cause to trouble you.

Yours affectionately,

E. W. Benson.

## *To Miss E. Wordsworth.*

Wellington College, Wokingham.
*Dec.* 16, 1869.

My dear Elizabeth,

If your father were to be angry with me it would break my heart, but I have been almost heart-broken about Dr Pusey's letter[2]. I venerate Dr Pusey, and I love Temple, as you know—and I *know* that Temple is only so apparently a terror to Christian souls because it is unknown what a Christian soul he is.

Your delicious journal is come and it breaks out—in the few pages I have read of it—on my present sadness as the sun is just rolling out his gold through black falling rains. Oh! that our *Sol Justitiae* would show his countenance over our *Capta Judaea*. Why do great good men so utterly mistake and ignore each other—when we know that they will walk with clasped hands in Paradise?

## *To his Wife.*

Riseholme.
*Dec.* 1869.

Dearest,

The Bishop asked me to lecture to-night, but my empty head had nothing in it but Novum Registrum and St Martin of Tours, either of which might have done. But in the meantime it has occurred to him to lecture himself, which

[1] Bishop of Manchester.
[2] On Dr Temple's appointment to the Bishopric of Exeter.

is much more delightful, on the Oecumenical Council, so I shall gain some notion of its *general* bearings I trust, as to which I am in much doubt. At present it only looks to me like a vial: a meaningless curse on the Church, sure to alienate all the thoughtful part of R. C. countries.

Our journey was of course rather less brotherly and sisterly than we had hoped, one could only talk of things which we didn't care about, and there is a general achiness in my heart's bones to think good does me so little good, and that one's soul is like that horrid dirty room where the man sweeps for ever, choking with dust and never getting any out of the door. How I want a Master with a big stick.

Perhaps it all comes from the horrible dividedness about Rugby. If the offer comes I know no more what to say now than when T. first wrote. How can I give up the heather and fir woods of Wellington, not the outer ones, but the heathery piny spirit of health and lovingness, which rang out in those boys' voices and our chapel life, and the splendid way in which all the Masters took my very sharp and strong language—about saying what they did not mean,—and all else that blesses one's work there—for such an intense responsibility—for the constant society of friends whose love is real—but best at a distance—love which is parted off, or rather streaked down its middle, by the sense that different views on *such* points must for perhaps several years blunt the edge of much that one has to say on the most important parts of education.

If I am to do any good there—which perhaps is God's care—it can but be done in a spirit of utter quietness—striving and crying will never change the tone. One comfort there is, that if they want me there to be the "Saviour of the Commonwealth" as Temple fiercely puts it, they at any rate call me *as* a "Conservative High Churchman" as Arnold no less fiercely puts it. But will they after a while throw their Minister overboard, with a vote of want of confidence?

Reigning over the Trees awoke the ambition of neither olive nor vine, only the poor twisty bramble cared to go.

Why do I write you all this? 'cause I can't talk it—'cause I can't help. I'm going to talk to the Bishop about it. But he's not likely to love Rugby—and I'm not certain that it would be possible for anyone to believe in the integrity with which I wish to serve the Church in my poor way more than anything else.

He feels and must feel as if maintaining Temple's orthodoxy was injuring the Church of which he thinks he ought not to be a Ruler. But it isn't—Temple will hold to Christ and to the Church of England crowds who would otherwise forsake her and him—and he's raised up to do so in these times until this tyranny be overpast. But my Lord's counsel will anyhow be holy counsel.

Your *how* loving husband,

E. W. B.

*To Miss Wordsworth, describing a visit to Dr Westcott at Peterborough, and Dr Temple's Consecration.*

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.
*Dec.* 23, 1869.

At 12.30 Westcott met me at Peterborough, and just as I had deposited my luggage in the cloak room brought me a kind message from the Bishop that I would dine with him. I found I could reach town before ten next morning, and so settled to stay the night.

After dinner at the Bishop's, at about 11.30 p.m., Westcott and I went into the Cathedral, faintly and most beautifully lit with moonlight, and I need scarcely tell you how we went to the High Altar and prayed silently for the world and the Church. I do not think either of us could have borne to speak our prayers aloud, but I trust God will hear, and heal our divisions and develop through us—or through worthier instruments—the great work, which seems to me to be the crowning one of our Church revival, the efficiency of Cathedral institutions, and the organisation of them with distinct and practical ends. The next morning there was to be early Communion—it being St Thomas's day—(this is one of the advances which Westcott has got him to make)—and he got the Bishop's leave to announce to his little congregation that their "prayers were desired for those who were that day to be Consecrated Bishops in the Church." The Bishop was going to Celebrate himself.

Well! we sate up of course and talked—the consecration and Rugby. We came to a sort of conclusion as to what we hoped Temple might say, and as to Rugby, Westcott agreed with me, to my great peace, that unless an irresistible call came I should

take no school work after Wellington; but that I should, on the first opportunity, give up school work for Cathedral work, and this I shall certainly do. The talk was delightful and suited my whole soul—reanimation—reconstruction—not destruction in any sense—and life simple and busy and strong—and anti-luxurious. (His coenobitic ideas, which I think you will not think very advanced, are to be delivered at Sion College.) I am hopeful that my call will come with His direction and I trust that I am not presumptuous. Westcott was stronger than I am that I ought not to go in for ten years more of school work without some most distinct voice.

So we parted, and breakfast at 7 next morning, and then to the early Communion in Peterboro', and I fast as steam would carry me to St Peter's, Westminster—no difficulty in getting in from the cloisters in caps and gowns—a hapless body of Rugby Masters—old friends looking so pale and haggard.

I had an excellent place given me in the Sacrarium. Montagu Butler[1] and Geo. Butler[2] were there and many friends, besides oceans of people unknown. After a little while I discovered my dear wife's and boy's faces close to the Altar rail, and Mrs Sidgwick looking very unwell. It was an anxious pause. Above half an hour we sate in silence and I fancy everybody guessed the cause of the delay in the Jerusalem Chamber. I needn't tell *you* how the Abbey looked with a foggy day in the hundred-foot-high arches, and how the tapers cast a still light in misty globes all down the choir, and how the two gigantic tapers in front of the Altar waved their blaze, and how Salviati's mosaic gleamed, and the great gold plate shimmered, and the alabaster Reredos cast streaky lines across its veins, and the yellow wax lights on the Altar stood in their irrational, legal, unkindledness, *not* conveying with more force "the signification that Christ is the true Light of the world," and the glimpses into Henry VII.'s Chapel and the tombs of the Kings—and how sweet a remembrance floated over all of a certain Litany, and a certain Rochet, and a certain face. But dear Temple's face was white as ashes, and his jet black hair and whiskers and the white and black of his robes made him look in his stillness a sad sight for a friend's eye to rest upon. His healthy bronze was quite gone, but he looked a true man. He knelt in *my* Lord's place (on

[1] Now Master of Trinity.

[2] Formerly Canon of Winchester.

St Matthias, 1868) and I pray that I may some day see them kneel side by side[1]. Then strangely enough *he* gave me the Holy Communion—each of the Bishops being sent by the Dean to a different row. The Bishops all looked *tried*, but I never saw the Bishop of London[2] move out so briskly and speak so solemnly and livelily, as he did throughout. St David's[3] looked far older than when last I saw him, but bowed as he becomes, his grand old forehead seemed yet more prominent, and though he walks uneasily and heavily, he moved out before every one to meet Exeter at the Rails. The Bishop of Worcester[4] was of course impassive; the Dean of Durham's[5] sermon was well and fairly delivered, his throat tickled him and he often drank some water. It lasted nearly an hour. The main points of it were: 1. The *definite* and *certain* character of the Christian Revelation: the fixity of the Incarnation and the Resurrection: the profluence from those of the other articles. 2. The simplicity of the Gospel. 3. The liberty to Churches and to men to work out in different ages and spheres the minor details of the application of the Creeds to the varying needs of man. But I suppose it will be published. When at the end he said how earnestly he had desired that he might see Temple in the "very place" to which God's providence had called him, meaning not only *a* Bishopric, but *the* Bishopric of Exeter, there was "sensation." His allusions to T. throughout were very delicate and very interesting. Lord A. Hervey and "Lord Falkland Isles[6]" came in for a little attention necessarily, but both looked tranquil and Lord A. H. something more. Stanley's tears and voice most thrilling: I never heard such an effort to speak strongly, and the dead pause by which it was sustained went to one's heart.

To *me* all the time—you'll excuse me for feeling *how* interesting—little Martin's pale face and wide open eyes struggling in vain to take in the significance of it all, close over the Altar rails, and fixed on his godfather's white face, *was* interesting, as a kind of understrain.

[1] The Bishops of Lincoln and Exeter were the two prelates who presented the Bishop of Truro for consecration in 1877.

[2] Bishop Jackson. [3] Connop Thirlwall, Bishop 1840—1874.

[4] Bishop Philpott. [5] W. C. Lake.

[6] On the same day Lord Arthur Hervey was consecrated Bishop of Bath and Wells, and Dr W. H. Stirling, Bishop of the Falkland Isles, a see which he still retains.

What will my handwriting come to? a split needle would suit me for a pen—but I must leave off, having now worn you out: we came home here last night after my week's absence (and what a week!) and Minnie and I not having talked enough, talked after breakfast till half-past ten. What holy scenes—what ennobling scenes—what sorrowing scenes—what scenes of hope and rich promise—for will not they reap in joy who sow in tears? and who is sowing in more tears than our friend of Exeter? and on his account I am *certain* more than because he feels himself parted from our father of Lincoln—(you don't know what, from *him*, is the language of his letter)—and cannot step over the distance between, though *tendens manus ripae ulterioris amore*. Well, all those scenes, what are they? Will they leave me as dry and unloving and selfish as ever? How can one get Love into one's system? into one's blood? not drink it like a glass of wine which makes a little glow and a little flush, and passes?—Ah! Sunday last! Ah! the evenings! Ah! the Bishop!—Mrs Wordsworth—all of you—John's book[1]—Chris's prizes—the moonlit trees themselves—the Oecumenical Council[2] going on in its evil work—the poor stricken Rugby—such a sorrowful packet again this morning—my pen showing maniacal tendencies of a phantasmagorial nature. But now all you dear ones, goodbye.

## *To his Wife.*

BORROWDAILE.
*Jan.* 4, 1870.

MY DEAREST,

I can't tell you the inexpressible calm sweet sisterliness of the four at Riseholme. If you had been here it would have been *perfect*. Mrs Wordsworth is so busy and motherly affectionate and the Bishop not only kissed me but put his arm round. To have so sunk into the bosom of such a house and to feel that they not only love one, but love one with all one's faults which must be nearly as well known to them as to you, that is

[1] *Fragments and Specimens of Early Latin*, with Introduction and Notes. 8vo. Macmillan, 1874.

[2] The Council was opened at Rome on Dec. 8, the procession in St Peter's consisting of 800 ecclesiastics, including 6 Prince-Archbishops, 49 Cardinals, and 680 Archbishops and Bishops. On July 13, 1870, the Council voted on the 4th chapter of the *Constitutio de Ecclesia*, embodying the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, as follows;—400 *placet*, 88 *non-placet*, 60 *placet juxta modum*.

a thing which ought to encourage one to higher ways of feeling. And then those two friends here. But of all blessings, you are the crown. Do keep yourself well and strong that you may be a blessing always: if you were to have ill-health what good would my life do me?

Kiss our darlings and keep them good and prayerful. God has wonderfully upheld our Martin in his sincerity and goodness till now.

Ah! what blessings! I will not ruin them by the thought of my own unworthiness.

Your loving husband,

E. W. B.

*To his Wife.*

BORROWDAILE.
*Jan.* 5, 1870.

MY DEAREST WIFE,

Yesterday we walked over Derwentwater on the *ice* to near the Islands, then turned across and went up Catbells in the snow—a most glorious walk—a fine stormy sky with still golden lights catching the hills, of which the forms seem more beautiful than Alps, and the size in those lights might be anything. This morning the world swims with thaw.

Lightfoot is yclept brother Zoticus and Westcott the Abbot—our discipline is good. W. is not unwell—no, he does not look strong—his enjoyment of his walks is great—so would mine be but that I wish more to be with you and don't work well. However if you can assure me that you are *really* well again that will reconcile me to stopping. But do not hide anything.

The Confirmation is fixed for March 27th. With dearest love to all our dears and you—your loving husband—E. W. B.

*To his Wife.*

MASTER'S LODGE, WELLINGTON COLL.
*Jan.* 10, 1870.

MY DEAR WIFE,

* * * * * *

That "Puseyite" period was a sad trying time in which to bring up children—and the mistakes then made are not only excusable but perhaps did more good in the way of teaching

a new generation than any amount of correct teaching. It warns us when we teach children to love and stand by the Church as God's greatest instrument of good, to impress on them that it is a Society—not an ideal person—to talk of it as "it," not as "she"—to obey its laws with a sense that they are like other laws—and to feel that there is no absolute trust to be placed anywhere but in Him in whom Humanity and Divinity are summed up. Those two elements of Life Everlasting are *not* united in the Church. We have to *improve* the Church, and to place our faith only in the Head. He will bring back the Three to the Church as well as to Himself if we only pray for floods of grace.

Your ever lovingest husband,

E. W. B.

In 1870, my father was much tempted by an offer made to him by his old friend, Mr Cubitt, of the living of Dorking. The main difficulty was that his private means were small and the living was not worth more than £500 a year, while his children were growing up, and would before long have to be sent to school. He recognised in himself a growing desire for larger and more directly spiritual work: he certainly considered, as his letters show, the question very carefully; and actually went down with John Wordsworth to look at the place. On this visit a curious incident occurred, which with his, so to speak, aesthetic pleasure in the superstitious side of events, his fondness for observing little omens and coincidences, made a certain impression on him. He arrived with John Wordsworth at the Church at Dorking, after a walk, just as the bell was ringing for evening service. They determined to attend Vespers, and went in and took their places. The bell continued ringing for an unusual time and at last ceased: but no minister appeared. At last an old verger came in, made his way down to the pair and said, "Is either of you gentlemen a clergyman?" My father who was nearest said "Yes," and

the verger explained that the living being vacant, the church was served by a locum tenens, who had not put in an appearance. My father said that he would read the service, went to the vestry and habited himself. The verger produced a coloured stole, but my father demurred: the man said that it was the use of the church, but my father said he was used to a black stole and hesitated; as they discussed it, rapid steps approached the vestry from outside, and a panting clergyman burst in, apologising—his train had been late—the verger explained the situation. "I am very much obliged to you, sir, I am sure," said the locum tenens, "but I need not trouble you now." The verger suggested that my father should assist: "No, thank you," said the locum tenens, "I am paid to do the duty and I prefer to do it myself." So my father divested himself, and took his place again with John Wordsworth among the worshippers. Of course the incident did not in any way decide him: but it often amused him to relate that he should have been so near officiating, and that the duty should have been taken out of his hands at the last moment.

*To Mr George Cubitt.*

*April* 18, 1870.

My dear Cubitt,

I shall never be able to thank you properly for your most kind letter; which proposes to me a subject demanding my most serious consideration. I do not know how long I ought to remain a schoolmaster. I do not think of ending my days in this profession. And I am sure I shall never have an offer of a living more attractive in many ways as this by itself would be, (should you in the event of a vacancy make the offer,) and I should never have the opportunity of working with and near a friend whom it would be more delightful to me to be near. Previous talks with you about the parish make me feel that I understand and agree with you about it.

I see the population is about 3400 but I do not know what

is required in the way of curates which would fall upon the Vicar. I *wish* above all things, if I could choose, to have a Canonry, and if one offered I should accept it without reference to its value, for I think that at this time the Church of England is in such danger of losing her hold—if it is not lost—on higher education for her clergy—her University tenure being most precarious—we are bound to supplement it, and the Cathedral system offers an ancient, recognised, calm and safe mode of education if only a few more people will give themselves to its development. To revive or extend such organisation is my most earnest desire—greatly stimulated by what I have seen of candidates for Orders as Chaplain to the Bishop of Lincoln. And if a Canonry ever came to me I should give myself wholly to that work, and should not think it right for me (with these views) to hold a living at the same time. But for Cathedral preferment it is not likely that any Government would select me, I fear, as they have political people to attend to, and may be not unfairly incredulous of the possibility of that reform, the coming of which I believe in so firmly. I entertain you with this long story only to show you that I could not combine Dorking with a Canonry, and that therefore I must consider it as standing alone. How long will you give me to think it over? I shall not be able for nearly a fortnight to see a friend without whose advice I should not like to decide. Of course I shall lay it before him in a merely abstract form, without any indication of person or place. Meantime I must decide sooner if you wish it, and then I would try to see you in Town.

Believe me, my dear Cubitt, with far more thanks for your confidence and kindness than I can at all express,

Sincerely yours,

E. W. Benson.

*To his Wife.*

Dorking.
*Ap.* 27, 1870.

Dearest,

What an odd coincidence that I should have been here at all within a fortnight after the offer of the living, the visit having been arranged previously to the offer. Then coincidence of service hour with our walk, then the vicar's wife's request, the

preparation for service, the investment and the divestment! I had of course been praying earnestly for guidance when the sign came. But how to interpret it. John says it only signifies that the vestments liked me not. I say it is the call and the rejection, as if Elijah had taken the robe off Elisha the son of Shaphat after having thrown it on.

The Chancel is new, and most beautiful. Three brilliant banners, candles in candlesticks 10 or 11 feet high, vases of flowers cover the altar, 7 lamps in red glass burn day and night before altar. Gregorians very bad, sermon high, fanciful, irritating and untrue. "The power of the Resurrection" culminates in the "undivided presence of the Body of the Lord upon 1000 altars" —and all so sectarian.

The glory of the hills and plains, the surging ranges, the white blossoming trees, the tender larches, the sea far away thro' Shoreham gap, and the brooks and the pools and the clear air had given one equanimity—or one could not bear to see the Church of England thus narrowed down by her unwise sons into the position of a meeting house. But still if I came here I could not sweep all this away as the Patron would. I should have too strong a feeling against alienating those who had found some comfort somehow in such poor and dearly bought signs, and it would be a hard task to win back the rest—and could I do it? and hadn't I better stick to my boys till my time comes for Sandhurst churchyard?

John remarks on the "stubborn cunning" of the Englishman of the lower class—it is too true—how is one to deal with the poor? God touches the hearts of so few now-a-days, and till they are touched it seems as if nothing was to be done. I must also tell you John's reason for the fact which I mentioned that "nothing makes one feel so *glad* as the song of birds." He says it's because there's no reproach in it. I suppose in setting suns and budding trees there is a contrast or a resemblance to oneself which involves sadness.

Kiss *all* my loves. How dear life is—such coolnesses and sweetnesses for eye to look on and heart to rest on—and such strength in such friendships.

Your loving husband,

E. W. Benson.

*To Canon Westcott.*

WELL. COLL.
*May* 13, 1870.

MY DEAR WESTCOTT,

I am very grateful for your kindest letter about the Living. You'll be surprised to hear that my mind is not quite made up.

I have a certain longing for Pastoral work just now, and for a mixed congregation—and I really feel as if I had run my course here.

Perhaps this feeling is somewhat strengthened by a great anxiety which I have just now. But I must deepen my trust in Him qui *pavit* me a juventute mea usque ad hanc horam, Angelus qui eruit me a cunctis malis.

Still, this place is in many ways almost perfection—(*Do* come and see it)—and the work encouraging. My eye has just lighted on a sentence of Grosseteste's[1] letters, "Dicit, si diligis me, pasce oves meas, nusquam dicit, si diligis me, lege in cathedra"—a mere *burr* however, not an arrow.

But how are you settling? Ideals are never quite filled up. Yet I think your Ideal will be nearly. Other men have wished to restore Cathedral life, but no one of these has hitherto had such a grasp of the conditions of the problem, or so penetrated himself with the Modern Thought as well as the ancient principles, as you. And on this all turns. My own ignorance of Modern Thought makes me hesitate as to whether I am, after all, right in thinking I have a true vocation Cathedral-wards. It is bad to be a reactionist, and ruin the places we love and work in.

Yours affectionately ever,

E. W. BENSON.

He was, as has been seen, greatly exercised as to whether he should stand for the Headmastership of Rugby, vacated by Dr Temple's appointment to the Bishopric of Exeter, but, though it was intimated to him that he would be elected if he did so, he felt it his duty to decline.

[1] Successor of Hugh of Wells in the See of Lincoln.

Mr Carr writes:—

Dr Benson was most loyal in his attachment to Wellington College. There was a moment in the history of Rugby when he would have been welcomed there as Headmaster. The temptation was a strong one. The prestige of Rugby was great and established, the Headmaster's stipend was double that of Wellington. Dr Benson did me the honour to consult me on the subject. He would never leave Wellington, he said, if he could be certain of the loyalty of the Masters and of their wish to retain him. I was able to assure him in the most unqualified terms of our personal attachment to him and of our desire that he should remain. He decided to stay. But we all felt it would not be for long.

*To Miss Wordsworth.*

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.
*SS. Simon and Jude*, 1869.

I was last week at the funeral of my father's mother—she had married again and had another family. She was 88 years old, and had lived for 15 years in the strictest retirement. I had only seen her twice in that time. She was a very wonderful old lady, and her story very interesting, and very sad from the beginning to the very end. The day was to me not wholly sad—but full of a strange triumphant thought that if ever we come to Paradise it will be something like a very beautiful churchyard. There will be glorious and very ancient trees, and *very* distant views, and very warm sunlight—and the presence of the Altar will be felt—and an influence from Christ's Body and Blood will be sensibly felt in the spirits that wait, and under the great groves of trees will be many monuments with the Cross on every one of them—only the monuments will not be records of death but records of earthly life, and how we shall wish to erase some of the lines, and as Paradise draws near its end, *those* lines will fade away and be remembered no more.

I am glad you are relenting a little about the *Récit d'une Sœur*. You will relent much before the end. But what Susan says is most true. It is very unlike the Biblical spirit which pervades the lives of *our* holy people. But how doubly interesting that is. How it shows us the inestimableness of our own treasure, in the English Bible being the most diffused of all books—and on the other hand how it shows the vitality of Christianity that even

when it has become a *tradition* only—when there is no access to the Word itself—yet such virtue should have gone out of it, and so live and propagate itself from age to age and soul to soul (by Tradition only, as I have said) as to produce lives, hearts, spirits, so sweet, so pure, so self-denying, so saint-like, as that whole household. I wish I could write oftener, but when I sit down I cannot help writing on. Farewell—Minnie's love. Dio vi benedica!

*Friday morning.* I think I may say I've finally determined to cast no lots, but to stand by *her*[1]—King Cophetua's choice.

## *To Miss E. Wordsworth.*

29 *Oct.* 1869.

I was perplexed, after my calm, by a strong, short arguing letter on Rugby's account. The only one I ought to take account of,—indeed I had set aside others, and felt then bound to take a day to reconsider *this*.

I have again resolved not to stand for three reasons—and your after dinner note comes as a most welcome reinforcement of all three.

My three grounds are: 1. Slightly diminishing energy (which I must not hide from myself) in *teaching*. 2. An indisposition to look on it as the Last End of my life. 3. An irremovable sense of claim on me of Well. Coll.

1. I do not think it likely that I could add many years of "dynamical effectiveness" to my past seventeen. A man ought not to go on teaching the Sixth who can teach the Speech of Pericles coolly. And I am reading it now with less "spin" than I did three years ago. Pericles is a good test and dull boys wear one.

2. Rugby ought to be my one end if I went there. I confess I don't think I can now undertake to work for the Church in *no other* way, between 40 and 50, than through boys still. Cyprian and others seem to say I have given more than youth to youth, and may give manhood to men—if GOD only fit me so to do—if I may unpresumptuously say so.

3. Wellington College does I think claim what scholastic vis I have. I can't set the better material and the money against

[1] I.e. Wellington College.

it. I am μεμνηστευμένος[1] to her—though eleven years ago, *by Temple's advice, I left Rugby with the hope of returning to her*, the cherished idea is over. Now you know the secret of the struggle, and will keep it to yourselves.

### *To Miss E. Wordsworth.*

26 *Nov.* 1869.

The Bishop of Oxford[2] has been lunching here and walking about in great alternations of great gravity and boisterous fun. He was most amusing. But though his acuteness has helped us in making a most excellent bargain to-day about a road—I *somehow*—wish—he was not—*quite*—so acute—not *quite*, you know. Very nearly.

(*Moral.* Great people bind burdens on little people's shoulders, which they wouldn't touch with one of their fingers. Little people like seeing great people picking up the like parcels. Which are the worst? The little people, because it is so easy to be good under such circumstances. But to great people the temptations of power are so great.)

Your affectionate,

E. W. Benson.

### *To Miss E. Wordsworth.*

*Nov.* 27, 1869.

As for the clerical poverty it is too sad and too true. I know a little place in which the clergyman was not so poor because he was not married. But he dressed in brown and wore blue ribbed stockings like a labourer. *He* rang the Church bell himself. His Rector—the other was a Chapelry—one of the "sweetest" of sweet souls, never could persuade him that he did not think his living ought to be taken from him. But the Rector was really very fond of him. One day when the Bishop (Longley) was staying with him he took him up the "gill" to see the Capellan. He locked the front door and locked them out—and when—not to be daunted—they went in at the back door of the cottage, they found him sitting with his legs crossed and his face covered with his hands in the corner—and he said, "I always knew you

[1] Espoused. [2] Bishop Wilberforce.

meant to take the living from me and now you've brought the Bishop to do it."

This is not a pathetic story like yours, but only think what hangs on to it.

Advent Sunday again. If I can muster spirit enough I mean to talk to the boys in Chapel on Saturday night for five minutes about σκοτία ἤδη ἐγεγόνει καὶ οὐκ ἐληλύθει πρὸς αὐτοὺς ὁ Ἰησοῦς[1].

They have so little idea—these children—about what is meant by "Jesus coming" to them—and I—is *my* idea *right*? Who can tell me that? But, looking at the world, surely it has got *very* dark—and can it be *long*?

*To Canon Westcott.*

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.
*Dec.* 3, 1869.

MY DEAR WESTCOTT,

I feel anxious over your three words "Peterboro' troubles me"—I can't divine *why*—not because there all is not as it should be, for you knew that—nor because there is man's work for *you* there, for that is your joy and crown—nor because you find the "old leavening" still hates the "new leavening," for that is in the nature of things—nor because you think the old order will have to give place to the new even thro' a convulsion. For the convulsion won't come unless it is wanted.

I can't make it out. If it's a secular trouble, *super leonem et aspidem ambulabis.* If it is a Church trouble it will roll away in prayer. But I hope I may hear a little more at any rate *then.*

Affectionately yours,

E. W. BENSON.

*To the Rev. J. F. Wickenden, on the death of the Bishop of Manchester*[2].

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.
*Dec.* 27, 1869.

MY DEAR WICKENDEN,

Your letter was a most terrible shock. I have written to C. Evans at Mauldeth to know day and hour of funeral.

[1] "And it was now dark, and Jesus was not come to them," John vi. 17.

[2] Bishop Lee died on Dec. 24, aged 65.

If it is possible and permitted of course I shall be there. But I not only have more exams, but on Saturday I have to preach in the Cathedral at 10 o'clock, and to be at Lincoln on Friday evening.

I suppose I can work across country somehow.

He mentioned his wish about ΣΑΛΠΙΣΕΙ[1] to me too and I hope it will be done.

To die on Xmas Eve—to pass into Paradise on Xmas Eve—and perhaps catch whispers of angels or prophets telling what Heaven was like when first *He* was gone from among them to be a child.

Your loving,

E. W. B.

## *To Professor Lightfoot.*

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.
*December*, 1869.

MY DEAR LIGHTFOOT,

I am sure you will be very deeply distressed to hear news of such a nature as mingles with Christmas Greetings of this year. You perhaps may learn by some public channel earlier than my letter, what nevertheless I can't help writing to you about, the death of our dearest old Master, Lee, on Xmas Eve. A letter from C. Evans only adds that they had no fears about him until the morning of that day. When the funeral is I do not know, but have written to C. Evans to ask. I have to preach in the Cathedral at Lincoln on Saturday at 10, but if it is anyway possible I shall be at the funeral. I wish you were in England. Our last visit to him left us both, I think, with the impression that there was some grievous malady making great encroachments which nature was making no head against.

When we think of the rapt way in which we used to stand listening to his Georgics and his Thucydides, and the spin with which he sent us home day by day at 14 years old!! some crack sent right through the hide of coarseness so that day by day there was less speech of anything that could offend against purity or loftiness, and of the way in which the holiest and noblest interests budded up in us, and the love of the Church as well as of the

[1] The Trumpet shall sound. See p. 42.

Lord appeared—*βρύων*[1], as one of his favourite words had it—in our hearts, while with such honour he abstained from biassing us in politics or religion (when a word from him would have held us) and saw contentedly such different opinions from his own springing up in all of us—how ought we to reverence this man, who received us children and parted with us men.

What a spirit of work, what a spirit of grace did he minister to us. Having worked in the same line myself, and having the most earnest desire to effect what he effected, and seeing to how little all one's efforts amount, I am more *amazed* than I am even delighted, to think what a fame was his.

Events have for me been passing nearly as fast as they have I suppose with you. Our own examination, and this Rugby Election, and the Lincoln Ordination and Temple's Consecration, and a visit to Westcott at Peterbro' and *now* the death, and this week New Year's Day sermon at Lincoln, and on Monday Temple's examination and Ordination, are almost too great a whirl.

Temple's Consecration was a most solemn affair. Stanley's look and voice, and Temple's own, more impressive than anything I remember. There was a protest you know in Jerusalem Chamber instantly before from 8 Bishops. My dear Bishop of Lincoln has been one of the most active on that side and I was staying there at the time. He behaved most nobly to me and has allowed Temple's request that I might examine for him at Exeter for this his first Ordination. I trust that, though it has not been permitted me to alter the overt acts of either of them, God has still let me—(and *may* He make me do more) to be of use in softening feeling. It seems so strange that the two men *most* opposed to each other (for Oxford has made no protest) on the bench in principles of government, interpretation, church-idea—*kreis*—should both be so, not friendly, but *loving* to me at this critical hour; and should both give me their confidence so fully. It overwhelms me with the horror of my unworthiness. But *do* pray for me that I may have *some* gifts of wisdom and love, not for my sake, but for the sake of two such saints as they are. Two such holinesses and manlinesses as they are, going about their work in one's sight, and opening men's hearts, do indeed lay a burden on one, which it is a relief to open to you,

[1] Full to bursting, teeming with.

my dearest old friend. I ought perhaps to tell you that Temple has been working, in case of Hayman's withdrawal[1], to have Rugby offered to me from *that* side, as before from the Conservative side. But I cannot help thanking God that I am *not* called there. And now I earnestly hope that I shall some way be allowed to lay down Wellington College where I feel my work—in submission to God—to be complete, the school full, organised, and embarked, and in beautiful temper; and to go away to some Cathedral to work in what is to my eyes *the* work of the Church for the training of her clergy, now that the Universities are surely making us *some* work to do, and which training for the Pastoral office has been so abundantly blessed in Vaughan's work. Westcott's happiness is unspeakable. Would that I could work with him, under him, near him. The ancient dream about a Canonry becomes now a desire for earnest work, *and not for arches and music.*

Your ever loving,

E. W. Benson.

Pray write to me from Rome, and tell me something objective as well as subjective.

*To Miss S. Wordsworth.*

Well. Coll.
*Jan.* 30, 1870.

Imprimis, my "solitude" is peopled with shadows. You can't think how gorgeously Wm. Alnwick's[2] train sweeps by—how Dean Mackworth[3] scowls and shrinks—how the Canons and Vicars troop in to their Hours—how the Prebendaries *work*—and how

[1] Dr Hayman succeeded Dr Temple at Rugby. He was removed from the Headmastership in Dec. 1873. Dr Hayman sought the aid of the Court of Chancery: Vice-Chancellor Malins expressed himself strongly on the injustice with which he considered Dr Hayman to have been treated, but held that the court could not over-ride the decision of the Governors.

[2] William Alnwick was Bp of Lincoln 1436—1449. He endeavoured to codify the *Consuetudines* of Lincoln in a book called the *Novum Registrum*, but this document never received legal sanction. The *Laudum* of Alnwick was his judgment on certain disputed points between the Dean and Chapter.

[3] Mackworth was Dean of Lincoln 1412—1451, and successfully resisted Alnwick's attempts at innovation: they were at daggers drawn to the end of Alnwick's Episcopate. See p. 278, *note.*

certain other shadows, whose substances are yet on earth, cross them with faces not less earnest after all things high and good—and how I seem to see the associations of solitary men of old succeeded by men not less devout and not less serviceable, and far more happy associations of devoted families. The same towers and arches watch them all, as the cell expands into the Coenobium.

? In our days? In the mount of the Lord it shall be seen.

But to come to substantial tenants of my vicinity. Isn't there the Fat Fred? Isn't there the Bendy Maggie? Isn't there the Manageress Nellie? You should have seen her coming in with her hat and omnibus-driver's coat to me in my armchair this afternoon to take me out for a walk. I said "Shall I go to sleep or shall I go for a walk? I'm so sleepy—I think I must go to sleep!" The old-world gravity and solidity with which she said "You had better come out with me—if you go to sleep now, by-and-bye you'll say, 'I can't do without some exycise'—and then you'll be going out for exycise just at five o'clock when I shall want you to come up for tea." Imagine how I shook myself and got my coat and hat!

Horror! 12.35 a.m.—p. 31 just finished of "Cathedral Life and Cathedral Work" by a Prebendary. What do you think of this for a motto:

A lion creeping nigher
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly dying fire[1].

Do you see? suppression approaches! and Dean Jeremie &c.—oh! good night.

*To Dr Lightfoot, on the Memorial volume to Bishop Lee: my father's memorial Sermon* ΚΑΝΤΙΚΕΙ *was printed together with biographical particulars and reminiscences by former pupils in a small volume bearing the title of the Sermon.*

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.
24 *Feb.* 1870.

MY DEAR LIGHTFOOT,

I hope you will approve the alterations I made. The Tolerance part I have, in deference to you and Westcott, re-written. I thought your own suspicion of an apparent untruth-

[1] *Locksley Hall.*

fulness conclusive as to the advisability of modifying it. But when I think of his affection for my Unitarian uncle[1] and Dr Russell, and how he has often said to me "Your uncle at Bolton is a good man, a very good man—I wish he was with us. Only such a man can never really be against us. He is one of the best clergymen in my Diocese," I could but feel that my own horizon of charity had been indefinitely extended by him.

But I hope that now I may have done justice without offence—praised him really more, and provoked others less. I am glad to see by your Speech to-day in the *Guardian* that "Bishops are only units." Professors are *tens*—and Professors who have declined Bishoprics are *hundreds*. This I shall bring out in *my* next speech. But I look on yours in the University as a kind of Daniel in Babylon.

Yours ever affectionately,

E. W. Benson.

What do you think of Temple now? You posted me up with your opinion to the latest moment at which you *didn't* know what he had done, viz. to the evening before he made his explanation so *clearly*. I am really anxious to know what you think. He is very unhappy, and I feel as if I had been bathing among sea-nettles.

I had a most interesting evening and function with Tenos and Syra[2]. How different the point of view is.

*To Miss E. Wordsworth, on Bishop Mackarness[3] of Oxford.*

*March 19th*, 1870.

My dear Elizabeth,

We have had our new Bishop here this morning. He confirmed 61 boys, his first Confirmation—and then we had a little stroll, and he lunched and went off at 3.30.

He is such a genuine man—determined to be plain—and all he said was so sincere and open to the lads. He said he liked it very much and liked them, and that their faces made him feel

[1] Franklin Baker, a Unitarian minister at Bolton.

[2] The Greek Archbishop, who had visited the Bishop of Lincoln. See p. 296.

[3] Successor of Samuel Wilberforce, translated to Winchester.

that he knew what he might say to them—and this came out I think in his looks and words. So altogether I thank God for him very much. The *truth* in his look struck everyone who has spoken to me—and he seemed to take kindly to the place—and altogether I'm so happy.

We've just come in from a walk to look at our poor little dead boy's[1] grave—such a sweet spot—and oh dear! it is an *achy* little life that has passed away and left no memorial. But "nothing lost," what a mystery! He has begun an education for which we are not ready. How vast the progress to him of one short week. Commonplaces are the only things worth saying, so forgive them.

You don't know how grumbly we are beginning to get over dinner. The silence is constantly broken with "Oh! if only one of them"—"*only* one!" you'll say.

*To Miss E. Wordsworth, on the death of his friend Dr Meyer, Superintendent of Broadmoor Asylum.*

*May* 11, 1870.

What a *delightful* time at Riseholme! It is vain to try to tell you how "nice" it was to see you all so quietly, with neither visitors nor candidates. It was such a refreshment, I don't mean a mere rest, but a *refrigerium*—and the short but full talks with the Bishop filled one with new hopes and new visions too of work for the Church such as has not been. When to begin? and who will be called? Yet it is begun—and I suppose will not commence with observation and a clap of thunder. Is it not a great sign of the divinity within her, that she does grow younger instead of older—and that as men who serve and love her themselves grow older, their hopes of her grow younger and brighter?

Best not to rhapsodize.

You know how terrible a shock we have had in the death of our friend Dr Meyer. Now he is gone one knows what it was to have close to one such a four-square strength of simplicity and experience and affection. But the desolation of his house is too terrible. I believe you think I am too hard, or too cool, or too content, or—I won't use any particular adjective which you might

[1] George Edward Alban, d. at Well. Coll. March 11, 1870, aged 13 years, buried in Sandhurst Churchyard.

object to—about deaths which are not an immediate blow to myself. But I cannot think why all one's life should be trying to think of death as the Gate, and then be distracted when it opens. I see this, that there are some forms even of very devotional religion which leave people nevertheless all weakness to face it—(Your own views and feelings are in no way like those I mean. I mean "ritualistic" hopes and comforts for want of a better word)—the facing of which is one chief lesson of ours. I grieve more than I can say to think of things which I have heard as the sayings and doings of those whom I conceived to be armed against unchristian sorrow. It shakes me very much to think what one may one day be in the lack of the armour in which one trusts. It has been a most painful week.

The country round here is on days like these simply ravishing—ravishing. Minnie has been very busy with the poor afflicted Meyers, and Annie Sidgwick[1] has been my little walking companion—lithe and blithe, and you never saw such distances, such browns and purples and greens on heather and wood—such lights. I have often wished for you by the half hour together. Another thing the doctor has done to lessen my available time is to insist on walks.

Love to the other Sœur in residence, and kiss the hands of the Abbess and mitred Abbot of Ste. Anastasie[2].

## *To Miss E. Wordsworth, on the Mosaics in Wellington College Chapel.*

19 *May*, 1870.

My dear Elizabeth,

The St Hugh[3] is come—most effective and noble. Perry says it is far the best of all the heads, which is saying a good deal. The Carthusian frock is beautiful.

[1] Daughter of Robert Sidgwick, of Skipton, and now wife of Stephen Marshall, of Skelwith Fold, Ambleside.

[2] *Rise*holme—*ἀνάστασις*. See p. 291.

[3] Hugh of Avalon was Bishop of Lincoln from 1186 to 1200. He entered the Grande Chartreuse and took the vows soon after 1160. His day in the Calendar is Nov. 17. Another Hugh (of Wells) was through the instrumentality of King John made Bishop of Lincoln in 1209, while the story of the murder by the Jews of a third Hugh of Lincoln will be remembered by readers of early ballads.

The Cyprian too is beautiful, a wistful old in-gathering kind of face. I have the honour of enclosing etc. Do you, if you can, convey to St Hugh's successor something of the pride and pleasure it is to have his gift shrined in our Chapel for ever—and I hope you feel all we feel about the thankoffering for Whitby which our joint gift is.

The series, so far as it is complete, is thrilling to me. The solemn serious eyes seem to look through me. St John follows one about with his eyes. The face is most sweet.

"Et in Unam Sanctam Catholicam Ecclesiam, Communionem Sanctorum"—while the Nicene Creed is chanting itself, with all these brightnesses gazing round one, it seems as if the Communion of Saints did really roll a wavelet up against the Chapel walls.

Your ever affectionate,

E. W. Benson.

*To Canon Westcott, on the sceptical view of miracles.*

1871?

My dear Westcott,

A—— writes to say how deeply impressed he is with Ammergau, but adds that he is more convinced than ever of the complete severance between the Thaumaturgic and the really impressive part of our Lord's life. It is strange to see how people see in everything that which is in their own eyes and head, but it is another argument against such representations. Of course the δυνάμεις[1] (*without* which our Lord's life is wholly unintelligible to me) never could have any reality except in the fact, and cannot be represented at all.

Yours ever affectionately,

E. W. Benson.

*To Professor Lightfoot, on his own nomination as Select Preacher, before the University of Cambridge.*

22 *June*, 1871.

My dear Lightfoot,

I need not say what two men's smooth hands I recognise under the Vice-Chancellor's hairy gloves in the Select Preachers nominations.

[1] Manifestations of power—miracles.

But if you thrust this greatness on me, you must with it give a *tibicen*[1] to prop me up, and no *tenuis* one will serve.

What kind of subject ought I to take—and can you give me a little counsel in other ways?

I always looked on the others which I preached as quite wrongly cast somehow, yet not for want of taking pains.

Can you mention anyone who would do for my brother Chaplain at Lincoln? It is an important thing in that Diocese.

I sent you all the *Globes*—I hope they did not miss you. But you pluralists are so hard to shoot upon the wing.

We had a most amusing Speech Day though the report was so bald. The all-hated French painter, Baron Gudin[2], praised the Duke in touching terms on the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo. We had a famous sparring about our Latin pronunciation. Lord Talbot de Malahide[3] emphatically denouncing *c* for *k* as "wrong," the Bishop of Hereford[4] declaring he "had better leave the world," and Gleig stoutly defending us. It was very amusing. Also an old Waterloo soldier was found crying at the Duke's Bust, aged 82.

Your affectionate,

E. W. Benson.

## *To Miss E. Wordsworth.*

14 *July*, 1871.

Dearest Elizabeth,

Last Sunday I had a singular and interesting change. I went to Windsor to preach to the Queen and saw something of and *much admired* Mr Gladstone. His eyes alone afford sufficient reason for his being Prime Minister, and we talked of anything and everything (except Cathedrals), as if he had not another thought in his mind except to know all the knowable in literature. Court is a formidable atmosphere no doubt, only peculiar circumstances could flourish there, but they have a peculiar grace of their own.

Your ever affectionate,

E. W. Benson.

[1] A buttress. "Nos urbem colimus tenui tibicine fultam," Juv. III. 193.

[2] Théodore, Baron Gudin, marine painter, b. 1802, d. 1880.

[3] John, 4th Lord Talbot de Malahide, sometime President of the Royal Irish Academy.

[4] James Atlay.

The following is an interesting account of a visit paid to Stonyhurst in 1872; his old friend and schoolfellow, Father Purbrick, being Rector.

TUESDAY, *Jan. 9th*, 1872.

Yesterday after a long tiring journey I arrived at Stonyhurst. It was too dark to see my route from Whalley but we were going up hill all the way. It rained vehemently. I began to read Cyprian's *De Lapsis* as I left Birmingham by L.N.W. and finished it with the last flicker of my reading lamp as I neared the College and saw its lights.

My welcome from my dear old school-fellow, Father Purbrick, the Rector of the College, was most warm and affectionate. We had not met for 24 years; about August 1848 I saw him last, and it was in my first term at Trinity that I heard that he had left Christ Church, which he entered at the same time, to join the Church of Rome. He is quite the same in figure and outline and turn of expression as ever. He has a wonderfully delicate self-governed look, but this he always had, as well as the quiet dignity of self-possession in expressing without awkwardness any opinion, so that I cannot say that I see much change or much to attribute to his profession. He wears his cassock and a sort of unbecoming sleeveless gown—grey socks and slippers made his humanity very cosy and close—and as we sat in large heavy old oak chairs with our feet over a blazing fire, it seemed as if 24 years were rolled back and we were sitting as once we sat in my study, night after night, at school, talking the talk which after all more than anything has made him what he is and me what I am. We were instantly deep in the reminiscences of walks, talks, and old school-fellows—and it was most strange that nearly all the first we talked over were just those whom in my bede-roll night and morning—or in all once a day I have prayed for—"Lightfoot, Pearse, Purbrick, Moore, Wickenden, Hutchinson, Ellis, Westcott, Thompson"—when I told him this it struck me too that he replied that he had always prayed similarly for me and especially in his moments at the Altar since he was a priest. I wish to forget none of our talk. What a 24 years it has been—how simple has been my own life—education ended at 23 and the teaching of others rudiments ever since.

This morning (Tuesday) I was awakened by the servant

(I found afterwards that it was the Rector) coming into the room with "Deo Gratias it is half past six" (Jesuits say "Deo Gratias" and answer "Deo Gratias" in a morning—others have the first salutation "Benedicamus Domino"). I dressed and was taken by a "Philosopher" as he amusedly said he was called, to a "tribune" close to the high Altar where I saw my dear old friend (who used to pray with J. B. L. and J. F. W. and me in my "private Chapel") come in and sing Mass. It being in the Octave of the Epiphany there was scarcely anything in which I could not affectionately join. The Mass is a wonderfully strong statement against Transubstantiation, and all that does offend me offends me so powerfully that it seems not to colour the rest: and all the Scriptures in honour of the day are noble.

After Service he dropped on his knees and said one Pater and three Aves for the Pope. It is thus that one suddenly pulls up to wonder if we are beings of the same sphere. So after, we passed through a sort of cloister dimly lighted, with fathers and boys on their knees before an image with a little light before it, "to which" (Father Purbrick afterwards told me) "the boys have here a special devotion." Think of the Wellington College or Birmingham boys transformed into this!

I was amazed to hear this baseless nonsense, this mathematics applied to things eternal, gravely poured out by an honest believing gentleman. And so, when the Rector told me that it was disputed whether the value of a Mass was infinite, and so capable of admitting any number of intentions—or whether it was finite, (since, though Christ's Sacrifice was infinite in merit, yet the Commemorative Sacrifice was of a certain value known to God) and hence concluded that it was held safest to pray only in one intention, and to say of any other "provided that it does not interfere with the first intention," the singularity of the confessions and the simplicity of the faith were alike wonderful.

WEDNESDAY, *Jan.* 10, 1872.

I forgot to say that I was at early mass this morning—the same mass as yesterday and very beautiful, especially the three prayers. But afterwards I went and sat in the Church and went through our own Morning Prayer with the Psalms and Lessons and felt that it was a fresher life, a brighter hope, a truer devotion. I hate using hard words, but if superstition means the holding fast with blind eyes to that which has no meaning in itself, and if there

is no part of things divine which is without meaning in itself, as well as in connection with larger truths, then it is superstition to have been driven to this lonely eating, this whispered consecration, this self-edifying reading of what was the food, the blessing, the instruction of the whole, and now not to wish to spread it out again to a more receptive age, but to maintain it as better than what it has superseded, and with this to hold every web of false logic as a vital consequence of the primary fictions. The sight and company and converse on many dear things of my dear friend is more delightful than I can say; I walk beside him and feel that his faith and mine put no barrier between us in love. And then suddenly he says something that would incline me to say "are you ill?" so completely it seems to belong to a world where reasoning is mere sequence of words and the Bible has another Gospel in it.

*To Father Purbrick, S.J., Rector of Stonyhurst.*

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.
17 *Jan.* 1872.

MY DEAR PURBRICK,

I cannot be happy enough that I made my expedition, nor grateful enough to you for your fresh affectionate kindness, nor joyful enough to have taken up the threads of our dear school-fellowship. That is the principal thing in my mind.

And then to see such extraordinary interest grouped and turning round one so dear an old friend, would have been sufficiently moving if he had been ever so much changed, but unchanged as you are, what more dear delightful thing could happen to one?

I hope you won't object to sentiment so far, for indeed it would be unreal (and what commonly is called sentimental) to the last degree to omit it.

What strangely large floods of ideas one sometimes comes across. My breath was quite taken away. And I am afraid of forgetting any of our talks and any of our walks. I mean to read the Exercitia with intense care and wish only I could have the advantage of some of your comments and elucidations.

There is many a problem of boy nature I should like to discuss with you, but I really think your boys are different from ours.

I am sending three small pamphlets. If they are not admissible

pray destroy them. Perhaps Father Kingdon may like to see the Roll.

And now pray do not let the resumed threads drop again. Do make an effort to come, and if I can't show you as much of interest as you have about you, still there is that which I think would interest you, though in so very different a way.

Ever yours affectionately,

E. W. BENSON.

May I beg kind remembrances to all who were so kind to me?

A later letter to Father Purbrick, acknowledging a photograph of Stonyhurst, may be given here:

THE CHANCERY, LINCOLN.
*Aug.* 22, 1873.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

Thank you for your beautiful present. I shall value it excessively, and always look on it with a strange interest for its own sake, and love it as your home. Its solidity, its beautiful surroundings, and its somewhat stern lines speak to me and tell me we want discipline in our Church, and know not how to obtain it. But this morning I have been reading a very long and interesting letter from a late Wesleyan which seems to cry aloud against the *idea* of discipline, and makes me feel that that body is full of coherence on terms of submission to the general hard voice expressed by Conference, but that the very terms on which they subsist are, that there shall be no individual rule, or graduated subordination. We must be "Colleagues" *not* "Curates" is the exclamation of their youngest minister.

Your ever loving friend,

E. W. BENSON.

*To Dr Lightfoot, on Confession at school.*

*June* 4, 1872.

MY DEAR LIGHTFOOT,

I should, for myself, find it impossible to vote for a Master, however excellent in other ways, who practised, or even wished to practise, the taking of confessions from the boys whom he had to teach.

Quite apart from the general question of Confession as a part

of Church Discipline—I should say that the relations between Instructor and Pupil ought not to be crossed by knowledge which, according to the theories of the *same* religious school, Husbands ought not to have of Wives, nor Fathers of Children.

The trials which rise between some pupils and some masters are such that an inner knowledge of the boy's life (motives and weaknesses) would infinitely complicate them. If, in pointing out to a boy perpetually recurring faults, the master *could* always refrain from allusion to what he knew otherways, the boy would not *think* he did. It is better for a Teacher to have a broad view of his boys and make allowances for them, than a deep one, and be always exercising spiritual direction openly or covertly. I can fancy nothing more hopeless than the position of a somewhat unsatisfactory boy with a Master's eye fixed on him microscopically always. Many a boy's character is *made*, hopefulness and strength begun, through his having a fresh start with someone who does *not* know the worst, and so gives him a clear field.

As a matter of experience I think that in places where confession does exist, the Confessor or Chaplain is a different man—not a master.

It is so certainly in Jesuit "Sodalities" which existed in all great schools. There each boy chooses his own confessor. Even though the Sodality, or religious association, of the older boys has its Director, who is *not* a master in the school, still boys are not tied to confess even to him, but may go to any Priest they like. I fancy that in this way the sins to which Liddon alludes are fairly met—that is as regards the protecting of the boy against them. But with an amount of enervation, for which we should not change even the risks which accompany our efforts to guard against them, by building up so far as we may the *whole* character in truthfulness and self-restraint.

I haven't alluded to the horrible dangers which ensue from want of *reality* in the confession, and these I am told by sober-minded people who have had experience, really do exist to a great extent.

I should be very sorry to see the choir of St Paul's under the guidance of the saintliest of Confessors or Directors—(saintliness being of *that* type)—but much more if he were their Master too.

Yours ever affectionately,

E. W. Benson.

*To Dr Lightfoot, on the vacant Deanery of Lincoln (which eventually was offered to him).*

WELLINGTON COLLEGE, WOKINGHAM.
*June* 20, 1872.

MY DEAR LIGHTFOOT,

I can't help thinking *you* are the Dean of Lincoln. "A distinguished *Cambridge* man" is a rumour. But *your* views being so sound, what bad management not to have breakfasted with the vizier *this* week! What might have come of it? To me I own any such work would be a godsend now, however minuter than the Dean of Lincoln's. For though I think the Pneuma[1] manages to keep the bit between the teeth of the Sarx[1], yet the Sarx does get fretful with the straightness of the road. All the more necessary for the Sarx, maybe, but when one's wife can't bear it with the most spirited spirit, things look differently.

Does Matthew Arnold claim to be the inventor of "Sweetness and Light"? Because in Swift's *Battle of the Books*, that splendid specimen of ἄδικος Λόγος[2], the bee, says, "We have chosen to fill our lives with honey and wax—*thus furnishing mankind with the two noblest of things, sweetness and light.*" It's odd if that is not borrowed. How modern it sounds in Swift.

Ever yours affectionately,

E. W. BENSON.

*To Dr Lightfoot, who had pressed on Mr Gladstone the name of Dr Benson as a fit recipient of the Deanery of Lincoln.*

*June* 27, 1872.

MY DEAR LIGHTFOOT,

En commençant—the extreme clearness of this handwriting in the superscription convinces me of the exceedingly serious state of mind in which I "take up my pen."

My mind on the average says *don't*, but the weighty end of it says *do* write and tell him the semi-stunned state of mind in which you subsisted after his talk. The fact is I could not yesterday thank you at all for having in serious earnest taken

[1] The Spirit—the Flesh.

[2] The Unjust Argument—a character in the *Clouds* of Aristophanes.

such a step towards realising what has always seemed a half-way-to-heavenly dream.

Of course I did not for an instant guess, nor at first apprehend what you had really written about in the first instance, which was what caused me to repeat the question. Of your love and of your exaggerated view of your friend, I never doubted; but that it should in soberness of daylight take such practical form fills me with vain repentance about not having lived a nobler life, at the same time that I hope it stirs one for the time to come.

It is *much* more to *me* that *you*, who I think know me, should recommend such a step, than that those who don't, whoever they be, should confer the greatest honours.

"That Thou do pluck up our minds to heavenly desyres" shall be more my prayer after your talk with me of yesterday.

Anything interesting and communicable in your view of the Great Man Breakfasting?

Your affectionate,

E. W. B.

I here subjoin the following letters, which are of interest, as dealing with educational work, though written at a later date from Lincoln.

*To Christopher Benson, about Teaching.*

THE CHANCERY, LINCOLN.
*July* 3, 1875.

MY DEAR CHRIS,

I have no doubt you teach admirably. We, as a family, have irritable nerves and must take great pains to be never betrayed into a demonstration of anger. It puts us at a disadvantage, and a hot-tempered boy writes home at once in strong language and says he won't stay. It interferes with teaching, for Plato says "The first essential in teaching is ἀρέσκειν —to give pleasure." And young people are never receiving pleasure when they are afraid of being scolded.....

Your ever affectionate brother,

E. W. BENSON.

*To the Rev. A. Irving*[1].

LYNCOURT, TORQUAY.
*Aug.* 22, 1875.

MY DEAR MR IRVING,

I hope your work at Wellington will be blessed, and effective and happy. There is a very wise careful work for Christ in which all the wealth of Egypt—modern science—language—and all else is to be wrought by Aholiab and Bezaleel for the beauty of holiness.

A devout believer and a thinker may there, without parade and without attack, keep many a spirit true, which otherwise is liable to be led off by false interpretations and misrepresentations of things and arguments, of which the first bearings are obscure.

Excuse my preaching—I know your heart is in the work.

Ever sincerely yours,

E. W. BENSON.

*To his old pupil, E. K. Purnell, on tutorial work. Mr Purnell was then Tutor to the sons of Sir Salar Jung, Chief Minister to the Nizam of Hyderabad*[2].

THE CHANCERY, LINCOLN.
26 *Nov.* 1875.

MY DEAR PURNELL,

I was very glad to receive your news of yourself, and I have given a good deal of thought to the very important subject of your letter. I hope I may counsel what is wise, for I know you will think much of what I say and it is a difficult crisis for you.

Your position is interesting and even commanding. Your relations to such a person as Salar Jung, the employment of your own influence only for what is straightforward and true and good, when Europeans are charged with intrigue and self-seeking all round you, your moulding power exercised on persons so

[1] Now Vicar of Hockerill, Herts.

[2] Mr Purnell returned to England in 1876, and was appointed Assistant Master of Wellington College by Mr Wickham, on Dr Benson's recommendation.

extremely important to the welfare of nations—all these things are strongly on the side of your staying where you are.

It is so great a matter in these days to be allowed to be a φωστὴρ ἐν κόσμῳ[1], especially such a world as that, that to keep Faith strong, to atone for the bad character of many, to show young Englishmen going out there that it is possible to be just and pure-handed, to make the ideal of Englishmen and Christians a reality, seems to me a noble vocation. I rejoiced to think that a Wellingtonian is called to it. You must remember that these things stand out with a clearness to us here which perhaps amid the details of it you miss.

You have other ties to consider in which you alone must judge. But you ask my advice on what seem to me to be very grand points, and an English lady and gentleman cannot do what you are doing without some self-sacrifice. The question is "Is it worth it?" You would have self-sacrifice in England, but it would be of a less fine nature, and for poorer ends.

I am ever your affectionate,

E. W. Benson.

*To Christopher Benson.*

The Chancery, Lincoln.
18 *Aug.* 1876.

My dear Chris,

I hope you will have a good set of pupils. The difference between them is very odd, and the effect of the difference immense; one gets quieter in manner and tone as one gets older in teaching, and never gets angry, and this makes all the difference to one's effectiveness, and one's influence and one's store of strength.

I want to send you another little book which will I am sure interest you. (The above written with oblivion of the fact that Minnie had sent one off on my birthday.) I send them to give an idea of what I am doing. The training of men for the Priesthood becomes one of the most important questions. All the Fellowships and Scholarships which were founded to create a highly cultivated clergy, have been secularized at both Universities. Openings to India, Civil Service, Army, America, have multiplied twentyfold. Parents are ambitious that their sons should grow rich or ruling, and Scepticism has a havoc of its own.

[1] A light in the world, Phil. ii. 15.

We want therefore both to increase our powers of educating the old class, and to call a new class into existence. This is a problem. The religious life of the Universities is probably more real, and the Churchmanship more diffused than it was—but the shadows are darker too.

Another question is very trying. Just as the Church, i.e. the laity, had woke up to the Grace and wisdom of frequent Communions, comes in Ritualism and its teachings of Fasting Communion and Non-Communicating attendance, and draws religious people away from what had been so greatly blessed. In such a movement one almost *sees* a subtle hand mingling tares with wheat.

Your ever loving brother,

E. W. BENSON.

*To E. M. Oakeley, on his becoming a House Master at Clifton.*

THE CHANCERY, LINCOLN.
26 *Feb.* 1877.

MY DEAR OAKELEY,

Let me congratulate you on becoming a House Master—the importance of which position is incapable of over estimation—almost every *look*, and certainly every word known to *tell* somewhere:—and yet naturalness and absence of thinking about effect felt to be the very and only condition of usefulness.

One has to fight and wrestle to get at one's true self in wonderful wise, and I can only speak of my own experience when I say how slowly I learned in practice (not in theory of course) the vast difference between communing with oneself and praying. And I stood at the end of my Headmastership where I ought to have stood at the beginning of my School-house tutorship—taking everything little and big to God—not as a Parson, but as a grown boy among growing boys.

I shouldn't deserve the delightful affection of your letter, which has done me a world of good, if I did not say thus much about myself.

It will be delightful to me, if ever I can—to stay under your roof: may it be a true Home, full of blessings to you and your boys.

Ever yours most affectionately,

E. W. BENSON.

# CHAPTER X.

## ACCEPTANCE OF CHANCELLORSHIP.

*"Oh let me, when thy roof my soul hath hid,*
*Oh let me roost and nestle there!"*

GEO. HERBERT.

THE friendship with the Wordsworths of which I have spoken led to important results. Miss Wordsworth writes:

My father (Bishop Wordsworth of Lincoln), though considerably past sixty, had all the animation and eagerness of a boy, and the two together were full of schemes for work in the diocese, and more especially for the Theological College and the "Scholae Cancellarii" as they were appropriately called.

To this date belongs your father's article (*Quarterly Review*) on Cathedrals[1], and a sermon "Where are the schools of the Prophets?" which I find referred to in a journal (May 2nd, 1870) as follows:—The faces of the audience were the best commentary, the men's especially—we all were delighted, one of my father's comments being, 'Well, you *really* seem as if you *believed* what you were saying.' By his desire it was called 'Where are the schools of the Prophets?'

Dear old Chancellor Massingberd[2] (who had a look of Mr Keble about him) was most sympathetic and friendly, but his gentle, poetical and refined life was not destined to be of much longer duration. He passed away in 1872, taking with him many old memories and many tender associations of bygone days: a quaint little touch of conservatism long remained in the little brass candlestick (relic of days before gas was introduced into Lincoln Minster) which at his desire was left in front of his stall.

[1] Vol. 130, p. 225.

[2] Chancellor of Lincoln from 1862: author of the *History of the English Reformation, Law of the Church and State*, &c.

The Bishop of Lincoln thereupon offered my father the vacant Chancellorship, and the residentiary Canonry annexed to that office. It will be seen from the correspondence, that the Bishop began by attaching to the offer certain conditions as to residence and work, but my father refused to pledge himself, and was eventually appointed unconditionally.

*From the Bishop of Lincoln, offering him the Chancellorship.*

RISEHOLME, LINCOLN.
9 *Dec.* 1872.

MY DEAR BENSON,

You are aware that the Chancellorship of Lincoln Cathedral is vacant by the death of our dear friend Chancellor Massingberd.

You will also, I am sure, feel with me in the deep sense I have of the solemn responsibility under which a person lies who is called upon to fill up the vacancy; and you will, my dear friend, unite with me in prayer that I may be able to discharge this duty so as best to promote the Glory of God, and the Salvation of souls; and the good of the Cathedral, the City and Diocese of Lincoln, the Church of England, and the Church Universal.

There are certain conditions which it seems to me ought to be satisfied by anyone who is appointed to that Office. He ought to devote himself wholly to it, and its duties, as prescribed by the Statutes, so far as they are not repealed: and the more so, inasmuch as Cathedral bodies, on account of the reduction of their numbers, and impairment of their powers, require now more than ever the entire devotion of those who belong to them.

I could not, therefore, offer the vacant Chancellorship to anyone who could not engage to devote himself entirely to the study of Theology, and to the training of Theological students for the sacred Ministry of the Church; and to the work of Christian Education, especially in the City of Lincoln, according to the Statutes.

And now, my dear Benson, let me add that I have had great comfort in my personal connexion with you as one of my

examining Chaplains, and I should be sorry to lose you as a Chaplain, if I were to gain you as a Chancellor.

Might I then—asking you to consider carefully, as I am sure you will do, all that I have written—request you to let me know whether, on these terms, I may have the pleasure of nominating you to the Chancellorship of Lincoln Cathedral?

And may God, of His infinite mercy, guide us aright!

Ever, my dear friend,

Yours affectionately,

C. Lincoln.

P.S.—I believe that in the Consecration of the Holy Eucharist your use at Wellington differs from ours at Lincoln: but I am sure you would follow, in such matters as this, the advice of St Ambrose, and "do at Rome what they do at Rome."

### *To Bishop Wordsworth, on the offer of the Chancellorship of Lincoln Cathedral.*

11 *Dec.* 1872.

My dear Bishop and Lord,

I may venture to ask a very little while for prayers and for thought and for counsel.

Two friends and my dear wife[1] I must ask. But they will answer me, with prayers that God will guide their advice, I know. Nothing however should detain the expression of my more than gratitude, and the joy that even after consideration, and with the sense of solemnity and responsibility as to *such* appointments *in these times* which you, perhaps more than any one in authority, entertain, you should still think fit to ask me to sit in that consessus. This alone is a Bath kol[2], and I hasten to say that as to the obligations which you conceive to attach to the place, there is not one of them that I should not *ex corde atque animo* embrace,

[1] My mother was away in Germany for her health.

[2] Bath kol, "*filia vocis*," was an expression used by Rabbinical writers to denote a species of revelation ranking lower than the revelation of prophecy, and granted in the place of prophecy, when the ancient prophetical spirit ceased. E. W. B. was no doubt alluding to the *Select Discourses of John Smith* (the Cambridge Platonist), who has a short discourse on Bath kol; *v.* the ed. of 1857, Cambridge Univ. Press, pp. 268—271. It is used here in the sense of a special inspiration vouchsafed to an individual at a crisis.

and describe as the proper investments of such duties. However on this I will write more fully, when I feel that I can.

I think I have told you how "to be a Canon" was a dream of mine, as much as it ever was of Mabillon's[1], and from an earlier age, for Lichfield[2] Cathedral was my St Rémy. But now this beautiful place and this "Beautiful Flock" seem to be more oneself than oneself is. Still I have long thought my work for boys was nearing its conclusion. Though I have long ceased to pray for any future except that it might be one of God's choice for me—and so in all the work I have hitherto had, I have never been a candidate, or competitor, or suitor. I hope you won't think all this egoism out of all order and duty—I only tell you, my dearest Lord, that you may feel sure that it is with me as you wish—that I desire to serve God in God's way, and *really* go or stay as *He* wills. This I *ought* to tell you—and I soon will write again.

Ever your Lordship's most faithful

and affectionate Bedesman,

E. W. Benson.

*To Canon Westcott, on being offered the Chancellorship of Lincoln.*

*Private.* *Dec.* 10, 1872.

My dear Westcott,

I have asked Lightfoot to send you a letter which I have received from the Bishop of Lincoln, and I am very anxious to have your counsel upon it. Things look different when seen near from their distant aspect. And one feels at last the seriousness of what one has spoken of lightly.

As to *real* fitness, and as to the means of bringing up one's family, I now feel equally rayless of light.

I think I *should* work at Theology? Have I grown too restless and too used to endless details (is the question that now rises) to leave me a quiet student of Theology?

Again as to training, the men to be trained have to be found, and their training has to be brought down from heaven,

[1] Jean Mabillon (1632—1707), the historian of the Benedictine order, entered upon his novitiate in the Abbey of St Rémy in 1653.

[2] Where his grandmother Mrs Stephen Jackson lived.

for one knows not what they are likely to be—or who—or what influence one would gain.

My income, I suppose, would be at once divided by 2. But expenditure would be less—? Sufficiently less.

Is one by the Law of the Land at liberty to make *promises* or agree to *conditions*, other than those the law requires? Is not *any* "promise, engagement, or assurance" of the *nature* of "simony," a legal offence? Anything which ties the hands more than the Laws tie men? I never *should* take any preferment either in or out of Lincoln, without resigning this, but is one at liberty to promise it?

The promise to lecture and labour is quite another thing. That is in the Statutes, and one could not be appointed without promising that—the only thing is to obey. But an engagement *not* to do what you are allowed by Law to do, is a narrowing of the legal basis of the office. Please give me your judgment—and your advice—and pray "for my intention" of your charity.

Ever your affectionate,

E. W. Benson.

*To Bishop Wordsworth, accepting the Chancellorship of Lincoln.*

Wellington College.
*Dec.* 12, 1872.

My dear Lord,

My two counsellors in England are of one mind, and most forcible is the expression of their opinion. My third and best counsellor[1] is not in England, but has so always and eagerly loved the every thought of a Cathedral home, that I know I may leave the communication of that opinion to another day, as the expected letter has not arrived, and as I have a special reason for wishing to write before the end of our term. If that opinion is adverse to the two others, I will communicate it by telegraph, and I will act upon it entirely. I know however that the case is just this, that the prospect of the constant sweet company of friends so dear would almost disturb our judgment, if we were not so clear in our judgment upon grounds *not* affected by that affection.

I will therefore proceed at once to put upon paper in answer

[1] My mother.

to the heads of your letter, my own view of the life of a Canon at this time, and of a Chancellor of Lincoln in particular.

I should, were I in that office, feel bound in the first instance to obey the Statutes of my Foundation. They are in force in every particular in which they have not been repealed. I have solemnly promised once to obey them, I feel the obligation of that engagement, and I am ready to take it again. That promise and those Statutes enjoin the holder of the Chancellorship, besides sermons, residence, etc., the delivery of lectures—"actualiter legere"—at certain times, and to this I will add the excellent comment of a Sacred Congregation in 1618, "Non potest Canonicus Theologus se eximere ab explanatione Scripturae praetextu quod non habeat auditores." But they enjoin what is yet more important, the oversight of and personal interest in questions and places of education in the Diocese. Anciently he was nothing less than a Diocesan "Minister of Education." Changes have put some schools out of his reach, but changes have created new ones, and brought others within his reach. Recent changes have given the inspection of religious education an importance which has yet to be developed. University changes have made the training of candidates for Holy Orders a question for the Dioceses. For all these, and for other canonical works and educational influences, "Lincoln is," as Professor Westcott says, "exceptionally favourable."

Again, the study of Theology is especially his duty. The statutable directions about Lectures point out that. And the Statutes, in a very affecting sentence, touch on the proved efficiency of that side of the Chancellor's work. For myself I now give all the poor shreds and savings of time to Theology, and have for years striven to save moments for it, and looked as "a prisoner of hope" to the time when I might fairly believe I had done my best for boys, and might bring assiduous habits and better judgment, and free time and attention to that study—*ταῦτα μελετᾶν, ἐν τούτοις εἶναι*[1].

It follows from this that I am quite resolved in my own mind, so long as I should hold such a position (if it were conferred on me) to accept no other benefice or charge. You are of opinion that any such charge held with the Chancellorship should not be "outside the City." I should conceive that it would not be to the advantage of the proper, distinct, Cathedral

[1] To practise these things, to continue in them, 1 Tim. iv. 15.

function, that any further charge should be accepted at all. I should hope that you would not press upon your Chancellor a charge "inside the City" either. I should like to look on purely Canonical work as *the* work in God's Church to which I should devote myself undistractedly.

This is my profession of Faith. If you exact a Promise I could not feel any scruple in making it, although in law perhaps it might not be binding, and it seems that there is a general objection in Church law to "any promise, engagement, or assurance," which limits more than the law does, the freedom of those entering on Church offices. Still, if you exact the promise, I will obey, although, since you have perfect freedom of choice, and would choose no one whom you did not trust from what you already knew of him, and since you know me, and I am sure trust me, not now only but for my future life, I confess I should be a little happier if you should think fit to accept my profession of Faith, and my Oath of Obedience to the Statutes and to you, without my entering into an engagement. I think I should feel more honest pride in doing what I know I should do, by refusing any offer of preferment to be held with the Chancellorship, upon the grounds of my duty to the Church and Diocese, than if I refused it because of a Promise. I should feel also more independent in doing what I hope we shall have an opportunity of doing, viz. supporting some measure for the lengthening of residence and exclusion of other preferment for all Canons. Still I am in your hands.

Nothing would induce me to give up the *Chaplaincy*. It has helped me in my work here. It has deepened my spiritual life. It has made me see, and be more tender to, the difficulties alike of clergy and laity. I cannot sufficiently express my sense of the advantage I have, and hope to have always, from intercourse with you at these times. And if I am to be really of use in education, the knowledge which it will give me of the clergy would be most precious.

The Celebration of the Holy Communion—I do not know what your Lordship alludes to in our Consecration Use in the Chapel here. I do not stand before the Table, I mean "in front" of it. I never did because of the pain and offence it might give to some parental minds. Since the Judgment[1] (though

[1] The Judgment of the Privy Council on appeal from the sentence of Sir Robert Phillimore pronounced against the Rev. John Purchas, of Brighton,

I regret it) I should have thought myself a law-breaker if I had stood in front, and I have advocated obedience with others.

If it is not this, but any other thing, I can only say generally that as a Member of a Consessus Sacerdotalis, I should feel myself in a wholly different position from that which I now hold at the head of a Chapel, and that one thing from which I should hope to derive great benefit in the new position, is that I should be subject to Discipline. I hope I am not "vulgarised by power," but my power has often been a very great trial to me, and I look forward with hope to a life in which my own will would be checked; and among other regions of Discipline, I should esteem the Use of Lincoln one to be "devote ac humiliter susceptus."

I hope I have satisfied your Lordship on all points of your letter. I ventured to show it to Westcott, and he says, "Your own view of the Chancellor's office exactly coincides with the Bishop's," and if you are satisfied, and still propose to confer an office so holy, and so stimulating to zeal and thought and hope, upon one who knows, and hopes that you know, his disqualifications, I can only, with humble and devout gratitude to our Blessed Lord, look upon it as my third, highest, and I dare to hope, my *last* call.

What can I say besides of the joy and peace and strength which my wife, my children and myself will find in the Love of God shown us in drawing still closer the filial and fraternal friendships of the last four years.

Your Lordship's

ever more faithful Bedesman,

E. W. Benson.

P.S. Would Heydour have to lose—I fear it would—that paternal exercise of jurisdiction which has hitherto caused them "appetere commorari" under their present plenary rules[1]?

April 26, 1871. It was decided that the proper position for the Celebrant throughout the Communion Service was on the North side, or North end of the Table (if placed East and West) facing the South, and not at that part of the West side of the Table which is nearest the North, the object being that the people may see him break the Bread and take the Cup into his hand, which they cannot do if he stand with his back to the people, or between the people and the Table. The Privy Councillors present were Lord Chancellor Hatherley, Archbishop Thomson, Bishop Jackson and Lord Chelmsford.

[1] The meaning of this somewhat obscure postscript is this. Dr Benson

*To Canon Westcott.*

20 *Dec.* 1872.

My dear Westcott,

One word to tell you that I am accepting the Chancellorship *without any conditions* or stipulations or assurances.

The Bishop I think clearly sees the disadvantageous stamp which they would affix to any efforts or movements of mine, even setting aside the question of their perfect legality,—and he does not press them.

He does not even state them now as wishes of his, but leaves me perfectly untrammelled.

I am in the deeps of examination, and I have lost a very dear pupil, late head of the school[1]. I went from school straight to him, had a most affecting and most joyful hour or two with him and gave him the Holy Communion. He passed away most calmly a few hours after, and other things seem almost like the clouding over of a streak of heaven.

Yours affectionately,

E. W. Benson.

*To his Wife.*

*Xmas Day*, 1872.
7 a.m.

My Dearest Wife,

I shall write you but a few lines because it is Christ's birthday, and I find none like one of the ancient anthems for the Eve,

Sanctificamini, filii Israel, dicit Dominus:
Die enim crastina descendet Dominus,
Et *auferet a vobis omnem languorem.*

May He take away at once the sickness of your head, and the sickness of my heart, which is a much worse evil, though alas! easier to bear.

I wrote you a letter yesterday which I hope you will take in good part. But we choose holy poverty for our portion and we must not live as if we were in holy riches, or indulge in all the

wished to ascertain whether he might retain his Prebendal stall of Heydour together with the Chancellorship. Prebendaries are exhorted in the *Novum Registrum* so to administer their prebends that the people may desire to continue (appetant commorari) under his headship. See *The Cathedral*, by the Bishop of Truro, p. 24.

[1] Henry Akers.

amiabilities of expenditure. Everyone says the Mackenzies are "very poor," yet he has a living (and now the suffragan bishopric) *over and above* what we shall have. Deo Gratias, we shall have less responsibility. The welcome of the Chapter and the few clergy I know in the diocese is delightful.

Apparuit benignitas et humanitas Salvatoris nostri Dei, non ex operibus justitiae quae fecimus nos, sed secundum misericordiam Suam salvos nos fecit.

Your loving husband,

E. W. BENSON.

*To C. B. Hutchinson, on accepting the Chancellorship of Lincoln Cathedral.*

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.
*Dec.* 28, 1872.

MY DEAR HUTCHINSON,

Thank you very much for your very kind letter full of your old friendly heart.

I do not know how to describe the dreadfulness of preparing to leave this dearest place. No one can ever know what are the infinite claims on one's devotion which it has, and on one's tenderness. It is unique, though I know Rugby and love it well.

It is not a "blow" nor a "wrench" nor a "tearing" to leave it. But every time that its reality comes to one, about every quarter of an hour, a shower of little sparks seem to shoot through one's chest.

The work before me is full of great delight. You used to chaff me ages ago about being born to be a Canon. And it is quite true that it is to me an ideal.

I can't forsake this ideal when it presents itself, and I think with Westcott and Lightfoot that Lincoln is exceptionally favourable for attempts to renew the Cathedral life of England. I wish you would make a little petition daily to the Father, that He would grant me some portion in the work of restoring it as a precious half-lost inheritance of the Church. I ask it because morning and evening I never fail to mention you in my prayers, and never have failed.

Your ever affectionate friend,

E. W. BENSON.

Best wishes and remembrances of the sweet and holy season to you all.

It seems strange to a student of the annals of Wellington College that the unparalleled success of the school, its remarkable and rapid acquisition of prestige, and the efficiency of its discipline never seemed to convince a certain section of the Governors that they had an exceptional man as Headmaster. Almost all my father's most valuable reforms were carried out in the face of continued opposition on the part of certain Governors. However, I never heard my father express anything but the most cordial gratitude for the sympathy and support which the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge invariably gave him: I often heard my father say that intended opposition among the Governors had often been averted by the Prince of Wales saying, "I think, gentlemen, that this is eminently a matter which we must leave entirely to the discretion of the Headmaster."

At the end of his time at Wellington an incident occurred which left a very painful impression on my father's mind, and which increased his desire to accept any adequate sphere of action that might be offered him.

In 1872 a grave moral delinquency was discovered by one of the tutors, affecting the character of three boys: the Headmaster acted promptly, and on his own authority requested the parents to remove the boys. This was done, but the parents of two of the boys, on the ground that the offence had occurred in the holidays, brought the question before the Governors, who discussed the matter, and requested the Headmaster to reinstate the boys. The Headmaster drew up a Memorandum on the subject, and consulted the Headmasters of some of the leading public schools, who all pronounced unhesitatingly in his favour; the letters from these Headmasters were printed in an appendix to the Memorandum, which concluded by saying that the Headmaster could not reconsider his determination,

but that the Governors could of course employ their superior authority in the matter; my father intended, if they persisted, to resign his position; but the Memorandum was absolutely conclusive, and the Governors reversed their previous decision. Still their original action shook my father's confidence, and I think was one of the determining causes which decided him to accept the Bishop of Lincoln's offer of a Canonry.

The first person at Wellington College to be told of the offer was my father's attached friend, Mr Penny. His account of the interview is as follows:—

On the morning of the last day of term, he sent for me suddenly to go to his house about 10 a.m. I did not find him in his Study, and on enquiry was shown upstairs to his dressing-room, where he sat at a table covered with papers. I little expected the cause of his summoning me and rather wondered at his receiving me where he did. I was not long left in doubt. He asked me to sit down and then said simply: "I have sent for you to tell you that I am going to leave Wellington." "Leave Wellington?" I cried. "Impossible!" He went on quite calmly—"The Bishop of Lincoln has offered me the Chancellorship of his Cathedral and I have accepted it. I shall cease to be Headmaster here after next Midsummer term." It was a bolt out of the blue and I was stunned. At first I hung my head and could say nothing. I could not restrain my tears which fell profusely in spite of every effort on my part to keep them back. As I sat weeping before him, he rose from his chair and coming across to where I sat, kissed me on the forehead in silence. At last I found words to speak. "Are you sure," said I, "that you have done right in accepting this Canonry? You are worth a great deal more than this. Ought you to leave Wellington for anything except a Deanery? I should have liked to see you a Bishop, but that I know you want rest sadly and that you would get as a Dean. It is sure to come if you will only wait. Besides," I added, "have you considered the matter financially? You have only just succeeded in attaining to your proper income here as Headmaster after all these years of work—£2,000 a year—and you are going to sacrifice one-half of that by going to a Canonry

at Lincoln just at the time when Martin and Arthur's education will cost you every penny you can spare." But it was of course of no use saying anything. He had counted the cost and his mind was made up. So I ceased troubling him.

At 12 we all assembled in the Sixth Form Class-room and Benson repeated to his Assistant Masters the announcement he had previously made to me. The majority of men fortunately are not so emotional as some of us, but the sudden and unexpected nature of his communication did not leave us much opportunity for expression of feeling. Eve, as Senior Assistant Master, endeavoured to say something, and Carr added a few words. The rest of us, so far as I remember, said nothing; and when Carr had finished we all rose up in silence, shook hands with Benson, and went our way.

He was installed at Lincoln on Innocents' Day, 1872, and thus described the ceremony :—

*To his Wife.*

RISEHOLME.
*Innocents' Day*, 1872.

MOST DEAREST WIFE,

So the day which makes life begin anew is come and gone. It leaves me with a great sense of peace and rest and a trust that peace and rest may strengthen *you* too for whatever duties may be before us. I cannot well see what they are in detail, and even in shadow they are dim. But I still feel sure that He who has unfolded duty by duty hitherto will show yet undiscerned circle within circle of service.

There was a sad void in your absence. Sunday at Riseholme with all its lovingness and quietness, but oh! my dear, that you were with me in body as well as in spirit. I don't quite know what to choose to tell you first, but I think you will like to hear of the service.

The service was first my Institution, reading aloud the oaths to a large congregation—large for the Cathedral,—and having the Bishop's Prayers and Blessing. Then to the Chapter House where I presented the Bishop's Mandates to the Dean who was assembled with the other canons and no less than 16 prebendaries. Then I was invested and received the Gospels. Then came a to me as you may suppose most touching part of the service—I was

brought in in procession by the Chapter and Choir, led up to the alcove and then was desired to kneel in front of it and *pray* in silence. I *did*. They all stood round and I hope prayed silently too for a faithful spirit for their new brother.

Then I rose and declared I would be ever faithful to the Blessed Virgin Mary of Lincoln. Then I was led down to my Cancellarius-stall and placed in it with a prayer, versicles and responses, by the Dean. Then I had to say half of the Lord's Prayer and the Chapter said the other half. Then there was a beautiful Collect. Then Evensong of Innocents' Day. Then again in procession to Chapter House where, while the Psalm Ecce quam bonum was sung most beautifully by the Choir, I went round taking every Prebendary by the right hand—and last was shown my seat in Chapter at the left hand of the Dean. And so ended the Installing of the new Chancellor whom I do not yet recognise in myself. To-morrow there is a Chapter meeting and I fancy some serious business to begin with. While I am thus vainly telling you the door of dignity which leads to the room of responsibility, I may tell *you* that the announcement of my election to the Headmaster committee was received to my amazement with some clapping. So I have enough work cut out till August next and can only pray for strength, courage, spirit, and the endless comfort of your sweetness and love to make me fit to do such work. I am puzzled when I think of it all, but I know my own way of working. It's not a grand way. The grand way seems to be the analytical where you frame great comprehensive conceptions and thence deduce what particular things you ought to do. But the only way I've been able to work is prosy, it is the systematic, as Chris and his Germans would say. I'm obliged to see what there is near for me to turn my hands to, and then the next thing, and so one comes up last of all to the general group and perhaps never sees what it is. I see plenty of such businesses now awaiting anyone who likes to work.

Dearest love,

E. W. Benson.

The last Speech Day came round; Mr Penny writes:

Dr[1] Benson proposed the toast of the Governors and the Duke of Wellington responded and proposed "the toast of the day—the

[1] He took his D.D. degree in 1867.

health of Dr Benson." Our Vice-President was always a halting speaker—but on this occasion he outdid himself in incoherency, hesitation and bathos. Then Benson returned thanks and proposed the health of his successor—and Mr Wickham replied. The proceedings closed with short speeches from Sir John Pakington, the Bishop of Hereford and Mr Walter, who remarked, "*Iisdem artibus servabitur imperium, quibus acquiritur.*"

As they walked away from the luncheon tent to the Master's Lodge, the Duke of Wellington, sensible of his failure to do justice by his eloquence to the occasion of Benson's last Speech Day, linked his arm in Benson's and looking up earnestly in his face, said—"Made a hash of it—knew I should. Always do. But I really did try to say something this time. This is what I meant to say. When the money was subscribed for a Memorial after my father's death, I and my family hoped that there would be a fine monument set up in his memory in every considerable town in England. And you can fancy what our feelings were when we found that it was all going to be lumped together and a Charity School built with it where scrubby little orphans would be maintained and educated like the Bluecoat School in London. What good would that have been to us or to them? By great good fortune the Governors found you and made you the first Headmaster and *you* have made the College what it is—not a mere Charity School—but one of the finest Public Schools in England—and I and my family are more than content with the result. There"—digging Benson hard in the ribs with his elbow—"that's my speech—that's what I meant to have said and so I say it to you. But Lord, when I stood up to speak it all ran out at my heels."

*To Dr Jex-Blake, then Principal of Cheltenham College, on leaving Wellington College.*

7 *Jan.* 1873.

My dear Jex-Blake,

I did not properly see you at Birmingham to thank you for your letter of congratulation, and to tell you how very greatly my pleasure at working on the Committee of Head Masters would be damped by my not working with you there. I intended also to protest against your speaking of my Lincoln work as likely to be "more congenial" to me, which it would

not have occurred to me to do, but for your having made a precisely parallel statement (which you see has rankled) when last I saw you at Cheltenham. Nothing can ever be more congenial to me than living with boys and talking to them morning, noon and night of scholarship and its applications. It is with them that I feel really alive and on fire, and I much fear that life and heat will sink down when I part from them. My work of late years for Wellington has begun long before early lesson, and ended oftener past than before midnight. Anything else that has occupied me has been matter of *minutes in the week*, and would never have been done except for the additional zest which it has always thrown into my school work. However my successor will tell you more properly than I what I bequeath him to do, and unless he possesses the wonderful health and spirits with which God has blessed me, your first advice to him will be to get rid of one third of it. That the second headmaster might do, but not the first. Congenial, the new work will, I trust, be, through God's blessing, for here I have not ceased to care about Worship and Architecture, though my books on such subjects have been long closed to me, and what is infinitely more, my whole spiritual being needs to be brought out of the depth into which grind and worldly forces have banished it, and to be bathed in prayer and God's Word. Not for myself, but (I pray God, and entreat you to pray for me that it may be so) for others. But more congenial to me never can be anything than my "Beautiful Flock" were.

Ever yours affectionately,

E. W. Benson.

### *To Professor Lightfoot, on Cathedral life.*

1 *April*, 1873.

My dear Lightfoot,

The Cathedral life looks greyer on a nearer view. And this life and this country of course full of freshness and beauty. And my Sixth has been so changing and rising in work and interest that the approaching parting is rising to Agony Point.

I am ashamed to be needing assurances that I have done right. Yet I believe it, though the view grows dim. My incapacity for affecting men, the impossibility of *sustaining sermons* which will affect *men*, for one who has lived and thought till he

is grey upon a boyish level, becomes appalling to me as one's heart's desire becomes an every day possession by degrees. Bear with an old friend's moans and come and enlighten my understanding of the position. Do you think B. F. W. will come to us even for a day or two? I am afraid of boring him.

Yours ever affectionately,

E. W. Benson.

*To E. F. Edwardes, Esq., on the founding of a Benson Scholarship at Wellington College by old Wellingtonians as a Memorial of the first Headmaster.*

Wellington College.
*July* 7, 1873.

My dear Edwardes,

I should have been well content to leave Wellington in its healthy happy order, without receiving from those whom I love more than I can ever love other people, and of whose regard I shall be always more sure than of anyone's, anything beyond the assurance that *they* are satisfied; and that they are proud of the place which, by God's guiding and not by mine, has come to be what it is.

But, since you will have it otherwise—so be it. What makes me intensely happy is to feel that my boys—for I am afraid I must go on calling you so—know me as well as your letter shows that they do. Infinitely more than any personal present I value such a permanent gift to the College (in the form in which it is most wanted) as a Scholarship for Ancient Literature or Divinity. And although I ought to be, and shall be, perfectly content to know that my life and work are merged, as they have been in the College, living only in its life, still no honour could be so dear to me as the lasting connection of my name (if it were sanctioned by the Governors) with this most noble place.

Thank you, my dear Edwardes, exceedingly for the welcome kindness of your own letter and expressions.

Believe me,

Always most sincerely yours,

E. W. Benson.

There was much to settle in the last month or two. Mr Penny says:—

Finally as an exhortation to all succeeding Headmasters he had carved over the door in the porch of the Master's Lodge which opened into his study the motto

PRAESIS UT PROSIS,

and over the corresponding doorway leading into the College by which he himself passed every morning to his lesson with the Sixth Form, and which is used by most of the boys coming off the Turf from their games, he caused to be inscribed:

"The Path of Duty is the Way to Glory."

The door has ever since been known as the Path-of-Duty door; but I fear that very few of the boys who so call it have any idea why it was so called or where the quotation comes from.

I very well remember the last Sunday at Wellington: in the morning my father preached his valedictory sermon on "esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt" (Heb. xi. 26). The peroration, one of his most beautiful and stately writings, may be quoted here.

And now farewell. It has been given to me to watch for fifteen years God's wonderful work, and I thank and praise Him for all I have seen. You will pray for me too that the years may be in no sense lost to me: for I have seen a new growth in England, organic, spiritual, healthful, abiding. Its material nobleness is visible—pray that its invisible power be nobler far: great buildings and new homes have clustered here; the bare brown plateau has verdured with the soothing beauty and the mighty promise of trees and flowers; books—the strength, the grace, the wisdom, the holiness of humanity—giving us the community of minds which answers to our yet higher community of spirits—have streamed through my hands to the Library, valued by you each year more and more, and to be still more valued, I know, as the generations of the school grow on. The adornings of art have been liberally bestowed on us in our short life: sacred arts picturing the great Acts and the great Sons of the

Holy Spirit[1] Who has moved dove-like from the beginning over first the chaos of man's life, and then over each province of expanding life as it arose out of the dark. Some are memories of our own brothers, some of our great Fathers in the Faith[2]; all assert our undying union with the good, who sleep in the faith and hope of Christ.

Far above all material enrichment, I have seen the touching sight of youth and childhood gathering around us, partly conscious of ignorance, ready to learn, tremulously anxious to do right, to please the parents who surrendered them to us, or to honour a dead father's name: I have seen, too, though more rarely, the more touching sight of ignorance, ignorant of its ignorance, of its weakness, and of its danger, fearing discipline and not being a law unto itself; they have been brought *not to us*. I have seen them "brought unto Jesus, and He has touched them." And how can I thank God for His works of grace, for the unfolding of high principle, and the expansion of strength and the kindling of Christian fire? for such a power there has been in our prefectural order—the Lord increase it evermore. And I speak with diffidence, and I speak with reverence, of the nearer counsel and goodness that has been by my side; no one has ever come to help me without some true touch of devotion to the high cause, some with an enthusiasm and a patience and a self-forgetting that leaves you and me for ever their debtors, and their reward is not here.

Thus for fifteen years I have laboured, often in most salutary trouble, yet with ever-increasing happiness. The trouble is gone like a shadow. The happiness cannot be taken away. I have seen you all come here; everyone who labours or is laboured for has been welcomed here by me. I have seen near a thousand men go away to labour in their turn where and as duty summoned and God ordained. And now I go myself. I came to the newest educational and spiritual work in England, bidden to shape it. I go away to the most ancient. Here I have made rules for others: I go to strive to conform myself to rule. Here I have served the memory of him who snapped the yoke that was laid on modern Europe: I go now to serve memories that are

[1] The Chapel dedicated to the Holy Ghost; the windows representing in series Scriptural events ascribed to the Holy Spirit, and periods of Church History and Life.

[2] The mosaics of the Apse.

green still, though they budded when Norman strove with Saxon, ere Saxon had done his strife with Briton. Nor can I now forbear one thought, for it is forced on me: if ever we are disposed to contrast bygone ages unfavourably with our own, we may ask ourselves whether we think the systems we have arranged, the wheels we have just seen begin to turn, will run as freely, will work as adaptably to the needs of seven hundred years to come, as the great institution of the past moves now when seven hundred years have passed over it, age after age, ready to become young again? Yes, we may say—if ours too is built on humanity's best, on a true perception of humanity's needs, on a devout humility and eager acceptance of God's work in man and through man. But not otherwise; not if we mistake troubled rills for fountains, and seek our immortality on earth, and hold doubt to be more wise and strong than faith.

If we build into the same building and trust the same corner-stone, we shall stand like them and share their strength: for life is one and indivisible, and so shall we be part of the Living Temple of God.

So shall your hearts beat strong with energy, yet be cool through self-restraint; and your work be wrought with diligence and rendered with cheerfulness; and your faces be bright with modesty, yet bold with frankness; and the grasp of your hands be firm and generous. For you will be men. You will seek Purity, that the souls and bodies you offer to those you love and to all-seeing God may be white and unspotted; Truth, that your speech may be simple and clear; Love, that your friendships may be sound, and that the brotherhood of men may be to you no shadow. But that these things may be, you must fix eye and heart unflinchingly on Christ and His Reproach; you must adore it, you must achieve it, for there is no treasure like the Reproach of Christ, understood and loved and lived.

Young as I was it affected me almost to tears: and there were many wet eyes in chapel. After the evening service—it was a hot summer night with sharp little restless gusts of wind—the school waited in the Quadrangle to say goodbye to him: contrary to the ordinary usage at schools, it was the custom at Wellington for the Headmaster to remain in his stall till the boys had all

gone out, and then lead the masters out; he waited for us, my mother, brothers and myself, in the antechapel, where he shook hands silently with several of his old colleagues. The whole of the cloister was lined with boys, many of whom put out their hands silently to be shaken. My father walked along with quick steps, his surplice and hood swayed by the wind which blew in through the grilles of the cloister, his face streaming with tears. In the court he was cheered by a crowd of boys; he smiled and waved his hand; at the door by the Master's library leading out towards the Lodge, as he unlocked it, a number of Prefects who were gathered there pressed forwards. "Goodbye, my dear, dear fellows," he said falteringly; and as we went out into the dusk I remember a cry of "God bless you, sir."

# CHAPTER XI.

## LINCOLN.

"*Dixit nunquam se minus otiosum esse, quam cum otiosus.*"
CICERO.

THE *Chancery* at Lincoln is one of the most beautiful houses it has ever been my lot to live in. It shows a rather inconspicuous front of Tudor red-brick on the street, with a large oriel window, and a great double door of ancient oak, in which we found embedded the bullets of the Commonwealth. You enter a long low hall from which a staircase leads up to a stately lobby; this admits to a beautiful panelled drawing-room overlooking the Close, and haunted by a tapping ghost. In the corner of the drawing-room is an ancient winding stair with pentacles on the steps to ward off devils. The house is very large, so large that my brother and I were given a sitting-room, called Bec by my father, after Anthony de Bec, one of his famous predecessors and afterwards the military Bishop of Durham. The house extends far back from the Close: there is a part of a fifteenth-century screen of oak in the wall of what was our schoolroom, formerly the chapel[1]: there, too, an awmry was discovered on removing the wall-paper: a hagioscope from what was the

[1] Canon Leeke made further discoveries, including a piscina, in 1899.

THE CHANCERY, LINCOLN.

*From a photograph by Carl Norman.*

*To face page 364, vol. i*

solar; and by the servants' hall there are three ancient fourteenth-century arches that led from the buttery into the hall, now in great part demolished. At the back there are large stables and lofts, a granary and a coach-house, all belonging to the time when Chancellor Pretyman, who held several other preferments, lived at Lincoln in such state that, an old resident told us, a footman stood behind the chair of every guest at dinner. Secularity had been, until the days of Chancellor Massingberd, whom my father succeeded, almost a note of the office. A former Chancellor had been seen, when in residence, to hurry from the Cathedral after Morning Service, throw his surplice to his valet and drive off in a post-chaise, which would be standing ready, to the Doncaster Races.

My father greatly improved the house; he threw two bedrooms together and made a large study which looked out into a little garden with an ivy-clad wall beyond. He filled the lobby windows with stained armorial glass, and he fitted up a room over the porch as a tiny chapel, with some beautiful stained glass windows given by his friend Canon Wickenden, which are now bequeathed to the Library at Lambeth. Here we had prayers morning and evening, using, on Wednesdays and Fridays, a Litany translated by my father himself from the Greek, and in the evenings a simple form of Compline.

Behind the house was a small lawn with thickets of elders; but a passage under the granary admits you to a garden about an acre in extent, with a great wealth of flowers and fruit trees. On one side it was skirted by the high ancient Close wall, of stone mingled with brick, thick-set with peaches and apricots, and fringed with wild golden wallflowers at the top; and in two of the corners of the garden were stone towers, belonging to the old fortifications, one of which my father repaired, and made

it a delicious place to ascend and breathe the summer breezes. A postern below it admits you into streets of blind garden-walls which lead to the quiet Greetwell Fields; and there was another entrance for carriages further down the Close.

My father caused to be dug away a great quantity of earth which had accumulated near the house, and found much ancient Roman and mediaeval pottery, coins and tokens; he planted yew hedges and made the place very lovely; but we lived with the utmost simplicity, had no horse or carriage, and only maid-servants.

An ornament of the outer garden was a large stone sarcophagus, rudely made, probably British or Roman, which my father bought from some workmen who had found it in the Greetwell Fields in a gravel-pit, and were just going to demolish. It contained the bones of two children, buried together.

In the inner garden I have known him walk for hours together in his cassock reading a little volume of Burke, or pondering over the notes of his sermons, which were as a rule extempore. His frequent station was a grassy mound with steep sides that overlooked the whole garden: shaded by a Service tree, and overgrown by many elder-bushes.

We had at Lincoln an old white Tom-cat, called by my mother Rector, because he lived well and discharged his mousing duties by deputy; he became wild and wicked, and we used to see him, a dingy grey colour, stalking in a melancholy way through the raspberry bushes while we played lawn-tennis. At last he broke his leg, pined away, and was destroyed. He was buried under a pear tree which sprawled over the wall that shaded the lawn. My father wrote the following inscription, had it engraved in capital letters on slate, and put it up in the wall. I

believe it has since come to be regarded as a veritable antique:

> Hic positus Rector bello generosior Hector
> Victo mure Catus tamen icto crure necatus
> Qui servis aris sic tu recoli merearis
> Sic terrena super stes alba prole superstes.

We lived very economically at Lincoln. When lawn-tennis was invented, my father was much interested in the game, and made us play it. He invented curious wooden bats, I imagine infringing all patents, and we marked out the court with tape fastened down with hairpins, also his device. The one disadvantage was that if one caught one's foot the whole construction was obliterated in a moment. He took a hand himself very often, but was an ineffective player, though exceedingly zealous.

My mother was ill at the time we moved, and was much away; I shall never forget a walk which we took with my father when we had got the house fairly straight. He was then suffering from the reaction of the change, regretting that he had ever given up Wellington, feeling that the new surroundings would never suit him, and in deep depression. We went all down the long High Street of Lincoln, with its great stone archways, Bars properly called, across the road, and the quaint towers of its churches, St Peter-at-Arches, St Peter-at-Gowts and the rest. On a hill near Canwick we saw what seemed to be a fountain rising in great jerks into the air; we went off to explore this and found at last that it was the white sails of an unseen windmill. Then we turned, and the glories of Lincoln burst upon us—Castle and Cathedral in all their stately glories above the streaming smoke of myriad chimneys. My father's eyes filled with tears and he said, "Well, we must try to live up to that!"

*A post-card to his Wife.*

*Sep.* 1873.

All going well. Boys very industrious and happy. The Precentory a grand refuge. Arrangements are very complete at the Chancery; there is a man to make dust, and a man to burn paint off doors, and a man to make a noise with a hammer, and a man to throw soot at the books, and a man to dig for tobacco pipes in the garden, and a man to splash the paper with paint, and a man to scrape paint off with a knife, and a boy not to fetch or carry, and rods and rings not to fit, and carpets not to fit also, and women to wet the floors, and several men to charge. So we shall not be ready for you till Friday, if then. And yet you see what efforts!—and I fell down yesterday and scratched a shilling's worth of skin off my elbow, and to-day made a two shilling hole in my trouser knee. Baby is splendid and so dirty and so happy. When Beth says she is surprised and asks if he is not he says "No" in a highly concerned manner, and emphatically repeats "No." My best love to Nellie and Maggie and thanks for their letters which were very nice, and to old Fred and Grannie.

Beth seems to like everything.

*To the Rev. J. F. Wickenden.*

1874.

I am beginning to look on the months hitherto as a sort of illness. So many anxieties, so many uncertainties, so many wonders whether one had done rightly or quixotically. Now as one gets into work, clouds drift away.

You must come again for as long as you can and see how we have got over our moping faces and resigned meal-times. If you had not been here we should have petrified.

I assure you the renovation of an old house is far newer than a new house, far older than an old one. Its antiquity is developed, you see, and the new is so very new.

As for ghosts, they like it—they get bolder—they rap every night—while we are all talking and scrummaging in the drawing-room, they notice every coming in and going out.

I am at this moment in the ridiculous position of writing at a standing desk, in the presence of a young sculptor who has received a Commission (why capital C ? military association ?) from Mr Willett to Bust me.

He flung himself with the greatest ardour into the work at Lincoln, and far from finding himself at leisure for literary work, he was busier, he said, than he had ever been before. He started a Theological College, Cancellarii Scholae, where he lectured, assisted by his dear friend, Prebendary Crowfoot[1]. He caused to be restored a Chapel in the Cathedral where he held a daily early Matins. He had a little Bible-Class of mechanics from Clayton and Shuttleworth's, and Robey's Works. He gave Lenten Lectures on Church History in the Chapter House, and, with some trembling, he started Night Schools in the city; but rough as were many of the students who attended them, his personal ascendency carried all through.

Canon Crowfoot writes:—

The opening of the Night Schools for men and lads in the city was due to a suggestion made by Miss S. Wordsworth. I remember walking down on the first night with the Chancellor and a few students, thinking it possible that we might find sixty pupils. To our astonishment when we came in sight of the Central School in Silver Street we found the street blocked with working men and lads. There were 400 waiting for admittance. As soon as the doors were open the Chancellor mounted the table and in stentorian tones shouted, "All over 40 years old go to such a room," "All over 30 to another," and so in an incredibly short time the mass of men and boys was roughly sorted. Then, thanks to the extremely efficient help of Mr Mantle[2], and his son Rev. W. Mantle, simple test papers in writing and arithmetic were set. Classes were soon formed, and order throughout the schools was introduced. Their after success was largely due to the help given by Mr Mantle and his sons.

Miss Wordsworth writes:—

The Chancellor's night schools proved very successful. He enlisted the services and sympathy of many of the residents in support of them. Two old ladies however who were somewhat

[1] In July, 1898, upon the death of Canon Clements, Subdean of Lincoln, Canon Leeke, who succeeded my father, accepted the Subdeanery, and Canon Crowfoot was appointed to the vacant Chancellorship.

[2] Master of the Cathedral School at Lincoln.

of the Cranfordian type, were with difficulty induced to subscribe: "We give this to you, Mr Chancellor," said the elder sister, "to show our regard for you, but for our parts, Patty and I *prefer an ignorant poor.*"

Professor Mason writes:—

One time that I was with him at Lincoln, I had the pleasure of going round with him to the Night Schools, which were re-opening that evening. He was the founder of them, and it was delightful to see the way in which he was received wherever he appeared in them. He had a large Bible-Class of men in connexion with them, composed of all sects. He began to read St John's Gospel with them, by their own choice, if I remember right. He told me that when they came to the 3rd chapter, he said to them, "Now this is a chapter about which there is a good deal of difference of opinion. I have a very decided opinion of my own about it; and some of you would not agree with that opinion at all. So on the whole I think the best plan will be to leave the chapter out, and go on with the next." Of course the consequence was, as he had intended, that all the Baptists and Methodists were most anxious to have the 3rd chapter; and Dr Benson was delighted at the way in which his explanation of it was received.

My mother reminds me that in his first speech to the Night School at Lincoln he began, "Gentlemen—no,—Men and boys." "And nippers," called out a voice ("nipper" meaning in Lincolnshire a boy of about 15). "Men, boys and nippers," he went on straight.

The men who composed his Bible-Class were delighted with my father's prompt and outspoken replies. Not less was he delighted with their vigour and readiness of thought and speech. He used often to quote how on one occasion a man began a discussion on "Wealth" by saying, "If all the money in the world were to be equally divided, how long would it remain so?" "Not long," said another doubtfully: "Not three minutes!" said the original speaker. On one occasion the Chancellor illustrated a spiritual truth by quoting some mechanical principle; the men made him

in their own time and at their own expense a little machine to illustrate this more effectively. When he left Lincoln these same men made him a set of dessert dishes out of bronzed metal from the mines of Coleby, procuring the material themselves and working in their free time. This service he loved, and though it was not, artistically speaking, very beautiful, there were few days on which it did not appear on the dinner table for the rest of his life.

Of my father's work at Lincoln, in the town and among the working-men, Mr Duncan McInnes[1] writes:—

The qualities that endeared your father to the working class here were something almost too intangible to describe: it was not just because he was a dignitary, or a Clergyman by any means. If he had been a working man he would have gained the support of his class and have been a trusted leader, trusted instinctively, and, possibly, not one of his supporters would have been able to say exactly why. When *with* us he seemed to be *of* us, not through designing so to be, but because he couldn't help it. I believe many of us, perhaps the majority, thought he had had a workshop training in his early years, because he appeared to have the faculty of looking at things with a "workman's mind." I have seen hundreds of gentlemen *try* to do this in my time and fail, but your father did it unconsciously. To give an instance. Two of our Committee were Secularists; once at a meeting when your father was speaking about *a life to come*, one of them who was in the Chair, dissented audibly. It was a social meeting (of men and women) following a tea—he had had tea with us. Now, most clergymen hearing an ejaculation of that kind would have solemnly repeated the statement and enlarged upon it. Your father did nothing of the sort. He simply nodded his head backward to the Chairman behind him, laughed, and with a knowing kind of look at his audience—said to the Chairman, "Come, it won't do, you know," meaning the Chairman's denial that there was a future life wouldn't "go

[1] Formerly a journeyman moulder, and since 1883 Foreman of the Globe Works, Lincoln; Secretary of the Educational Committee of the Lincoln Cooperative Society from 1877—1891, and General Secretary of the Society since 1880; Member of the Executive Bureau of the International Cooperative Alliance.

down" with *that* audience at any rate. This by-play was infinitely more effective than any laboured argument would have been. The allusion to a future life was merely a passing allusion, the subject was "how to get most good out of a course of reading." I remember he recommended that after one had read a leading article in a Conservative paper one should turn immediately to a red-hot Radical paper, and then try to come to a just estimate of the matter in question.

As soon as the Chancellor was settled at Lincoln, he wrote to his old friend Mr Cubitt, then M.P. for West Surrey, to say that if he could get a Prebendal Stall temporarily endowed for a Theological tutor, acting under the direction of the Chancellor, he would "brave the foundation of a Theological College in direct connection with the Cathedral." He added, "I am anxious not to open a Theological College subscription with a Flourish of Trumpets and a Building, but to let that material garb grow up round the actual spiritual-educational work which I want to see organised first. Body will follow upon Spirit." He continued:—

I am very happy in all I see of Lincoln. A grand place, grand opportunities. The Bishop you know all about, and I think he will make a great impression, he is conciliatory and insistent together. The Dean[1] is *very* able, not enthusiastic, but anxious for good things. I think this somewhat cynical soberness will make us all careful to do *well* what we do. The majority (two of the three) very anxious to extend the usefulness of the Cathedral. The Ecclesiastical Commission have robbed us much: have left scarcely enough for repairs.

We have a grand old house, and I a delightful study, nearly in order now, and I am quite resolved to spend 10 or 15 years (if I have them) in this place without any work that shall call me away. I am declining preachments right and left, and mean to give myself to Cathedral work pure and simple, and if I can make it wide enough and busy enough, I shall stay here the rest of my days. I tell my children they must provide for their own education.

[1] J. W. Blakesley, B.D.

I am going off now in an hour to London (to stay with Lightfoot at the Chapter House, St Paul's) for two or three days while Prescott Knight begins my portrait; which my deluded Wellington Masters insist on presenting to Mrs Benson.

What a *rise* for Wellington College Miss Gladstone will be[1]! You had a sad gloom over Ranmore in your Bishop's[2] fatal fall.

Mr Cubitt, replying to the preceding, offered to endow a Stall temporarily at Lincoln for Theological work, and in January, 1874, the Chancellor wrote to Mr Cubitt, acknowledging a cheque for £750 for the endowment of the temporary Tutorship.

THE CHANCERY, LINCOLN.
16 *Jan.* 1874.

MY DEAR CUBITT,

I have just received your kindest letter, together with your truly noble gift to the Church and to me, for I own I value more than I can express the honour and pleasure you put upon me by wishing me to pay it out fruitfully. You have now to water the good seed you have sown with your prayers, and I hope you will let me feel that you are counting this among the good works you pray for.

I shall let you know how we proceed. The Precentor is going to give me lectures, and the Bishop Suffragan to lecture occasionally on Pastoral Theology. The more I hear him, the more thankful and almost surprised I am that so good a coadjutor has been secured[3]. I fancy he will be an eminent man. At present our applications for immediate work are from two University men (one settled in Lincoln), one local preacher from Lichfield, one gentleman of independent means tired of idleness and with a general interest in vestments, who tells his friends that he enjoyed being very plainly spoken to by me

[1] The Very Rev. E. C. Wickham, Headmaster of Wellington College from 1873 to 1893, now Dean of Lincoln, married Miss Agnes Gladstone, daughter of the Rt Hon. W. E. Gladstone, in Dec. 1873.

[2] Bishop Wilberforce was thrown from his horse on July 19, 1873. He was riding with Lord Granville from Leatherhead station to Holmbury, where he was to meet Mr Gladstone. After passing Ranmore Common and Ackhurst Downs, they descended towards Abinger, when the Bishop's horse stumbled and threw his rider forwards, killing him instantaneously. See p. 185.

[3] Prebendary Crowfoot.

about his useless life! What do you think of our material? People seem to say it is a fair start. At Easter a well-read man comes to us from a Tutorship in a Wesleyan School. I suppose we have nothing to do but to follow the lead which comes to us in direction. The Bishop gives us (I hope) two lecture rooms, fires and a servant. I have got the Chapter to consent to a revival of the early Morning Prayers at $\frac{1}{4}$ before eight in the Cathedral, so that I shall not send the men to over long Service in the morning when they ought to be reading. Monday next we all meet for the first time.

We find this a great change and are much occupied with the cutting of our coat according to our cloth.

Once more best thanks.

Sincerely yours,

E. W. Benson.

Canon Crowfoot sends me the following reminiscences of my father's work at Lincoln. He writes:—

I was living at Wigginton in Oxfordshire when in October, 1873, I received a letter from Chancellor Benson, from which this is an extract:

Keble College.
*Oct.* 3, 1873.

"An offer has been made to the Bishop of Lincoln in connection with an object which he has much at heart: viz. the gradual re-endowment of suppressed stalls in the Cathedral in connection with diocesan work. I do not know whether Cathedral life and Cathedral work are at present attractive to you, but to me it is so unspeakably important in the present age of the Church of England, that I have given up the dearest work of my life, Wellington College, to surrender myself to Cathedral work, feeling the Canonry at Lincoln to be a call to *do* something in what I had thought and talked and written about so long. This is preface only to telling you about the offer, which is to guarantee £300 a year for three years to a Prebendary in Lincoln Cathedral to be appointed to assist in the preparation of candidates for Holy Orders in that diocese, under the direction of the Chancellor who in the Statutes is charged with that duty."

The invitation thus given was in a short while accepted, and a post-card on Nov. 2, 1873, brought me this characteristic

greeting. "The Chancery, Lincoln. Nov. 1st, 73. All Saints' Day! What a beautiful day for us to clasp hands upon as συνεργοί!"

For the next three years and a half until he left Lincoln to be the first Bishop of Truro our work brought us together every day. Fellow service with him became of necessity intimate friendship. The friendship given with the halo of All Saints' Day resting upon it, was given without reserve. The Chancery became a home in which my wife and I at all times met a most affectionate welcome.

His life at Lincoln cannot be better described than in the words he used in his farewell sermon at Wellington College: "I go to serve memories that are green still, though they budded when Norman strove with Saxon ere Saxon had done his strife with Briton[1]." This was the one increasing purpose constantly before him to prove so far as it was possible for him to do so within the limits of his own office that the memories of a great Cathedral are still green, and still bear the potency and power of new life. At the end of three years Lincoln was ready to admit that his service had been rendered with loyalty and self-devotion, and crowned with no small measure of success.

He had written about the Cathedral system before he came to Lincoln. He was now called to convert his theories into facts. The task was one which drew out all the enthusiasm of his nature. All the surroundings of his life at Lincoln were in harmony with his character. He had for his Bishop a great spiritual Chief, a true Father in God, for whom he felt a filial reverence and love; one whose ideal it was to be "the repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in." He held an ancient office with a field of large and varied duty marked out by statutes 800 years old. He had an innate reverence for every link which bound him to the past, and the Chancery in the Minster yard was a house which belonged to every century from the 13th to the 19th. From earliest childhood as a very little boy it had been his delight to be in Church, and to attend as many services as possible. A born ecclesiastic, he was now called every day to do acts of worship in the most beautiful church in Europe. Lincoln Cathedral "on its sovran hill" was to him a perpetual "sursum corda." Every column, cornice, sculptured

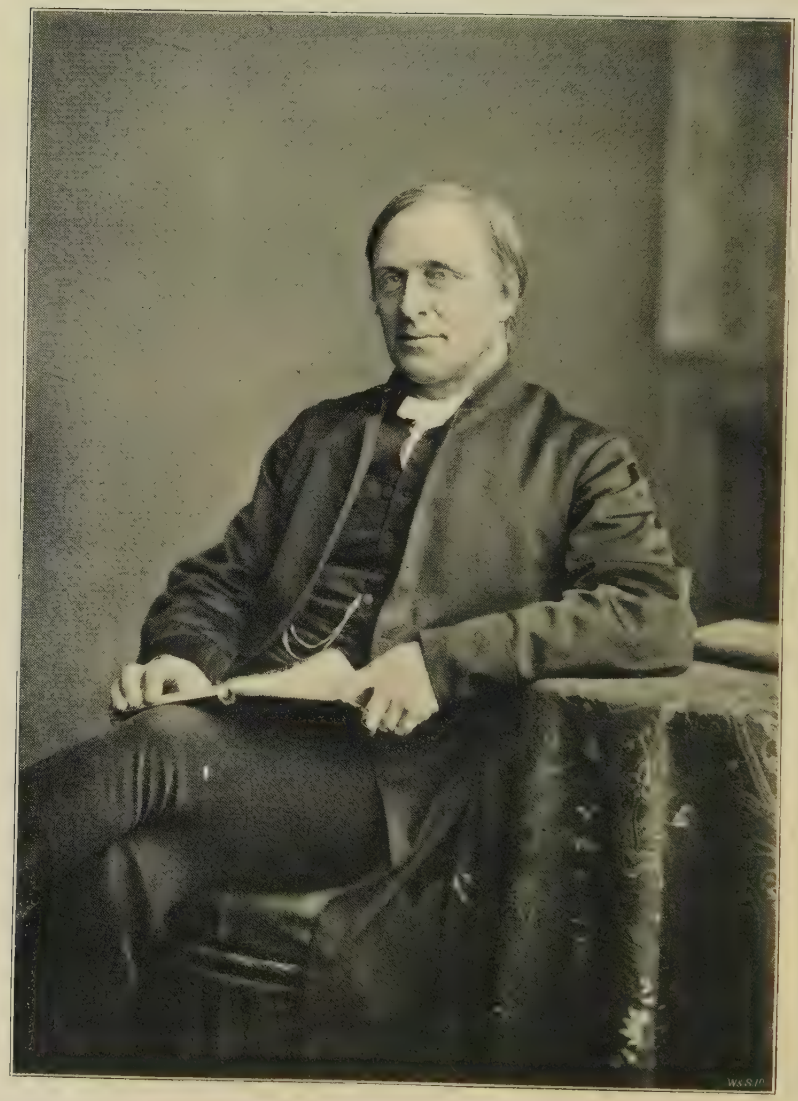
[1] *v.* pp. 361, 362.

stone or frieze was a memory recalling a glorious past and bringing him into the immediate presence of the great Giver and Moulder of that past. Working in the power of this faith he took Lincoln by storm. With an eye which looked brightly, eagerly, forth to detect the divine image in every man, he found something to value, something to learn, something to appropriate in every one. All classes alike were attracted to him; but whilst he took a leading part in every social movement that was set on foot, whether it was the foundation of a temperance society, or a society of mission priests, or university extension lectures, or night schools, or the Lincoln mission of 1876, or the building of the County Hospital, he yet always remembered to reserve the first place for the proper work of his own office. He gave the hardest labour, and consecrated the very best of his powers, to the preparation of the sermons which he preached in the Choir and Nave of the Cathedral, and the lectures which he gave in the Chapter House or Morning Chapel as Chancellor of the Cathedral. The work which most distinctly belonged to his office, by which his name will be ever handed down, is the Scholae Cancellarii.

The late Archbishop has himself described the origin of the Scholae. "The first thing about the Scholae was that after I had preached as Prebendary of Heydour on May 1, 1870, the Bishop as we went away said, 'Now, I will tell you all that is in my heart. First you must print that sermon and it must be called "Where are the schools of the Prophets?" and then you must look forward to this. One day, no matter how far off, you must come here as Chancellor, and you must restore the schools of the Prophets here.'"

They were opened in Jan. 1874, with two students, and our numbers rapidly grew. I often wished that I could have attended his lectures. The Greek Testament had always been his favourite study. He threw into his lectures his whole soul, and all his splendid scholarship. I quote some reminiscences from old students. One[1], now a Dean in America, writes in an American paper: "How vividly one recalls the Chancellor. His quick strong nervous step as he enters the lecture-room, the prayer usually concluding with the Lord's Prayer in Greek, the students reciting it with him: and the strong brilliant intellect glowing

[1] Rev. W. Gardam, Dean of Minnesota.



EDWARD WHITE BENSON, CHANCELLOR OF LINCOLN, 1876.

*From a photograph by Messrs Harrison (late Slingsby), of Lincoln.*

*To face page* 377, *vol. i*

and lighting up a wondrously beautiful face, pouring forth stores of learning: Old and New Testaments alike had new and unlooked for meanings and depths. His dignity, his kindness, his look which always brought the best things in you to the surface, his humour, his rippling laughter—the whole atmosphere of the lecture-room can never be forgotten. Now and then the Chancellor would reveal the schoolmaster, and a student could almost see and feel the rod. It was common report that a certain student in an interview in the Chancery revealed a most fractious disposition, and the Chancellor losing all patience, raised his hand to smite, but remembering himself, suddenly exclaimed, 'Let us pray,' and fell on his knees."

Another[1] writes: "It was an interesting time when our sermons were reviewed by him. He had read them carefully beforehand, made critical notes, and a short summary of his opinion. When we were gathered together he would take the faults in style, in arrangement, in doctrine, &c. Very amusing were his criticisms sometimes of our blunders. Lastly he would sketch his own idea of what the sermon might have been. I remember on one Sunday night after supper several of us were sitting round the fire and he asked each of us for our opinion of the various sermons we had heard during the day. Something was said about a very poor sermon. 'And was there *nothing* in it?' he enquired. 'I have listened to a great many sermons,' he continued, 'but never one from which I could not glean something to help me.' Before we parted on these occasions we generally joined with the family in saying Compline in a quaint old room fitted up as a family oratory."

Another[2] writes: "Many of his lectures with their freshness and depth are even after 20 years as living as if they were heard but yesterday. His clear grasp of the subject, his perfect ease of expression, his place right in the midst of the students, not far from them, his bright sallies of humour, his keen reading of character, his severity in rebuke of anything approaching flippancy in dealing with sacred things, his broad sympathies, his full reach of interests in questions of the day—his luminous criticisms of the latest literature—who could believe it is all twenty years ago? 'Good morning, gentlemen, the ends of the world are upon you,' were the words of his lips as he entered the lecture-room one

[1] Rev. W. Climpson, Vicar of Pelsall, Staffs.

[2] Rev. J. W. Townroe, Vicar of St Peter-at-Gowts, Lincoln.

morning with the news that the Revised Version of the New Testament was just completed. 'Ah! Mr So-and-So, why didn't you stop behind your tree?' to a student whose sermon the Chancellor was criticising, as his custom was, anonymously, before the class, and who thought the criticism unfair. Dr Benson was simply a student among students, and we all felt it."

He wrote a little book, "Vigilemus et oremus," for the use of the students. The sub-title is "Practical Hints on Reading, and some Prayings." It bears the characteristic notes of all his work, directly practical, very spiritual, and in parts difficult and involved.

The Society for Mission Priests under the quaint and characteristic title "Novate Novale[1]" was formed in the autumn of 1875. The Chancellor became the first warden of this society, and the Manual and Rule drawn up by him have served as a model for several similar societies, which have since been formed in other dioceses.

The fruit of this society was a general mission held throughout the city of Lincoln in the month of February, 1876. Of this mission the Chancellor was the life and soul. Without him it would not have been held, and no General Mission has been held in Lincoln since 1876. He himself became the leading Missioner in the church of St Peter-at-Arches, sometimes called the Corporation Church. It is safe to remark that no course of sermons at all like his was ever preached at a mission. They were preached from notes, but I think that he only began at Lincoln the habit of preaching from notes: and certainly he had not at that time acquired a perfect facility in the art. I remember feeling very nervous and praying earnestly on more than one occasion that he might not break down. He did not break down, and he preached every night considerably over the heads of a crowded congregation. His sermons were very earnest, very practical, and dwelt chiefly upon the duty of loving God and loving one another. The lessons of the course were summed up in a beautiful prayer entitled "A Prayer of things that belong to Salvation—the last Prayer of St Peter-at-Arches' Mission, 1876." One of his helpers, the daughter of a Norfolk Squire, naïvely remarked that she had not once heard the Gospel preached in the mission addresses throughout the week. Between this lady

[1] The Vulgate rendering of Jeremiah iv. 3, "Break up your fallow ground."

and the Chancellor there grew up during the week a strong and lasting friendship. She had come to work amongst the factory girls; but she gave in the Chancery some simple Evangelical addresses to which the élite of Lincoln were invited. He was greatly attracted by the reality of her faith and her joy in bearing witness to the Presence of our Lord. And she recognized in him a great spiritual teacher in whose presence she felt like a little child.

Professor Mason writes:—

The mission which he conducted at St Peter-at-Arches at Lincoln in 1876 was a real epoch in his life—together with the preparation for it. He used to speak of the way in which Bishop Temple, who had recently had a mission at Exeter, spoke of the work at a meeting at Lincoln—the tears rolling down his cheeks. Together with his course of sermons in the Minster on "Single-heart," this mission was to Dr Benson himself a great *coming out* into the directness and freedom of spiritual ministry which was so much needed for success in Cornwall, and which served him in such good stead.

Canon Crowfoot continues:—

A Tory by nature, he felt a natural reverence for the Mayor as the First Citizen of Lincoln, and for all the institutions which represent the civic life of the city. But there was no class of his fellow-citizens, with whom he so delighted to place himself in touch, as the large body of able and skilled artizans who filled the foundries of Lincoln. His strong personality and gracious winning smile made him quickly a favourite with them. He made several friends among them; Mr Duncan McInnes, the Secretary of the Cooperative Society, was a man whose friendship he greatly valued.

During those three years the Chancery became a great social power in Lincoln. Both the Chancellor and Mrs Benson were brilliant talkers. They tried to throw something of their own brilliance and brightness into every class of society. In all Cathedral towns society tends to break up into cliques. In Lincoln there was a physical line of demarcation in the steep hill which divided those below from those above. They set themselves to break down all barriers and to bring all together. The home life itself at the Chancery was exceedingly happy. No

gap had been made in the family circle. The children were all growing up full of great promise. In one year his eldest boy was head of the Winchester Scholars, and his second boy high in the Eton list. The sisters were not a whit behind their brothers in intellect and power. Nothing struck me so much as the intense reverence which, as a father, he felt for his children. He spoke sometimes with awe and trembling, lest his own strong will and that stubborn temper, with which his own life was one perpetual struggle, should do some wrong to them. It was a very beautiful and characteristic trait. He felt that they were his, and yet not his, but only lent.

Miss Wordsworth writes:—

One of the most important duties the new Chancellor had to perform at Lincoln was preaching in the Cathedral. It was there I think that he really "found his feet" as regards work among the middle classes. The three o'clock sermons on Sunday afternoons had not been always very well attended. But it was extraordinary what life he contrived to infuse into a somewhat languishing institution. He began at this time to preach extempore, or rather from notes. One series on the Kings of Israel and Judah offered a masterly treatment of the leading characters in that history and was long remembered by its hearers. The nave of the Cathedral was crowded with intelligent listeners. He was at his very best in these sermons. They were not too academic (as University sermons are apt to be), but they were full of cultivated thought and deep feeling, and most impressively delivered. One Advent sermon, which he preached as a Prebendary, "the Peace of God keep your hearts and minds" (Philipp. iv. 7), was specially striking from its allusion (it was the winter of 1870–1) to the siege of Paris.

His popularity with the "respectable" classes in Lincoln was very marked. I remember a professional man of our acquaintance observing, "There's Dr Benson—such a busy man, yet he comes and stands with his back to the fire and talks as if he hadn't a thing in the world to do, and had the whole day before him, and yet all the while he must have all sorts of things to occupy him. I can't imagine how he does it."

Among the duties of the Chancellor is the giving of Lent Lectures in one of the side-chapels in the Cathedral. These were chiefly of a historical kind, and were so well attended

that the audience had to adjourn to the Chapter House. One of these courses was on Charlemagne, another on St Cyprian. He had a wonderful power of vivifying the dry bones of history. In fact he was one of those rare persons who make us wonder why things and people usually contrive to be so dull, when (apparently) it is so easy as well as pleasant to be interesting. It was this extraordinary vitality of his that enabled him to throw a glamour over everything he touched. It was in the same spirit that he threw himself into the minutest details of the antiquities of Lincoln Cathedral. Nothing seemed to escape him. He had the felicitous power of making one see just the point where antiquarian knowledge expanded and as it were took hold upon the great realities of life, the lasting interests of mankind.

Professor Mason writes:—

From Wellington College days onward, we became very intimate friends, and when in 1874 I was ordained on my Fellowship, I sought ordination at the hands of the Bishop of Lincoln,—partly out of reverence for Bishop Wordsworth, partly because my home was in the diocese, but in great measure because Dr Benson was Chancellor and Examining Chaplain. I wished at that time to make my confession to him; I had not before made a regular confession to any clergyman. He strongly dissuaded me, urging me to make my confession as fully as I could to our Lord Himself, but to deny myself the satisfaction that it would have been to open all my mind to a priest. He was never much in favour of confession, in the technical sense, though his objections were purely practical, not dogmatic. I had several interesting talks with him during that Ember week. He found great fault with some vague expression which I had used in my examination, about the "potential" character of regeneration in Baptism, and made me see clearly that the gift of the new life, according to the analogy of the natural life, must be an absolute gift.

He was very fond of observing,—in no superstitious manner, I need hardly say,—the *sortes liturgicae*, and similar coincidences; and I remember what pleasure it gave him, two days before his consecration, when I was with him, that the lesson should be the execution done among the Philistines by Jonathan when "his armour-bearer slew after him." Many years afterwards, on the morning of June 2nd, when he had solemnly celebrated the

Eucharist at Lambeth, for the men who were starting that day as his first missionaries to Assyria, he said at breakfast to the missionaries; "This is a religious house, and I think we ought not to finish our breakfast without a *lectio Prophetae.* I will ask Mr Blakiston to read the first lesson for the day." It was, as the Archbishop had perceived beforehand, the lesson about the Assyrian colonists who "knew not the manner of the God of the land," whom it was necessary to instruct in that manner, that they might be delivered from the lions which plagued them.

The present Dean of Lincoln[1] writes:—

The life at Lincoln was in years a very short one: but like his life as a whole it was a very full one. It left its mark upon himself and upon the cathedral, diocese, and city of Lincoln. It may be doubted whether any scene of his working life dwelt afterwards in his mind as the object of warmer personal affection than "dearest, dearest Lincoln," as he called it, half-playfully, but in earnest, "its angels and its men!"

This was partly a natural response to the warm affection which he must have been conscious of having evoked in a place not usually too quick to show its emotions. "He took Lincoln by storm," wrote one who witnessed his life there. His genial vigour and enthusiasm were like a breath of fresh air, and the enthusiasm was so manifestly inspired by a love of and belief in things old that it raised no alarm in the most timid. In the quiet of the Minster yard and in the foundries, among Churchmen and Nonconformists, there was equally the sense that an inspiring presence was among them. The life itself had many incidents which were delightful to him. He was able to carry on the beloved work of teaching, though under new conditions. He found, especially in Bishop Wordsworth, close and continuous companionship which satisfied all the sides of his nature. He loved architecture, and he was in one of the noblest of cathedrals; historic associations, and he was in a place full of them. The Minster services gave him the atmosphere of stately devotion which was most congenial to him. But the pre-eminent characteristic of his post at Lincoln, and that which most endeared it to him, was that in it he was conscious of having found for the first time his true *métier*, the work that stimulated and satisfied not some, but all of his special gifts and interests. He was meant

[1] *National Review*, June 1897.

by nature to be, to use a phrase of which he was fond in relation to others—a few of his own time but most of them of the past—a "great Churchman." A dignitary who watches with a love at once filial and parental over "every stone" of one of our great Minsters is in the habit of distinguishing his own attitude towards a Cathedral from that of the society which protects our ancient buildings by the words "They look upon it as a monument; I look at it as a going concern." It was this sense that the Church in all the fulness of her historic machinery, in polity, doctrine, ritual, was a "going concern," which attracted the future Archbishop to his work at Lincoln. He had a strong historic sense, but it was not the antiquarian, or the picturesque, or the personal, or the philosophical aspect of Church history that had supreme interest to him. He was persuaded that the old machinery had a vital relation to the needs of the day. That, we know, was what had struck him most forcibly in his studies in Cyprian. "He appeared *to be among us*. I have tried to sketch what I saw. It is only thus that the past can be read into the present[1]." The first point in the ecclesiastical system to which his practical interest was turned was the Cathedral, and in a Cathedral of the old foundation he seemed to find scope for all his energies and means of realizing his dreams. He had great power of work, and he taxed it here as elsewhere to the utmost. And he threw himself into the whole life of the community. The social division of "above hill" and "below hill," which Bulwer describes so graphically in *A Strange Story*, was perhaps dying already, but it had no meaning at the Chancery. He especially delighted in movements which brought him into contact with the leaders of labour in the city, such as the establishment of some successful co-operative societies, and the provision on a considerable scale of garden allotments.

The Rev. A. R. Maddison, Prebendary and Priest Vicar of Lincoln, and an old Rugby pupil of my father's, writes to me:—

Even in Chapter Meetings his keen sense of humour found matter to play with. Dean Blakesley gave me an amusing example. A lay clerk whose singing had become inaccurate owing to his deafness was formally complained of by the organist

[1] *Cyprian: His Life, his Times, his Work*, Preface.

as detrimental to the choir. The Chapter decided that for the future the lay clerk, whose name was Plant, should only sing on Sundays. Whereupon Dr Benson who was amused at the compromise wrote:

"Cuique suae partes. Aures tibi; candidus audi;
Nil audire potest Herbulus—ergo canat[1]."

To appreciate the joke fully it must be known that the Precentor was himself deaf.

Of my father's work at Lincoln, his former pupil, Mr Lee Warner, wrote:—

During the four years that he acted as Chancellor, he had come to definite conclusions as trainer of the Clergy, (1) that no Bishop can do his work well without a Chapter constantly at hand, in constant evidence, being constantly consulted, though the Bishop "is bound to ask advice, not to follow it"; (2) that every prebendary released from the duties of looking after the living from which in old days he had his salary, is bound to do definite work either in teaching the Archaeology of Ritual—"for it has a very fine heart within"—or "in breaking the ominous kindly silence that too often closes a discussion begun in presence of a clergyman," or "in preparing students for pastoral cares." "In the cottage it craves a nice skill to hush the querulous garrulous tongue, yet leave no sting; to touch a hardened heart, and leave no shame of defeat; so to read the sad secret as not to leave hearts comfortless and passionate for years. And there is many a cottage whose wonderful peace is not understood; its inmates as they look after the healthy active figure quitting the threshold gravely say in their language, 'He means well, but he is not converted.' And there is a depth in what they say beyond their own penetrating. . . . . No doubt our clergy 'visit' with much of wisdom simply because they are so true and frank. Still through how many painful failures, through how much impatience do they pass. How much do they feel to have been sacrificed to many an undisciplined dash into the valley of death. With their school teaching it is still the same! How long it is before the fresh curate commands stillness without effort in the Sunday School! How long it is before he finds that footing from which

[1] "To each his own task; you have ears, then listen candidly; Plant can hear nothing—so let him sing."

he may so seem to climb with his hearers, that they may climb without shrinking. How universal the complaint that the 'Meeting' reaps the fruit of his labours[1]." Beautiful words of gentle reproof, characteristic of the man, even though the remedy he proposes of a Theological College be a somewhat doubtful one; for the defects are more often bred in the class than in the want of training!

*To the Rev. A. J. Mason, on Cathedral Missioners.*

THE CHANCERY, LINCOLN.
27 *Sept.* 1873.

MY DEAR MASON,

Our conversation has filled me with delight and hope. I firmly believe that there is now no deed greater for the Church of England, which (so far as I can see) is now charged with the world's Christianity, and must make herself truly Christian first, than this English order of Missioners[2] in close filial union with Bishops and Mother Churches. But no sense that this is so, not the widest diffused assent to the general claim for ordination can set *themselves* on fire. There will be no spontaneous associations for such purposes; there must be the one man who will grasp the idea and pertinaciously hold to it, joining to himself one, two, three associates very slowly. As soon as he gets ten sound ones, he will be able to command 100. And I think nothing can be effected without the Double Organisation. We want the social dispersion and the central fire.

Ever most affectionately yours,

E. W. BENSON.

*To the Rev. A. J. Mason, who had asked him to print a sermon preached before the Cambridge Church Society.*

10 *Nov.* 1873.

MY DEAR MASON,

What shall I say? I have pondered and I can't answer the question.

[1] For these extracts, vide *The Cathedral*, by the Bishop of Truro, pp. 124, 129.

[2] Mr Mason contemplated at this time the foundation of a Brotherhood of Preachers.

I can't first of all agree in your estimate of the sermon. I was greatly disappointed with it myself. I can only say I tried honestly, and add with Aaron, "There *came out* this calf."

Secondly, I feel the unsatisfactoriness of publishing these single sermons (not that I mean to trouble my friends with a lump of them); I don't think they are really ever read again, except such as come from one or two of your friends and mine. I have published so many of them that I believe I appear in the British Museum Catalogue as one of the most voluminous of English Authors[1].

So now, dear man, weigh it once more, and if you *then* wish it still, and if Dr Westcott or Dr Lightfoot think I should do so (and *please* ask one or the other without mentioning *my* wish to have their opinion), then I will publish it. If I do not hear from you again I shall put it to sleep on a shelf, with an easier mind, and shall pray for the Society, which is much better than preaching to it.

As to the other really *great* matter, you are not, I am sure, unfit. I do not look on it as an ascetic or an extremely self-denying work. Asceticism would spoil it. The Oratorians and the Jesuits are not ascetic, and could not do their work if they were. Your Fathers must be happy, and healthy, and live rather easily; though plainly, they must live brightly. Their special work is not the work of the cell. What is wanted is to do for the first time what will become an ordinary Institute of Church life. *All* founders have been young.

Your ever affectionate,

E. W. Benson.

*To the Rev. J. F. Wickenden, on receiving a water-colour picture of Wellington College, painted by him.*

The Chancery.
16 *Mar.* 1874.

My dearest Fred,

What a start—no, what a thrill—you gave me and then what a mist over my eyes.

My wife and I stood silent I don't know how long.

[1] See Bibliography at end of vol. II.

No one but your own self could have done it. The *light* is the light of Wellington College—the light that Bramston always talks about.

I cannot think how you have borne with you that breathing, glowing look that the air about the College always had—and the Chapel stands up such a beautiful horn and Corner-stone too. I am sure *you* think the College a beautiful building (which is a sentiment I had generally to keep to myself), or it never could have looked so in the drawing. And then the young tree tops. No thanks will flow for such a gift. If they would I should become a running brook entirely, for I am *all* thanks.

We are getting much happier. I've been intending to write and tell you for some two or three weeks. We have been through a bad time.

Mrs Benson is in the Assize Court—accommodated with a seat, poor thing—on the Magistrates' Bench.

Ever your loving,

E. W. Benson.

When post-cards were first invented, my father used them a good deal, writing in Latin. I have a good many of them, but they are often so obscure as to need editing with notes and appendices. I give the following, to Professor Lightfoot, as a specimen, with a translation.

Lincoln.
*April 23rd*, 1874.

Canc. Linc. Canonic. Lond. S.

Mandabat nostra Betha, femina lectissima, ut ad Canonicum Verendum ac Reverendum curas aniles explicaremus, precabaturque ut Dn̄a Sarcinatrix, femina ipsa quoque feminarum, togam quandam Sericam quae in Pyxidam hodie ad te tramittendam convolveretur, pro benevolenti prudentique anima, erutam claro suspenderet ne rugis obsolesceret inveteratis.

"The Chancellor of Lincoln to the Canon of London, greeting. Our Beth (*Mrs Cooper, the family nurse*), the most excellent of women, orders me to explain to the honoured and reverend Canon her elderly anxieties, and begs of Mrs Packer (*Canon Lightfoot's housekeeper in London*), also a woman of women, that a certain

silken gown which is being folded up to be sent to you in a Box, should, of her benevolent prudence, be taken out and hung up in the light, for fear of its getting permanently creased, and so spoiled."

### *To Canon Westcott.*

Undated, 1874?

My dear Westcott,

Thank you very heartily. I cannot tell whether the Churchmen will win *this* gathering battle, I suppose one day a battle will come which they will *not* win—to earthly eyes. But it may not be yet. And if it is, I hope I shall be slain under a Cathedral banner. There was a very delightful concourse of people and prebendaries which made me feel that alienation is not at any rate utter, and it was a great encouragement. I *hope* one grows in humility, but how difficult it is to combine *purpose* with emptiness, and utter emptying of self. I know that until one can separate *Hope* from *Resolve*, and *Resolve* from *Self-reliance*, no real hope is to be found. I wish you could give me ten minutes Penance, and five minutes of Apophthegms every morning, kneeling between the World and the Church on the pavement.

My dear wife mends so slowly. I hope you are all well.

Ever affectionately yours,

E. W. Benson.

### *To the Rev. J. F. Wickenden, returning a letter written by Dean Alder, of Cape Town.*

Lincoln, 1874.

I've had a Colonial Bishop lately who has utterly sickened me. I vow and declare that if any friend of mine is made a Colonial Bishop and doesn't eschew buckles—tights—and Aprons—I won't speak to him.

It's that—ah! my dear fellow—it's the Buckles that ruins the Colonial Church—*and* the Loops of the Hats.

Think of it. Men taking Shepherdships for Buckles and Loops. But true as I sit here.

I am afraid that I wrote last pettishly and peevishly, but I had a cause which I won't put on paper, in connection with a view I have lately had of a Colonial Bishop.

You may be all right about dress. Still I think that walking about Town and sauntering into the Clubs, as half unoccupied men, dressed like our Bishops (who certainly *work* whether they think or not), and getting called by the horrible word "Colonials,"—their status in society is unlike what it ought to be, and is generally lowering in men's eyes to the clerical body of whom they seem στύλοι εἶναι[1].

But I'll grumble no more. The Lord increase them a thousand-fold, and specially such men as your friend Alder, and give *them* the oversight of the flock.

I feel far too painfully what you say of pettiness and meanness in my own life as a clergyman—*am* I *really* a clergyman?—far too keenly the sense of the electric message to be sent, and its power both to speak and to read—and of the fulness with which it has been given—and that I am a machine charged to transmit it—and that the field is before me in this glorious place—and that I stand like a Leyden jar, which somehow no charging with electricity *will* charge—or bring anything out thereof but a feeble snap like my last letter whereof you make me ashamed. Well, to close this beautiful sentence—I feel all this far too much to think that I or anybody else have any business to rail at the Churchmen in the colonies. But what *is* to be done?—what organisation *can* be put together in this day?—what constitution can reintegrate the mighty fragments of the Church of even a single province,—and still more of the world? Can anything short of a Moses codify and unite our duty and ourselves? Will there be a Cyprian of the latter days? I fear it wants such utterly fresh conceptions—such perfect freedom from conventionalities—that America is the only place where the reuniting system can begin, and then—how long will it take to civilise them? Cyprian was the product of a very perfect civilisation. Well! you old Cynic—you'll laugh at the Yankee Thracians on whom my hopes are fixed, won't you?—Don't.

Yours affectionately,

E. W. Benson.

[1] "To be pillars," Gal. ii. 9.

*To Canon Lightfoot, on the life of Whewell.*

(?) *Whitsun Day*, 1875.

My dear Lightfoot,

About the Chapters for Westcott's life (of Dr Whewell) I won't say No instantly to anything you wish. But the more I think of it the more unlikely it seems. Look at it in *itself*. My absence from Cambridge from boyhood till now has had a great effect in making me feel that I don't understand the size and scale of Academic life, and that the Academic side of a great man is full of a Politics which I am not up to. It is not easy for you to see *how much* one feels a stranger and behindhand in Cambridge. Therefore I don't think I could possibly treat this life with freedom.

Then the man was really so very great. I can't help fancying he is rather before the run of thinkers than behind them. A very small man like Boswell may do a great man splendidly, but that is by details and ἀναίδεια. And *neither* of those are in my reach. But Gulliver, who was not so shamelessly small did not do justice to the King of Brobdingnag, and without joking there ought to be *some relation* between a writer and his subject.

You say it ought to be (1) a Cambridge man, (2) who appreciates him. I say I am *not* a Cambridge man in the sense necessary here—nor (2) an appreciator, i.e. through the difference of scale, powers, aims, understanding, knowledge, grasp, whole nature being just endless. Ça va sans dire, but this is just a case where it comes into consideration.

Then not *in itself*, but as a new undertaking *for me*—I have on hand

1. Cyprian, about one third done, and all wanting to be done over again.
2. Epistle to Philippians
   Two Epistles to Thessalonians } for Speaker's Commentary, *not begun*.
3. Six Lectures next Lent on Alfred the Great: never read a word about him—all to be yet begun.
4. Sermons and Residence.
5. Mission Week next Lent; the whole subject to be studied from the beginning. I have undertaken to be a "chief Missioner." Ora pro me.

6. Three Lectures a week for Cancellarii Scholae, and general management.

Can I *really do any* more?

I trouble you with all this that you may be sure that if I say "no," which I think I shall be obliged to do after another day or so, first from inner conviction that I am not the man for it, secondly from inability to find the time, you may feel that it is not without thought and care.

*Major est quam qui a me temeretur.*

Ever your affectionate,

E. W. Benson.

I really regret to find you have sent me another Colossians. However I shall interleave the first. It was simply invaluable, and I think even exceeds Philippians which everybody adores.

In 1875 an attempt was made to offer the Chancellor work at Cambridge; the Hulsean Professorship became vacant by the election of Dr Lightfoot to the Lady Margaret Professorship, and it was intimated to my father that he would be elected to the Hulsean Professorship if he would stand. His first thought was that he was not qualified for such a post by his Theological learning; but this was overruled. Eventually, though greatly tempted, he came to the conclusion that though it would be just possible to combine the two positions, yet that he ought to devote himself wholly to the Lincoln life, and he therefore declined to stand. As he wrote to Dr Westcott, "Just this taking stock within and without has made me feel perfectly happy in placing the Sweet Mother in her own Niche. But *Beata Maria Lincolniensis* is my patroness." The following letters deal with the offer.

*To Dr Lightfoot, on being invited to stand for the Hulsean Professorship at Cambridge.*

1 *June*, 1875.

My dear Lightfoot,

I hope you didn't think me a humbug when I told you yesterday what the Master said about Hort, Perowne and the Hulsean. You may have conceived that either with you or with the Master I had had something in view for which I fished.

I was perfectly innocent however. Westcott told me (after I had parted from you) what Hort had said and he had thought. But till then such an ambition as that of succeeding you had never occurred to me. Still less should I have expected to hear of it as a solution of any difficulty. He desired me not to answer "in five minutes" and to write to you. But I confess to you that, splendid as it would be, if it were possible, chiefly as a further running out of *utrumque nostrum incredibili modo consentit astrum*[1], I do not see how it could be possible without a tremendous smash of home life, even if it were not also a smash of Cathedral life, of the kind which does seem possible in this place.

The other topic, which Westcott says I must simply turn away my head from, my fitness and unfitness for Cambridge teaching, appears to me an unavoidable piece of judgment. One may let one's fond hopes of oneself fill up a little corner, but my knowledge of my falling short, and its causes inner and outer, is too deep to be silenced in that way. Indeed if one were to ignore it one would come back to the Antediluvian Epoch here of "Take everything you can get—and get all you can by trying." All this you won't like to *answer*, and need not. And all I meant to say at starting was, that I had talked to you without one *arrière pensée*.

And now I come to the great object of my letter, which is to say with every thought I can think and every feeling I can experience, that you must not (I am convinced) on *any* account give up your Canonry. I do believe that great as your influence and use is at Cambridge (I use the coldest words I can), these are nothing to the value and power of your London position. Men who can hold a place for the Church in London are very rare, and in this case it is not only against enemies, but against dear friends and saints that you have to hold for the Church her

[1] "In wondrous wise our fates are joined." Hor. *Od.* ii. 17, 21.

true position—the only position of thought and feeling in which she can ever be English. If that position is abandoned to the loveliest possible sentiment, her hold is gone first on London, then on the country. You never have been a rash man, and you would be so now if for any reason you gave up the Stall in St Paul's.

Ever your affectionate,

E. W. Benson.

Cathedral life at Lincoln and Cathedral life at St Paul's are such opposite types that you won't see, I am sure, even a momentary inconsistency between my views of the two cases.

*To Dr Lightfoot, on qualification for Professorships.*

The Chancery.

15 *June*, 1875.

My dear Lightfoot,

I am that miserable man the Victim in Residence, and there is a Cathedral Festival to-day. Think what has been my lot yesterday and to-day!

I think the Cambridge work would take the Whole Man of me scantily furnished as he is—and I have always thought and openly said that Lincoln work required the Whole Man.

I can't say therefore that under a temptation, to which Anthony's were but titillatory in comparison, it would be decent for me to say, "I'll give each work a slice." My *excuse* for *thinking* of it is the personality which desired me to do so.

You will allow for a little difficulty I feel in writing this view, lest you or Westcott should misunderstand me. I have said before however that your Cathedral is not circumstanced as mine.

Ever affectionately yours, E. W. B.

The following letters belong to this period.

*To Canon Wickenden, on Cyprian.*

Lyncourt, Torquay.

11 *Aug.* 1875.

My dearest Fred,

I assure you that in writing out the Cyprian, which I wrote so long ago that it reads like someone else's, I find it most interesting! You are surprised?

Your most loving,

E. W. Benson.

*To Bishop Wordsworth.*

AD PAPAM MEUM.

Prid: Id: Jul: MDCCCLXXV.

Grates recensens dum veneror Deum
Prius recurrat nomine quid tuo?
Tu voce tu pacem litabis
Innumeram veniam roganti.

Debemus omnes omnia; tum Deus
Munus rependit cum nihil egimus;
Ipsumque dilectum laborem
Fovit amicitia paterna;

O si paterno sic animo gregem
Omnes vocarent ac similes tui,
Cui stravit albescente panno[1]
Thascius[2] Ambrosiusve sedem.

Improvidi quinquennia jam novem
Annis duobus qui cumulavimus
Oramus impetres Ministro
Temporis ut reus eluatur.

E. W. B.

*To Canon Wickenden, who had bought a statuette and some vases for my father at the sale of Bishop Prince Lee's collections.*

THE CHANCERY, LINCOLN.
21 *Sept.* 1875.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

I must not go to bed without telling you that the case has just come in and we have opened it. What relics! What reminiscences! You could not have chosen for me anything I should more have liked. All most beautiful and interesting. And the way you have laid out so small a sum with such return

[1] An episcopal chair was anciently covered with white camlet. At the 1887 Jubilee, the Archbishop had his chair in Westminster Abbey draped in white for this reason.

[2] St Cyprian.

is simply wonderful. I do only regret that I did not urge you to spend for me a *great* deal more.

The Filatrice[1] has in her spindle and hand the very thread that our dear old hero twisted in to show someone, perhaps ourselves, how the Parcae span.

The vases etc. dignify the drawing-room in themselves, and they glow to me with a scarcely earthly light.

Your ever loving,

E. W. Benson.

## *To Canon Westcott.*

10 *March*, 1876.

My dear Westcott,

The Mission here has left really an *awful* impression on all minds here. The assiduous thirst of the people is most touching. Their crowds, their eagerness, the way in which they remained praying after the Services in silence, give me an impression I cannot shake off. We are so wretchedly armed with what they want—"Who is blind—?"

Your last note too filled me with shame when you said I was to be your Interpreter to Oxford. I don't understand *either* language. How I wish I could come up to Cambridge for a term and sit at yours and Lightfoot's and Hort's lectures, and talk with you afterwards about them—and be put through a course of reading. I fear that it was very bad that I did not stay and read Philosophy after my degree and I shall never get over it. But this is a useless wail. If you can tell me any direction in which to read, what I can do to get my straying and vainly anxious unsubstantial thoughts into order and strength, even at this eleventh hour, how grateful I should be.

Ever yours affectionately,

E. W. Benson.

(Enclosing syllabus of Lent lectures 1876.)

[1] The statue of a woman spinning.

*To Dr Lightfoot, on Temperance.*

14 *March*, 1876.

My dear Lightfoot,

We are now *plunging* into the Church of England Temperance Society, and are going to try to plough up this extraordinary fertile field by cross-ploughing—*rich* land, the "*fertile*" is to be seen in next 30 years. What *will* they bring forth? "Temperance" must precede "Faith" and any practical belief in "Judgment to come."

Yours affectionately ever,

E. W. Benson.

*To his Wife.*

The Chancery.
*March* 30, 1876.

My dearest Wife,

The Night Schools are just over, and the dearest of good saints[1] has been over from Riseholme at 8.30 in the evening and gone and spoken to the Central Schools and St Martin's School and dismissed them. He had been already over 3 to 5 for Lecture and Service. The children went there to lunch and have spent a happy afternoon. Hugh distinguished himself as usual by informing the Bishop that he had a St Hugh like ours in the dining-room—"with a little man in the mug"—and asked him what "his Goose was doing." They came loaded with flowers—they are all most good dear children.

With you I most earnestly desire and pray that our dear one should really open the windows of her heart to the airs of heaven. It is *fear* of what someone will say, and fear of ridicule, and fear of "narrow mindedness," and an early unfounded fear of "fanaticism" which has slowly dried up the spring—not for good, I hope. The "high and dry" school is certainly of all the worst to have been brought up in, and amid the supreme contempt of "Methodism" which prevailed when she was young it was scarcely possible for the true lovingness, which alone carries duty through to the end, to ripen. To be taught Belief without learning to *love*, and to express in *true* forms Love to Him whom we believe in, is not a rational form of education.

I shall indeed as earnestly as I can pray for what you bid

[1] Bishop Wordsworth.

me pray for. But you know what self-condemnation I feel on the subject. While I have really and warmly believed, and thoroughly realised (I think I may venture to say) the truths of the unseen and the persons of that world, as actually taking part in this, still (I know not yet fully *why*) the facts which gave me such happiness and strength in other ways have not till lately, if even now, reacted with anything like proper force, on my temper, my pride, my resentment, my self-government, or my opinion of myself. I have prayed for humility and sweetness always, yet I have not had before me the right ideal of character. But my notion has had in it a world of confidence in a naturally religious disposition, as if it had been a character formed and shaped by God, while it was not. This has been a snare of a most serious kind, and I have for years trusted to the religious sentiment to mould the life, without using anything like a careful interior *discipline*. The lost ground I have to make up is aweful. It is therefore I who want your prayers, more than you mine. But I know I have them, and I am turning back to walk again ground which I ought to have *made* long ago. Nothing can, nothing does make one so happy—with a bursting thankfulness—as the belief that with a new, a re-baptized intelligence, we can "come" as children can come, "to Jesus"—in utter simplicity, with cries for forgiveness and change, inner cries. But this intense happiness, which is the greatest we can ever know, is overclouded directly if for an instant that we determine to "*know anything*, but Jesus Christ Crucified." If we *know* Him—that is, if He knows us, and has drawn us close to Him, all things else fall into their places. But it is of no use to take Him up as a means to any other however good. All dearness becomes dearer, because it takes its right perspective from Him, and the love of human beings often leads us to the Love of God, because it first strikes the chord of Love at all—and when that ache begins it takes more than humanity to assuage it, but the true Heal-All includes all true love to others in its spell. And when the true Love of God in Christ is actually at work, there is not the least fear of our forgetting to love everyone in their proper place, only one must, I am certain, *begin* by loving *Him* above all persons and things. And so a time comes when we must begin to draw to a close our self-analysis. It may teach us most about ourselves. But when we know *all* about ourselves, there would be a limitation to that knowledge, and a sadness in it. It is after all only the knowledge

of phenomena. Those things which are absolutely worth knowing come in the next stage *after* convictions of sin. It is gazing deep down in the character and work of Christ, which will first begin to make the "Subject" of our thoughts *grow*. For it is not only *knowledge* of the "Subject" which we want, we want also to enter on a system, by which the "Subject" will become greater and more divine. And nothing but Faith in Christ has this effect—and when once it begins to operate, then we may almost give up the analysis; for just to bring the *results* of it, our self-knowledge, our self-despair, and our aspirations to Him, and simply beg Him to give us a notion of what we are to do with ourselves, strength to work it out as far as we see, and appetite for more, is the exercise called "Worship,"—a real approach to a real reception, of what we can't produce by thinking, or grasp with intellectual power—a spiritual fact, which the spirit alone can realise—that spirit of ours which often is so merely dormant, while all else is in activity. Ah! I labour in wretched words—too dry for you to read—but true if only I could beat my music out. We must utterly try to give our children some idea of the *Love* of God, while they get on so well in the *knowledge* of God's ways—the two must go on together.

I am afraid this is all awkward—but it is a true endeavour to express how earnestly I will carry out your wishes. And *you* for me? The Persons of God—the Father—the Son—the Holy Ghost—the aweful Trinity in Unity—This is what we must both know and love—Then we have hope for ever.

With all love and prayer,

Your most affectionate husband,

E. W. B.

I send you my letter such as it is. It does not half express my meaning or my love, but I can't do better.

Early in 1876 the Chancellor was sounded informally as to whether he would accept the Bishopric of Calcutta. He eventually declined it. The suggestion was made through the Rev. John Wordsworth, now Bishop of Salisbury. Canon Crowfoot writes: "I was present at the agony which the decision brought. He felt, he told me, as if he had made 'il gran rifiuto.'"

*Letters relating to Bishopric of Calcutta. From John Wordsworth to E. W. Benson.*

KEBLE TERRACE, OXFORD.
*Friday, May* 19, 1876.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

A letter was shown me this morning entrusting me with the difficult and (as I feel it) really solemn commission—on the part of Lord Salisbury[1]—to find out whether you would listen to an offer of the Bishopric of Calcutta, if made to you. Maclagan[2] you know has declined it—and Lord Salisbury is naturally anxious that the number of those who actually decline a public offer of so important a See should be as few as possible, and this I think is a feeling one is bound to sympathise with. Nevertheless he can hardly expect you not to take counsel with your most intimate friends under seal of secrecy.

A formal offer will certainly follow, if you incline towards it.

Now, dear friend, what do you think? Perhaps it has passed through your mind long ago, as your name has been frequently suggested for it in common talk—though this is very different from really facing the question when it becomes a reality.

For my own part I almost fear you ought to go. Yet I will not say fear—though it will be almost like losing a hand to part with you, rarely as I see you.

This place is perhaps next in importance in the English Church to the Throne of Canterbury—and I do not know of anyone much better qualified to fill it than you are; I don't speak with any blind friendship at all—as you know; I know too what you are giving up and the value of it. I know the terrible sacrifice you will have to make as regards your children. I know the danger of health to your dear wife and self. But "les pères de famille sont capables de tout"—do you remember writing it? It was as it were a challenge,—and this seems the answer sent by God's Providence. They will be the gainers in the end by a wider sympathy and grander associations and interests—though losers now in a way most painful to them and to you.

Yes, I think you must go and help to build a great house for

[1] Then Secretary of State for India.

[2] Then Vicar of Kensington, Bishop of Lichfield 1878, Archbishop of York since 1891.

our Master the Saviour of the world—your past life seems to fit you for it with its varied experiences—your Cambridge connection—your Oxford friendships—which are real—your physical gifts, as well as moral and spiritual ones.

I cannot write more, but only pray God as I finish to give you right judgment.

Your loving friend always,

JOHN WORDSWORTH.

*To Canon Westcott.*

THE CHANCERY, LINCOLN.
23 *May*, 1876.

MY DEAR WESTCOTT,

I hoped that it was just possible that I might see you yesterday in London, to have your counsel on a letter which I forwarded to Lightfoot by the morning post.

It was an offer to offer the Bishopric of Calcutta to me if I would intimate that I would accept it,—this method being adopted on account of the unadvisability of having such a place declined. I can't and ought not to enter into the questions which surge about it. But after talking to Lightfoot and hearing what he could tell me of views as to the future of that Church, I think that all the Light I can yet attain does not enable me to see that I can leave my children. Six children from sixteen to four years old are surely not meant to be left in the wilderness—and the *promise* is to those who give up *delights*, not those who forsake duties.

I can't think that this *is* a "call." I see rather an angel with his sword drawn standing between two walls. One word from you.

Ever yours affectionately,

E. W. BENSON.

*From E. W. B. to J. Wordsworth.*

THE CHANCERY, LINCOLN.
26 *May*, 1876.

MY DEAR WORDSWORTH,

I have ventured to take nearly a week to weigh the proposal which you conveyed to me. It was made with a delicacy for which I am grateful; for I had hoped that the See of Calcutta would not go begging.

The work and the scene of it, the new aspects of Church-life and hope there, and the prospect of a multiplication of Sees which I understand to be growing definite, are attractive almost beyond my powers to resist; and hitherto I have been so happy in life as never to have had to resist what seemed Calls to work: therefore I soon felt that I could set aside all lesser difficulties.

But one difficulty is insurmountable. Even if a man with a family is ever free for such a mission, I am circumstanced so peculiarly that we could not, if I left England, secure the sound religious training of our children, who are now between the ages of sixteen and four.

Τέκνα ἔχειν πιστά[1] is a Pauline note of a Bishop. Whatever other charge is offered, these six souls have been committed to me—and after praying for light I cannot see how to leave them in danger of darkness. I must therefore, and without a question, and only now wondering that such an offer should in God's Providence have come to me so placed, say that I should *not* be able to entertain the offer of the Bishopric of Calcutta.

Your ever affectionate,

E. W. Benson.

*May*, 1876.

*Reasons for and against accepting the Bishopric of Calcutta. A paper drawn up by E. W. B. for his own consideration.*

| *Pro.* | *Con.* |
|---|---|
| 1. (*a*) Receive it as a call from God. | 1. (*a*) The channel used is a Statesman's offer which has been made to one and refused. Thus the element of human deliberation is so large and so distinct in determining the ultimate result, that there is no excuse for omitting any human consideration in deciding. |
| (*b*) Quid hoc ad Iphicli boves? Would vanish by its becoming a definite proposal. (Ans. to *b* con.) | (*b*) It is only a tentative proposal, dissimilar to any case of "Follow me." I think the Apostle would have been excused from answering the question of a disciple, "If He should ask you will you be prepared to say Yes?" None of them had this trial. |

[1] To have believing children.

| *Pro.* | *Con.* |
| --- | --- |
| (*c*) Time will help the power. Quid hoc? (Ans. to *c* con.) | (*c*) The intellectual difficulty of bringing one's deliberative powers to bear on it as a question of duty may bias one. The sense of Reality is absent. |
| 2. (*a*) The forsaking of a family for the Gospel's sake is recognized as a distinct necessity and has a special promise of blessing. | 2. (*a*) There must be limits. People would not be blessed who on hearing what they believed to be a call, left a sucking child without protection. The providential existence of the child would show it was *not* a providential call. Thus<br>(*b*) In the present state of Society and thought, Spiritual Anti-Christian temptations beset boys of fourteen and sixteen who are in the course of a liberal education. Your personal influence needed.<br>(*c*) ἕνεκεν εὐαγγελίου[1] does not mean "to accept an office surrounded by respect and influence in exchange for an humbler ministry," but giving up the world to be a Christian. |
| 3. You could introduce it in Calcutta. (Rejoinder) Questionable—This would be giving up an actual work for a conceivable one. (Balance con.) | 3. Cathedral life in England is a spiritual function for which I have surrendered more visibly useful work and larger means. My own faith in its predominant importance to modern Church life must be shown to be real and I must recommend it to others by example. |
| 4. The welfare of the children also seems to recommend her residence in England—for some years at least. (Balance con.) | 4. Wife suffers under hot temperature. |

[1] "For the sake of the Gospel," Mk. viii. 35.

The following letters belong to the same year.

*To his Wife.*

*Sunday*, 26 *July*, 1876.

Dearest Love,

I've only just come in, too late I fear for you to get my note before setting off for Lambeth. I have been hearing Liddon at St Paul's. Very beautiful and very eloquent—yet the *art* part of it does not seem so unattainable. But he unites many charms. His beautiful look and penetrating voice are powerful over one—and then his reasoning is very persuasive. He does not make leaps, and dismiss one with allusions, or assume that one knows anything. He tells it all from beginning to end and seems to assume nothing. But all his physical and intellectual structure is quite swallowed up in spiritual earnestness, and he is different to other preachers in that one feels that his preaching in itself is a self-sacrifice to him—not a vanity nor a gain; I do not mean that one feels others' preaching to be these, but with him one is conscious that it is the opposite. He does not look as if he were in pain, yet you can't help thinking of it. I gather from his sermon that there is no danger (as has been thought) of his taking up Disestablishment. The subject was the Feast at Levi's. Besides the more obvious applications, he said the Church too must be like her Master in order to do His work; must eat with publicans and sinners—cannot leave the world to itself, as Donatists and Puritans would, but must sit down at its feast of art, literature, society, government, legislation—not always unhurt by it, for she is not sinless like her Master—but still she is bound in this way to work out His scheme for the world.

Mr Prescott Knight is older, but he says he has improved my portrait—he does not let me see it—I am to sit to-morrow again. It is rather dreary work, but not quite so dreary as preaching to the faded velvets and glorious gold vessels at St James's.

Your loving husband,

E. W. B.

*To Professor Lightfoot, who had asked to be allowed to dedicate his edition of the Epistle to the Galatians to E. W. B.*

THE CHANCERY, LINCOLN.
*Aug.* 24, 1876.

MY DEAR LIGHTFOOT,

If I had learnt my Kempis and my Tauler[1] ("Select Discourses of Dr John Tauler") properly, I should at once say it mustn't be—but I haven't, and I can't say so—so now I shall be immortal and shall cease to aim at it for myself, and shall go down to posterity like a flaw found in the marble just when the statue is finished, which nobody can cut away because it would destroy the completeness of the image they have of you and your loving works.

Oh how we do wish you *would* come and see us. Pray take it into your head and come how and when you can. I want to talk to you about endless grave matters—specially about the two dear boys you speak so kindly of. *Religious* education is indeed a difficulty such as had no existence when we were lads. It is plain enough to see the difference between worldliness and religion, but unbelief now wears a chasuble. I mean a vestment on which the *word* religion is joyously worn. And unbelievers pretend that no one is religious except non-Christians. I sadly want you to give me some light, but I want a single eye even more.

Your ever affectionate,

E. W. B.

*To Canon Crowfoot, on the death of his little baby-girl 'Monica.'*

29 *Aug.* 1876.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

We have been trembling all day between hope and fear for you—whether the little life has been lent you for hours or for years. It is gone doubtless with some impressions from earth, great as the mystery is, which it could not have had but for being with you and being in trouble—and it has left an impression with you which will make earth different and heaven too to you

[1] The German Dominican and mystical writer (1290—1361).

both—What a work for her to have done! This is something εἰς παράκλησιν καὶ παραμυθίαν[1] in the moment when nature without Christ would be disposed to exclaim "So much waste."

If we in our whole life could work a work such as she worked in her brief hours, all pure and all purifying! It seems *our* life that is *wasted*, in comparison with hers.

"Thou shalt preserve me from trouble—Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance": David's highest utterances are her natural outpouring now on her path to God.

May He look on you who remain with tenderest healing—and though He has taught you, and you have learned so well His teaching of self-forgetfulness, may this be another not wholly bitter step in the same course.

Our best love and prayers for you both and all.

Ever your affectionate friend,

E. W. Benson.

*To Canon Crowfoot, on the same.*

*Aug.* 31, 1876.

What a difference to us now, my dearest friend, and how the difference will shrink to nothing in the world to come. To have hoped to commit her through water to life on earth, and really to commit her through earth to life in heaven.

If Friday is, as I gather from your note, rather more suitable a day for you, it is also more so possibly for me. Shall we then say Friday at 3—But do not hesitate to change it if you wish.

How very strange that Monica should have been baptized on Saint Augustine's day—so utterly unthought of, and unimaginable when her name was chosen.

Depend on it the great Monica, the love of whom suggested the name in all ways as much as if she had been a living friend, only with more pity still towards her, will not fail to know the little Monica.

These things are not dreams to me, and I know they are not to you. How all earthly relations shift and change in the shadow of Eternity—"Commit our dear *Sister* to the ground" for you and for her mother!—and to find her an elder Sister in Heaven, many years elder.

Your ever affectionate,

E. W. Benson.

[1] For comfort and consolation.

*To his Wife.*

LINCOLN.
*St Michael's Eve*, 1876.

..... The "reception awarded" me by the working men was ridiculously and divertingly affectionate—you can't think what funny things they said. But their looks, behaviour and tone and evident upward progress were all most striking. There was no playing ladies and gentlemen, though they were very well dressed. One of them gave a description of how I received them the other night—in a most "grand room where they were afraid to stop" and were some time before they "got into trim to speak, but how chatty we soon got and shook hands three times." I can't tell you about the Good Samaritan, but I gleaned some capital hints worth a clergyman's knowing.

*To Canon Wickenden, on administering the Sacrament in water.*

THE CHANCERY.
10 *Oct.* 1876.

MY DEAREST FRED,

Not a moment to answer your delightful letter, except the point on which you desire an answer at once.

There can be no question that it was absolutely illegal to administer the Sacrament—or rather to pretend to administer it—in water.

The Prayer Book is part of the Law and it says Wine. Even the *admixture* of water has (unfortunately, I think) been forbidden in the English Church quite lately by our Courts[1]. As regards the general Church principle on the subject there is a letter of Cyprian's to a Bishop Caecilius. He wrote on behalf of people who used water for wine, because the wine was easily detected, and they feared to put themselves lightly under persecution. That was an excuse if anything could be. But Cyprian, though his reasoning is not in detail very good, makes it plain that the Church thought the practice monstrous.

[1] In a former letter (p. 349) allusion was made to the Purchas Judgment (1871) in reference to the proper position of the Minister during the Communion Service. It was further decided in that case that the Rubric does not allow the administering of wine mixed with water (instead of wine only) whether the admixture be before or during the Service.

If the Good Templars refuse to receive Wine, he might administer the Bread to them, and after offering them Wine might leave the responsibility of rejection with them. But he has no right to perform an illegal act in Consecrating water, and giving it to them for the Blood of Christ. Cyprian absolutely declares that it would vitiate the Sacrament, as a disobedience to the Word and Example of Christ. Their ignorance may excuse them for maintaining that *He* used unfermented grape-juice, and they refuse fermented wine, but their ignorance cannot excuse the clergyman who countenances them in it. I could lend you the letter of Cyprian, either original or in a translation, if you want to lend it.

Your ever affectionate,

E. W. Benson.

It was also a part of the heresy of the Encratites, the Hydropotae or Aquatici. But these were on Manichean ground, and the Cyprian is more simple to understand.

My dearest love to my dearest daughter, and her new and loving parents[1].

*To his Wife.*

Cambridge.
20*th Oct.* 1876.

.....I'm sure one ought to do every thing one can to get life and heart into the chilliness which invests the common life of most. One of the greatest sorrows to angels must be the sight of us going about what we ought without enjoying it.

*To Professor Lightfoot, thanking him for a copy of his Edition of the Galatians which he had dedicated to my father.* (*See p.* 404.)

The Chancery, Lincoln.
18 *Nov.* 1876.

My dear Friend,

I am like the lion in the Zoo. When he gets the Baron of Beef he only holds it still for half an hour, and the last expression on his visage is that of gratitude.

[1] His daughter Nelly was staying for some months with the Wickendens at this time. Miss Wickenden was her Godmother.

I could scarcely believe it after all that the Book which I so loved and valued, and had learnt, and was only last term still learning so much from, bore my name in such a place. And I assure you your word "unbroken" quite thrilled, nay startled me. To think that for about three and thirty years such a word should have been absolutely and literally such a fixed fact as day and night—How can *I* enough thank God in Christ for such an "unbroken" friendship, so truly "close[1]," and without, that I recollect, ever one single hour of break from any boyish difference or any mannish parting. If I am sentimental, you make me so. But I am sure this sort of sentiment is not only blended with, and a part of, but in a way it's an image of one's religion. I wish my boys may make each such a friendship, and I wish nothing more grand and elevating for them.

I send you the new iron—my prospectus about Temperance. You'll think I meddle with "ower many" things—but you couldn't help it if you lived in a place like this. It's awful to see so much wit and work take to drink and death.

My Working Men's Bible Class is very nice, but the people who come to it are every way better than their master, so that does no new *good*.

Ever your affectionate,

E. W. Benson.

*To a friend, who had been assisting the Chancellor in the night school, and had been discouraged by finding his class unruly.*

14 *Nov.* 1876.

My dearest Friend,

I feel sure that my zeal has somehow been a blind one and that I have run against you in my dark and hurt you. Do be εὐπειθής and forgive me if I have. I did not mean that your own gentleness will not be more effectual than the bluster and hardness of any people whom you may think I am conceited enough to fancy more fit to cope with North District. But you do me a wrong if you think so—i.e. if you think *I* think so.

[1] The dedication runs :—"In affectionate and grateful recognition of a long, close, and unbroken friendship."

I am quite persuaded that Androcles or Una are the true Lion tamers; not Milo, who may spoil five animals *without* taming them. But I mean that Androcles and Una must attain and exhibit full belief in those powers which they possess beyond others.

I did not know how many you had sent away, and perhaps you have done enough in that way.

But of course the roughness, the callousness, the indifference to learning, are just the very things which we want to replace by different spirits. They are rather the bad material which we have to work up, and we can't complain of it any more than the ironworker of the hardness and stubbornness of the iron he has to hammer into shape. This is what we have to evangelise, first civilising it into capability of evangelisation. I believe the glow of your love is the best fire to heat said iron,—but you must show you believe in those powers. Do not ever again, I pray, distress me by thinking that I want you to undertake easier work.—This is not too hard, and I know you will succeed because you believe in prayer having very visible, tangible, hard, real answers. Having just succeeded in gaining quiet and order, from this point forward your hold on that school will be irresistible. You will be able to do *anything* with it.

Why should you not re-examine them yourself as the first step; Mantle will give any amount of help for this—and if the personnel of your teachers wants a little change, I dare say it could be done.

Your ever most affectionate,

E. W. Benson.

*To the same.*

2 *Dec.* 1876.

Dearest Friend,

I cannot but trouble about the double grief for the School and for you. Nor add anything to what you have said about the unhappy incongruity of the secular arm.

We must see about some rearrangement for the remaining nights.

Meantime, *ut Sacerdos*, *ut Amicus*, let me suggest that there is a deeper point for personal consideration.

I thought that in the last few weeks your own analysis would

bring out to you the secret cause of the weakness of your will in this case of the night school.

Reconsidering your touching address on Thursday, I have said to myself many times—What was the jarring string of sentiment and action there? Why the gentle Hindoo attractive[1], and the Lincoln loon repulsive, to the Gospel-bearer? Not for Jesus' reason "because he was *lost*," for the *lostness* of Lark Lane[2] Boys is much more apparent.

It is for some reason which lies in ψυχική not πνευματική[3] and I thank God more freely than I did that I was not tempted to Calcutta.

But, dear man, you have cherished a gradually growing *rebellion* against a task which you embraced at first with fervour—as most Christian—most Church-like—most reconciling;—you remember your words.

This rebellion has undermined your strength of will in that particular direction—and subtle instincts perceived it.

I should (not *like*, but ought to) mention one other illustration—but not now—μὴ μέλανι καὶ χάρτῳ[4]—we must recover breath.

Meanwhile, *oremus*.

Your loving friend and fellow in sorrow,

E. W. Benson.

[1] The Chancellor's correspondent had lately returned from Mission work in India.

[2] A street in Lincoln.

[3] The natural, not the spiritual region.

[4] A free quotation from 2 Ep. of St John *v.* 12 διὰ χάρτου καὶ μέλανος, "with paper and ink."

# CHAPTER XII.

## TRURO.

"*Suscitabo tabernaculum David, quod cecidit; et reaedificabo aperturas murorum ejus, et ea quae corruerant instaurabo, et reaedificabo illud sicut in diebus antiquis.*" AMOS.

"*Lacrimas introrsus obortas*
*Devorat, et clausum pectore vulnus habet.*" OVID.

THE foundation of the See of Truro was the outcome of a long and patient effort carried on for over thirty years with the greatest perseverance by a small body of clergy and laity. Among the earlier workers, who in the face of repeated disappointments never allowed the idea to drop, the names of the late Earl of Devon, Archdeacon Hobhouse, Prebendary Tatham, Dr Walker and Mr Edmund Carlyon are most conspicuous. At last in 1876, Lady Rolle, of Bicton, widow of Lord Rolle of Coronation fame, herself a Trefusis, the daughter of a Cornish clergyman, by a splendid gift of £40,000, completed the endowment. A certain annual sum, fixed by the Act, was transferred to the new See from the revenues of Exeter, and the remaining money, necessary to produce an income of £3000 a year, was raised. The arrangements were completed towards the close of the year 1876. On Dec. 15 the See was actually created by Order in Council.

The Bishopric of Rochester was also vacant by the

creation, under an Act of 1875, of the new Diocese of St Albans out of the original See of Rochester. Bishop Claughton, who was advanced in years, preferred to accept the less arduous position, and became Bishop of St Albans. It was thought by many people that my father would have been named for the See of Rochester, but Canon Thorold of York, Vicar of St Pancras, was appointed.

One morning in the Winter of 1876 my father was dressing to go to the early Cathedral Service. He was talking to my mother of his great happiness at Lincoln, the steady growth of his many plans, and his determination not to leave his work. While he was dressing, the post came, and the letters were as usual laid on the hall table, which stood under a window commanded, across a little court, by the window of my father's bedroom. He saw the letters gleaming white on the table, and had a presentiment, he said afterwards, that they contained some momentous news. He went down, and my mother from the window saw him open them; among them he found a letter from the Premier, Lord Beaconsfield, offering him the newly constituted See of Truro.

His own impulse was to refuse. He did not think that he ought to leave his Lincoln work so soon. But after much humble prayer and asking the advice of his best friends, he came reluctantly to the conclusion that he must go.

Prebendary Maddison says:—

I remember his saying that in the morning the Premier's letter offering the Bishopric came, he had just said that he was never so happy in his life, when the post arrived, and he had to decide whether to go or remain. His decision was characteristically told to me in a few lines in which he said he was going to "take care of Temple's Sixth Form." He went, and Lincoln never seemed quite the same place again. One missed him everywhere.

After the strain of creating a public school at Wellington, the repose of ancient tradition and the joy of seeing new energies flow briskly in the venerable channels had been very great. But again he was called upon to found, to inaugurate. He consulted his old friends:—

*To Canon Westcott, on the offer of the See of Truro.*

THE CHANCERY, LINCOLN.
4 *Dec.* 1876.

MY DEAR WESTCOTT,

My letters to you are nothing but perpetual demands on your kindness.

Truro has been offered to-day. Had I better say Yes or No? I seek counsel from God. But I know that it is through such friends as you and Lightfoot that His aids to "right judgment" will mainly come—most likely wholly. In giving a judgment, remember that I *look* to staying here.

£3000 a year does not really seem adequate for a person without private fortune—when, first a *House*, and a sufficient house, has to be provided out of the £3000—when travelling in railwayless Cornwall is scarcely possible without carriage and horses of one's own—and very expensive with them—when entertainment and necessary visits to London can be scarcely less costly in one Bishopric than in another—when Bishops who do not *give* subscriptions are not able to *raise* subscriptions.

Quiet Bishops like Hereford, as well as our own and Exeter, tell me their own incomes are wholly used in necessary expenses.

The position has *no* attractions for my wife or for me. We know the drawbacks too well—besides being, as I trust, wiser in the school of Christ than to be in love with its hindrances.

The work here is simply now beginning to bud. The Theological students—the partly realizing Cathedral life—the Society of Mission Clergy—the Temperance, which is this moment in the crisis of To-be-or-not-to-be; and which I think we may with resolution throw into a new aspect and open out into new power—Deo adjuvante.

Then, is there any speciál call of a spiritual order to Cornwall—which I do not see?

Then, is it a call which one is free to accept or decline as being not suitable for the *whole* of life, even *if* it were so for this few years?

*Orate pro nobis*—if time suffice you, and give me the counsel which has so very very long and so often made me take the right turn.

Yours ever lovingly grateful,

E. W. Benson.

The Chancellor sent a post-card to his old friend Canon Wickenden to ask for advice and prayer. It consisted of a drawing of an envelope, with "Beaconsfield" in the left-hand bottom corner, an open letter, with indistinguishable lines, only the letters "H. M." and "Truro" legible, and two hands clasped in an attitude of prayer.

Canon Crowfoot writes:—

His life at Lincoln had been a preparation for greater work to follow. Lincoln came between Wellington and Truro. At Lincoln the Headmaster was gradually transformed into the Bishop. He had lived in constant converse with a great and holy Bishop whom he loved as a father. He had gauged the possibilities of a noble Cathedral. He had taken a Mission. He had conducted a Retreat for Clergy. He had made proof of his own powers in new and diverse directions not as a preacher and teacher only but as a friend, a reconciler and a peacemaker. He had learnt not only to trust but to awaken trust in all with whom he came in contact. "Single-heart" is the name given to the last four sermons which he preached as Chancellor in the Cathedral. The little volume is dedicated "to the dear people of the congregation of Lincoln Cathedral in memory of last Advent-tide and in gratitude for their letters of commendation to the church of Cornwall." A few words from the last pages of the last (an ordination sermon) foreshadow his own after life. He is describing the secret of organization. He is enforcing the lesson that sensible saints "do first, then teach." "They would see how futile it is to try to make out their own living Church to be the Church of some other country (whichever delights them) or the Church of some distant day. Its elements now are more

various than they ever have been before, and quite as noble. Their own part, if they are to live among men and not in dreams is to use those elements and to effect what is possible."... "Whatever plan you have, begin with it as simple as may be (rather averse to rule-making than otherwise), and let the necessary schemes grow up as a picture of observant practice rather than as an ideal of what a world you would have made had its making been entrusted to you."..."Converted men and men of Love—these are the only true ministers of Conversion and Love."... "Offer self utterly if you can...And then to your work, with the Gift of God added to your powers"—"sworn never to cease your labour, your care, and your diligence"—"converting all thoughts, all passions, all delights" into one ever present glowing remembrance of "how high the dignity—how weighty the office and charge—to seek for Christ's sheep that are dispersed abroad, and for his children in the midst of this naughty world that they may be saved through Christ for ever."

Professor Mason writes:—

During the years that Dr Benson was at Lincoln, I was often there. We had a great deal of conversation, and some correspondence, about a scheme for an Order of Mission Preachers—a subject not then so hackneyed as it became ten or twelve years later. He made me feel that it was my duty to endeavour to give practical effect to what we had talked of. At length, in the latter part of 1876, he pressed me to delay no longer, and asked what I was waiting for. I said that I was waiting until some Bishop should invite me to work in that way in his diocese; "which comes to mean," I added, "that I am waiting till you are made a Bishop." He then told me that he had lately been urged to accept the See of Calcutta, but had refused it, and he thought that if an English Bishopric were offered to him, he should probably do the same. The money for the See of Truro had recently been provided, and I said, "You would not refuse Truro, for instance, if it were offered you?" He said, "I do not know, I am sure."...One evening in that December of 1876, as we were going into Hall at Trinity, Dr Lightfoot told me that Dr Benson had received and accepted the offer of Truro. I ran at once to telegraph my thankfulness. He replied:

"RISEHOLME, LINCOLN.
16 *Dec.* 1876.

"DEAR FRIEND,

I can but continue your solemn chant, *Quia Respexit Humilitatem.*

I could not write till I knew how first *you* would take it. Because—I mean to claim your promise if you meant to make it.

*Oremus.*

E. W. B."

It was soon settled that I should accompany him to Cornwall.

*To Professor Lightfoot.*

12 *Dec.* 1876.

MY DEAR LIGHTFOOT,

Obedient as ever to you and B. F. W.

Now when I *went* (a characteristic use of the Imperfect Tense; it means "was thinking of going") to Calcutta you promised me all the help you could afford me.

Give me now the richer help of your loving Prayers.

And let me pray you to pray especially and more still for the Chancellorship of Lincoln—and the Diocese of Cornwall—that they may both have worthy men.

I believe that since Hugh[1], the first Chancellor in A.D. 1092, no one has held the Stall so short a time. Oh! that the idea of its work may be preserved to us. Otherwise your advice will not be wholly blest.

I cannot tell you what peace I have in the idea of having you here on Christmas Day.

Your loving friend,

E. W. BENSON.

*To Canon Wickenden, on the Seal for the See of Truro.*

PALACE, EXETER.
19 *Dec.* 1876.

DEAREST FRED,

The enclosed is a precious specimen of the way in which work is done in the Heralds College.

[1] See *The Cathedral*, by the Bp of Truro, "the Old Activity," p. 12.

1. A Cornish Chough in a Canton!! For a Town, well enough! But for an Episcopal See!!

2. And "the See of Cornwall *created out* of the See of Exeter"![1]

The First Bishop of Exeter was A.D. 1050. There were Bishops of Cornwall (probably long before) but certainly in 936 A.D.

There was a Diocese of Devonshire before 1050; but who could talk of the Diocese of Cornwall being created out of the Diocese of Devonshire? There is no fact answering to such a form of words.

Heraldry is foolery if it is not a picturesque symbolism of history, not attempting too much, but true as far as it goes.

I would very much rather have this[2],—than submit for an instant to the rubbish which Heralds College calls "a Design." I could make four such in a minute and never look at a book. It is not fit for the sign of a public house. And I should like Heralds College to know that I *will* have a seal like that above, without any arms for the See, and will cease to pay for armorial bearings and to call any coat my own, if it is attempted to give me any such stuff. I am obliged to have a seal, but I am not bound to have armorial marks on it which mean nothing. I would indeed have St Mary's Church and sigillum etc. round it—and I would give Wyon[3] the order to-night, if I had not seen you yesterday, and had confidence in your views being the same as mine.

But I shall not like this Throne as well as my Chancellor's Stall.

Your ever loving,

E. W. Benson.

[1] But the College may be held to be excused by the title of 39 and 40 Vict. c. 54, "An Act to provide for the foundation of a new Bishopric out of a part of the Diocese of Exeter." Royal Assent, Aug. 11, 1876.

[2] Here follows a drawing of a rough circle, with a cross inscribed within it, and the words "This is the seal of Edward White, Bishop of Truro" in plain letters.

[3] Seal engraver, Regent Street.

*To Father Purbrick, S.J.*

THE CHANCERY, LINCOLN.
22 *Dec.* 1876.
(*Not really in body but in the train thither, Deo gratias.*)

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I must not let this change come over my life without a few words from you—and not a few prayers for me.

Nothing will ever shake my old love of you, nor yours of me, I believe truly.

I never wrote to thank you for May papers. I could not quite find words to tell you how Arnold-like I found the conception of boy-character and needs in so many ways.

How unlike my own, how unlike my experience too in other ways, and it cannot shock or pain you (for of course you knew it) that I should pray that incense offered on an unsubstantial altar should go up to that which is "the Eikon of the Real."

I somehow feel as if this expression of diversity of judgment and feeling knit our hearts together even more closely behind the veil. Πεπληροφορημένοι[1] we are both in our own mind as the *Doctor Gentium* bids, and when the shadows flee away there will be no thinking of "which was right."

Whether you can let me into your sky I know not fully—but I have a very sacred niche for you in mine—and I know your δέησις ἐνεργουμένη[2] for me will not cease among your most sacred associations and environments, that I may be able to teach some hearts to know the Father—and be faithful to my light.

I have looked forward to visiting you again—that I suppose cannot now be—but I long to look on your face again, and hope you will not mind coming to see me in Cornwall.

Give me your prayers and your blessing ἐξ ἀγνῆς καρδίας[3].

Your ever loving friend,

E. W. BENSON.

*Deo Gratias.*

[1] "Fully persuaded," Rom. iv. 21.
[2] "Effectual fervent prayer," James v. 16.
[3] Out of a pure heart.

*Professor Lightfoot to George Cubitt, on Dr Benson's work at Lincoln.*

TRINITY COLLEGE.
27 *Dec.* 1876.

MY DEAR CUBITT,

I have just returned from a two days' visit to Benson, and I cannot refrain from writing to tell you what a deep impression his work has made upon the place. I knew something of it from conversation with him and from report of others before I went; but my visit has very much strengthened my conviction of its importance. Indeed I know nothing like it in our day, considering that he has only resided there a little more than three years.

Very sincerely yours,

J. B. LIGHTFOOT.

The following letter is interesting as showing the apprehensions, somewhat whimsically expressed, with which the Chancellor faced his work among the Western race he was soon to love so well—apprehensions which the very first contact with the quick minds and warm hearts of Cornwall instantaneously dispelled.

*To Professor Lightfoot.*

*Private, save to B. F. W.*

*Sunday* (*Dec.* 31?), 1876.

MY DEAR LIGHTFOOT,

Κουφόνους, Κουφόνους[1] is in my name as sure as ever yours is Κουφόπους[2].

It's heart-rending work here. I never saw the like for a parting. These people are the best, strongest-natured, kindest in England. Cornishmen *cannot* be like them, I fear, at least to a Dane. Somebody told me yesterday there was a natural enmity between Yorkshiremen and Cornishmen!

But I plod on, and don't mean to look back at the Garden of

[1] "Light-mind." [2] "Light-foot."

the Lord (as poor Lot's wife at the old garden), for surely a Garden of the Lord has Lincoln been to me, and I pray you pray that the Lord will rain blessings from the Lord out of Heaven upon it. Oh! that the next Chancellor may eat up my work εἰς νῖκος[1].

Your ever affectionate,

E. W. BENSON.

*To Bishop Wordsworth.*

THE CHANCERY, LINCOLN.
1 *Jan.* 1877.

MY DEAREST LORD,

The first word must be of prayers—that this may be a year of richer and more fruitful harvest to your House and Diocese than all before.

There is no inconsistency between prayers and acts, for I pray many times a day that, so far as instruments can help to that blessed end, you "may have a Chancellor much wiser and much fuller of the spirit"—more devoted and devout and ἐπιεικής[2]. And I cannot but *believe* that this will be. I shall be too joyful if the little *incepta* of three years are quite swallowed up into real noble work—I am persuaded that this may very *easily* be, and I do believe GOD will bless the Church of Lincoln by my going, in spite of all one's own affections to remain—and so once more I pray for all these things, and I ask your fatherly blessing on the New Year for my own unforeseen work, so clouded and so unrealizable.

Your Lordship's ever faithful

Affectionate Bedesman,

E. W. BENSON.

*To the Rev. A. J. Mason.*

*St Fabian,*
20 *Jan.* 1877.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have been for days past wanting to write to you without having anything special to say except that I was impelled by the ψυχὴ σπαργῶσα[3] to *write*. I did not, because it seemed

[1] "In victory," 1 Cor. xv. 54 from Isa. xxv. 8.
[2] Reasonable, gentle.
[3] A full, teeming heart.

slightly weak. But I think the reason is that I have *felt* you were growing stronger in the purpose of dedicating yourself to the Cornubian Church—and that I yearned to hear more of it from yourself—beside the secret assurance. Two letters from you to others have made me very happy.

I feel we shall have to proceed sweetly—quietly—like the blade and ear—and spring out of existent forms by gradual transformations, as in nature, and as in all the other oeconomics of Grace we know of—and so—and so—the thing seems to open before me.

Pater, Filius et Spiritus Sanctus nos benedicere et adjuvare dignentur.—Amen.

### *To Bishop Wordsworth.*

*St Charles*[1],
1877.

My dearest Lord,

I do not think I have formally asked you to be one of my Presenters when my Consecration comes. Will you?

You will offer me then as a living sacrifice—which I hope may be accepted and fulfilled—and drest also for the sacrifice with your own *infula* and *vitta*[2].

Your most loving and faithful Bedesman,

E. W. B.

### *To his Wife.*

Between Oxford and London.
5 *Feb.* 1877.

Dearest,

I enclose you a letter from F. Exon. which keep for me. I don't quite know what to say in self-defence. But I own that I do feel what he charges me with feeling—immense dependence on sympathy and on prayers. I have undertaken so many

[1] This may be King Charles of England, Jan. 30, but more probably it is Charlemagne who is referred to, who died Jan. 28, 814, and was canonised at the instance of Frederic Barbarossa. The "Office of the Blessed Charles" still exists. The Chancellor had been lecturing in the Chapterhouse on the Life and Times of Charlemagne.

[2] The Bishop of Lincoln made my father a present of his episcopal robes.

things of old, feeling the *work* to be everything, and confident that God would give me strength for it, as a matter of course—and have afterwards had to groan so over the hindrances which confidence had produced that I do very earnestly desire to place myself under the hands of those whose prayers are going up to Heaven while they solemnly gathered for this very purpose. This is the very blessing of a church, as blended with individual Christianity, and those who love are come not as friends merely but they represent the church to one. Nevertheless it would be no humility to stick to one's own idea of humility and reliance, and so I think I must ask Temple himself to settle with the Archbishop what they think best.

Dear love to you all.

Your loving husband,

E. W. B.

*To W. H. Draper, Esq., now Vicar of the Abbey Church, Shrewsbury, who had written to thank him for a sermon he had preached at Oxford.*

THE CHANCERY, LINCOLN.
12 *Feb.* 1877.

MY DEAR SIR,

Such a request as yours could in no case appear to me to be other than welcome. If you tell me the sermon helped you, then it was written for you, and you are more than welcome to it. I have only delayed until I could have it copied out for you, for no one but myself could read my own copy.

But for the subject itself—surely if we have *learnt* from men like (F. W.) Newman and like M. Arnold (however much they miss the mark), if they have wakened our deepest feelings, and made us ashamed that we make so little of possessions and realities that are better than theirs, while they make such beautiful life-music and earnest self-surrenders out of their idola "which are but images of the true"—if their intensity and lovingness puts us to shame on every page, and they really try to bring home to men the inferences that they can draw from their poor little stock, all sounding (*sic*) to righteousness and making for righteousness—it would be very un-Christlike to fight for Christ by denying or disparaging, or being presumptuous about, their noble spirits.

If I were to dedicate my sermon it should be thus, "BINIS MAGISTRIS LIBERTUS," freed from their spells, but grateful for their food and shelter.

It is so clear that our humanity can only climb a certain way like a wounded snake, unless Divinity will reanimate it throughout. It is so certain that Divinity will not refuse to go through and to do *anything* which will do this for us—that is the divinity of its divinity. Then I should expect the Incarnation to take place somehow or somewhen even if I had no account of it. All humanity expected this. Then as I work at the Life of Christ, every discovery in science and philology makes it more apparent that in Him was an inconceivably worthy and perfect realization of that which must be. Then again the evidence is overwhelming that they who deeply seek Him, find Him—they who want Him, win Him to-day—they who are prepared to submit their souls to His most trenchant processes within their souls, come out of it "dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God." This is His presence in the individual, and what individual men have now to do is so to realize their own Unity in Him—i.e. to realize the Church, and His very Presence in them and it, as to bear Him and His influence to the very springs of National and Human Life. How is it to be done? That is what we have to find out. But the first thing is to purify ourselves by Faith and Love, and then He will be able to be in contact with us and to lead us on. If I can be of any use to you be sure I will.

Yours very sincerely,

E. W. Benson.

The news of the Chancellor's approaching departure from Lincoln was received with general regret both in City and Diocese. His zeal, energy and tenderness had won many hearts. This feeling showed itself in many ways: the Tutors and Students of the Cancellarii Scholae presented him with a Pastoral Staff of ivory and ebony, fitted with silver and set with carbuncles, of a Celtic type; this staff the Archbishop bequeathed by will to the Cathedral of Truro, and it occupies a niche in the Benson Transept. The members of the Novate Novale gave him

a gold pectoral cross enriched with pearls and amethysts, which he wore but rarely, and an episcopal ring, the stone an amethyst; the City subscribed to give him a magnificent present of silver plate, "Lincolnienses Cancellario" as the brief but touching inscription upon many of the pieces runs. There was a public presentation of this plate at a meeting presided over by the Mayor; and my father was amused, and at the same time touched, by the story that an enthusiastic Burgess proposed to arrange the forks, spoons and fish-knives that formed part of the present, so as to spell out the words "FAREWELL BELOVED CHANCELLOR." Most valued perhaps of all was the present from his Bible Class of Working Men which has been already described.

No house was provided for the Bishopric of Truro by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. But the Bishop Designate visited Truro and found that the large Vicarage of Kenwyn, a little more than a mile out of Truro, with an extensive glebe and a large garden, was singularly well adapted for a Bishop's House. It was too large for the parish, formerly united with the parish of Kea, the revenues of which had greatly decreased. The Vicar too, the Rev. Richard Vautier, who became one of the first of the new Canons of Truro, was anxious to take a long holiday. Mr Vautier, in offering his house to the Bishop, told him that Bishop Phillpotts, when inducting him, had said that some day there would be a Bishop of Truro, and that Kenwyn Vicarage would be required for an episcopal residence. Arrangements were accordingly made, with the cordial and generous cooperation of the Vicar, for the ultimate transference of Kenwyn Vicarage to the See, and for building a new Vicarage.

Kenwyn was one of the largest and most important parishes in Cornwall. It was at one time held by Dr

LIS ESCOP, KENWYN, TRURO.

*From a photograph by Argall, Truro.*

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Coleridge, a nephew of the poet's; then by Prebendary G. J. Cornish the friend of Keble, and later, together with a Canonry at Exeter, by Dr Harold Browne, late Bishop of Winchester.

A fund had been raised to provide a suitable residence for the Bishop: this was placed at my father's disposal, and he added largely to the house: he built two wings, converting the stables into kitchens, and adding a convenient library. The former kitchen he converted into a small private chapel in the most ingenious way; adding a small screen of carved deal, and a tiny but sweet-toned organ. Even with these additions the house is hardly of adequate size, as the contributions never reached the amount projected. He built new stables, made a new drive, and rechristened the house Lis Escop, "Bishop's Court" in Cornish. There were plans, of which memoranda are preserved among the Cathedral muniments, for yet further and desirable enlargement. But the present Bishop resides elsewhere.

No sweeter place could well be imagined than Lis Escop. In the soft air trees and shrubs grew with great luxuriance. Camellias flowered and Hydrangeas grew richly out of doors. No severity of winter ever emptied the beds of flowers. The windows commanded a wide view down the green valley in which Truro lies; the spire of St Mary's, soon to be replaced by the new Cathedral, rose from the grey slate roofs amid the smoke of the little city. The valley was crowned by the high airy viaduct of the Great Western Railway, and below lay the wide tidal creek that runs up with its great mud-flats among the steep wooded hills from Falmouth harbour, closed by an elbow of the hills, and looking like an inland lake from Kenwyn. Close behind the house was the ancient Church of Kenwyn, conspicuous with its four grey pinnacles. The

Church precinct is entered through a quaint lych-gate with a school-room over it; near the porch you descend by steps to the clear spring known as St Kenwyn's well, the scene of many a primitive Baptism. The Rev. J. A. Reeve, afterwards Vicar of Addington—now Rector of Lambeth—was appointed curate. He was even then a dear and valued friend of my father's, and his proximity was a great delight.

The Bishop was consecrated at St Paul's Cathedral on St Mark's Day, April 25, 1877, by Archbishop Tait and an unusually large number of assistant Bishops; he was "presented" to the Archbishop by the Bishops of Lincoln and Exeter—a strange sight. Canon Lightfoot preached a memorable sermon, in a voice broken with emotion, bidding the friend of his boyhood and youth God-speed.

"The Consecration of Dr Benson as the first Bishop of Truro," says the biographer of Dean Church, "was one of the first occasions in St Paul's when a great religious ceremony was carried out, with all the order and beauty of a perfected musical service. To the Dean, as the following letter shows, it was further marked by the step which had been made in a private friendship."

*To the Bishop of Truro.*

DEANERY, ST PAUL'S, 16 *May*, 1877.

MY DEAR BISHOP OF TRURO,

It is difficult to answer fittingly a letter like yours. But you will take the will for the deed, and believe that with the humility with which I ought, I do most heartily respond to its undeserved and overflowing kindness. It is a long time since such a passage as that connected with your Consecration has happened in my life. I had no right to such happiness, in seeing you and knowing you, and in such a bright unclouded day as that when we were allowed to welcome you, and when I was allowed to take leave of you and wish you God-speed on your great undertaking. St Paul's, I think, was worthy to be the scene of such a beginning, and of the remarkable company assembled

KENWYN CHURCH AND LYCHGATE.

*From a photograph by Argall, Truro.*

*To face page 426, vol. i*

in it. But it was your kindness which has given me so much place in that day. It has made a mark in my birthdays.

I am sure that what was so begun must prosper. I suppose that the courage and brightness which shone forth on that day must have its trials. But the day was an earnest that the idea and presage of Lightfoot's sermon would be fulfilled. I hope you may be permitted to add in Cornwall another to the many victories which the revived English Church has achieved, and which, in spite of disasters and menacing troubles, make it the most glorious Church in Christendom.

Ever yours affectionately,

R. W. Church.

On May 1 the new Bishop was enthroned in the Church of St Mary's, Truro. His old friend the Bishop of Exeter piloted him out of harbour, as he had done nearly twenty years before at Wellington College.

Bishop Phillpotts of Exeter, with wise forethought, had always believed that a See of Cornwall would be founded. To the Clergy of Cornwall he had accordingly bequeathed the larger part of his library. To house these books, and other collections added to them, a large building had been recently erected by private efforts at Truro. He had also contrived that a fifth Canonry should be retained at Exeter to form the nucleus of a Truro Chapter.

My father brought with him to Truro his friend Arthur Mason and after an interval they were joined by G. H. Whitaker. They had both been for a short time assistant masters at Wellington, and the former was then Assistant Tutor of Trinity College and Vicar of St Michael's, Cambridge. He became Diocesan Missioner at Truro—the first time that such an appointment had been made in an English Diocese—Mr Whitaker, a former Senior Classic and a Fellow of St John's College, Cambridge, being made Chancellor of the Cathedral, with a view to founding Divinity Schools like those at Lincoln. The

Rector of Truro, Mr Harvey, transferred the advowson of St Mary's to the Bishop, and one of my father's first acts was to found a Chapter of Honorary Canons, calling their stalls after old Cornish Saints, and apportioning the Psalter among them.

*To Henry Bradshaw, on naming the Canons' Stalls at Truro.*

17 *Aug.* 1877.

My dear Bradshaw,

I have a brilliant idea of not naming my Honorary Canons First, Second, Third, etc. prosaically—but of placing on the backs of their stalls "S. Piran," "S. Germanus," "S. Petroc," and the like. I want you to be so kind as to direct me to some knowledge of these great Souls—and likewise in the *first* instance to give me a list of eight of them on whom I might certainly depend as authentical, and whom I might for eminence take first, and also to direct me into the spelling thereof.

You know the Cornish Saints, and I hope you will help me to glorify them. By and bye I must get them into the windows—and *then* I must consult you about dressing them.

What I want now is *eight names*—and sources of sound knowledge.

This Cornubia is a land of wonderment, historical, physical, spiritual. I'm not sure that it is part of the created universe.

Ever your affectionate,

E. W. Truron.

Would these do?

S. Petroc,
S. Germanus,
S. Piran,
S. Ivo?[1],
S. Neot,
SS. Probus et Gratia,
S. Austell (? Augustine),
S. Samson,
S. Cuthbert[2].

Your affectionate Bore.

[1] The proper form, afterwards adopted, was Ia (patron of St Ives).

[2] See full list of 24 in *Lincoln Cathedral Statutes*, Bradshaw and Wordsworth, pt. II. p. 770 (n.), and generally as to the draft statutes for Truro, *ibid.* pp. 748—786.

He plunged into the work of his new diocese with intense interest and vigour, and the welcome which he received from the warm Cornish hearts won his deepest and strongest affection.

The old diocese of Exeter had been of unwieldy size, and the utmost energy on the part of Bishop Temple had been unable to deal satisfactorily with the remote Cornish peninsula where communication was so difficult. Not only were many places quite out of reach of the railway, but the hills were steep and the roads were bad. My father's first task was to acquaint himself personally with every parish and every incumbent in his diocese. He went off for long driving tours, staying at remote Vicarages and old unknown country houses, in still, wooded valleys, strangely out-of-the-world places, such as one can hardly imagine to exist in busy England. Many were the curious stories he brought back of sayings and doings of Christian people in these secluded regions. At one place the Vicar's sister had been used to read the lessons in church in a deep bass voice. In another, several years before, the curate-in-charge had been *chained* to the altar-rails, while he read the service, as he had a harmless mania which made him suddenly flee from the church if his own activities were for an instant suspended, as, for example, by a response. The churchwarden, a farmer, kept the padlock key in his pocket till the service was safely over. My father's diaries for that period contain little else than most careful notes of the parishes he visited, descriptions of the clergy and church-people, elaborate notes on the archaeology of places absolutely unknown to the antiquary. Cornwall, as is well known, has a hagiology all its own; its churches are called after Irish, Welsh and Breton Saints, such as St Uny, St Ia, St Carantoc, St Feock, St Erme, and many others whose names are written in

God's Book. All this was an infinite pleasure to my father. Not to multiply instances, it gave him a thrill of satisfaction to find that the village feast of St Erme was celebrated on the festival of St Hermes in the Roman Calendar.

But his concern was true religion. He read largely in the lives and writings of Nonconformists in order to understand the hold established by them over the religious Celtic mind in days when the Church was failing in her duty. From the first he was recognised by the Cornish as a "converted man." When he gained the accent of holiness it is hard to say, but he had learnt at Lincoln many of the secrets of the human heart, and his sermons and addresses in the remotest parts of Cornwall, in places where Methodism was dominant, were always attended by Nonconformist hearers, who came away edified in spite of themselves. He always recognised quite frankly that Methodism had kept religion alive in Cornwall when the Church had almost lost the sacred flame, and he treated Nonconformity as an enthusiastic friend, ready to be drawn on to fuller truth, and not as an envious foe. Unfriendly sectarians dreaded his powers of persuasion, and there is a quaint story of a leading circuit Minister—whom the Bishop described for his pains in a private letter as "Paulinus et Rabsaces" (Rabshakeh)—delivering in the main street of Truro a fierce invective against those who forsook his chapel to go after the Bishop and the priest. Church teaching altogether was at a low ebb in many parts of Cornwall: Mr Skipper, of Pendeen, told Canon Mason about this time that my father preached a sermon on baptism, to which a leading dissenter came to listen in the Church porch, and loudly exclaimed, when the text was propounded, "Here's the Bishop and that d—d Regeneration again!"

The Bishop's view of Dissent is best illustrated by a speech made at the first Truro Diocesan Conference, 25th October, 1877. He said :—

To-day it is the same Cornish Church as ever which flows into a new river-reach—the first of Cornish Conferences. The hour is solemn to us. But it is an active hour; it is living; it is loving. We withhold not our sympathy from every company which loves the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth; and we are bounden to tenderness for our own people who have lived and laboured for higher and more delicate, as against ruder, less articulated forms of faith, remote, unknown, all but despondent. Yet our sympathy can only stimulate even while it softens our energy—for why are regretful sympathies needed now at all, whether for the dissentient or the despondent? Only because disunion began in days when our own energy flagged; and we had time for carelessness, because all seemed safe, and ourselves so strong. The one lesson, then, which sentiment teaches us is to be practical; and the voice of the past is "Organize the present."

We meet not to exchange compliments; still less to furbish arms. But we come, not to take action, yet most distinctly to reflect and advise how action should be taken; and, in part, to set on foot the decisions we arrive at. Bearing these things in mind, you will be with me in guarding against every least touch of bitterness; we will live down the world's stern reproach conveyed in its witty old word "odium theologicum," and we will be busy with the matter in hand. That matter in hand is Christ's and England's Church in Cornwall.

I shall lay it down as an axiom that, irrespective of every other work of our own, and of every work done by every other body in Christ's name, it is the final and ultimate duty of this Church to provide Church worship and Church instruction wherever there is a group of our people out of reach of them. It would be a futile qualification to introduce the question of whether this need is subjectively felt by them, for, with that qualification, the Church would have tarried in the city of Jerusalem until now. And it is futile to bid us acquiesce in teachings which we know doctrinally to be unevangelical, philosophically to be mere food for modern critics, historically to be incapable of permanent independence, marked for either wider

errancy in the future, or for gradual return. Spiritual submission to Scripture, philosophical consistency with all explored truth, historical adaptability to circumstances, may make us confident as we again and again review this Church's title-deeds and transactions in our studies; but, if confidence has begotten indolence abroad, then right humbly we may learn the very elements of Christian duty from those who have dotted, nay crowded, our land with tabernacles of Christian assemblies, and our tongue with the idioms of Zion.

Another of the Bishop's first ideas was to establish a good Girls' High School in Truro[1]. This he succeeded in doing, and sent my sisters to attend it; he always believed firmly in the higher education of women, and from the first hoped that his daughters would have a University training—a wish that was carried out. His own sister Ada was, as I have stated, one of the pioneers of the High School movement, and was successively Headmistress of the High Schools of Norwich, Oxford and Bedford.

The following letters give his first views of his work in Cornwall: they were of course early, vivid and somewhat superficial impressions, considerably modified by later experience.

*To Canon Wickenden, on poverty in the Church.*

*May* 15, 1877.

DEAREST FRED.....

Serio! I have been greatly exercised by your dwelling so on "the poverty" of this Diocese. It can only be comparison of course. But were it much more true—if there were none of these great peers and landowners who have stood aloof from the late Church movements here—yet I am struck by the view which is taken of poverty in the abstract when one finds a Christian off his guard. "Blessed are ye poor"—"To the poor the Gospel is preached"—what means it all through the Gospel? How came

[1] The Truro High School is now established in permanent buildings of its own, opened a year after its Founder's death. A scheme to which the Bishop gave much time and trouble, to remodel the Truro Grammar School, has not yet been fully realised.

John Wesley to say, "The poor are the Christians after all"? If there *are* many poor here (I don't know), must not my word be "Therefore am I sent"? *Must* I consider it a disadvantage or an advantage? The latter is in harmony with the Bible which assumes that people with sufficient means must be at the service of the poor. And with the Church, which provides for the service of the poor by furnishing an army of clergy with sufficient means, so far as her power goes, for the express purpose. But does not the abstract view I allude to put a weapon into the hands of the anti-Christian party, which argues bluntly "Christianity is not divine because it fixes a standard which is quite too high for mortality, and which even its sweetest professors, specially its clergy, do not even in argument maintain. If it were divine, the standard fixed would be a forcible one."

Our best love to you both.

Your ever affectionate,

E. W. Truro.

*To his Wife.*

Penrose.
*1st Sunday after Trinity*, 1877.

Dearest Life and Love,

I did wish you had been at Gunwalloe—a grassy slope towards the land leaning up against quite awful black precipices, where the great Spanish ship went to pieces and spilt doubloons which every now and then roll up. Against the slope the quaintest, neatest church, weather-beaten enough, but in perfect order, which you ever beheld. A tower built away from the church into the rock—and waves not so terrible as the day before, but of such power—throwing themselves at the feet of Mullyon cliffs and Halzephron (did you ever hear such names?) and sending foam-flecks a quarter of a mile and more into the flowers and grass; only one house in *sight* over all the rolling hills—and on Sundays in summer nevertheless the church crowded till they sit on the settles under the windows.

Ever your loving husband,

E.

*To Canon Crowfoot.*

KENWYN.
7 *June*, 1877.

MY DEAR CROWFOOT,

What can I tell you of my work here which engrosses every moment? Very hard—very interesting—totally unlike anything I conceived of. The Methodists far narrower than the fine Lincoln strength, and eager to find fault. But the land is theirs at present, and they strain every nerve. Middle class education is in their hands: at Redruth two *enormous* over-crowded meetings, two moderate empty Churches. Much the same elsewhere. But the Church people very good, very quiet, often "high," very sympathetic. The land and sea most, most beautiful, and all hearts very warm—Are we too late to recover ourselves? It's a question I really cannot answer. All I know is I've *dived*, and it's very dark so deep down, and the stream runs very fast. Shall I get to surface? that matters little—but I am sure it matters very much to *morals* as well as principles of faith, whether or no Church thought prevails at last.

Our love to you all, our best hopes that you are all well. Don't send the kitten!

Your loving friend,

E. W. TRURON.

*To the Rev. A. J. Mason.*

16 *June*, 1877.

DEAREST MASON,

I have infinite things to say, but it seems absurd to write you lucubrations when you will soon be here to learn for yourself more vividly.

I say *learn*—for I had no idea how much there was to learn. Human nature and Cornish nature don't mean the same—at least Cornish nature has a big slice overlapping and flapping loose.

I am valuing our "Conferences[1]" immensely. You must come to St Austell's—and as many more as you can.

[1] He was holding Conferences in each Rural Deanery with the clergy and lay representatives of each parish.

Missionizing here must be a *totally* different thing from any previous conception of mine.

The people want *rousing* here to *tranquillity*.

The confusion of sensual excitement with religious passion is awful. The Immoralities of Revivals simply appalling.

However we shall speak eye to eye.

Your loving,

E. W. Tr.

*To his Wife.*

27 *June*, 1877.

Dearest Love,

All has gone well with me so far—kind warm hearts and eagerness to be *doing* for our Lord, that we may give a worthier representation to his xixth century than hitherto of what He is.

I am reading carefully H. Martineau's Life, vol. ii. I am surprised beyond words—but more grieved—to think how miserably Christianity must have been brought before *such* a person. No doubt hard, no doubt proud, unpleasant in self-esteem, and singularly blind to much of what was going on, and yet such a high-minded and integrous woman, and latterly sweetened and softened in most loveable ways, and *such* a woman for both activity and industry.

But we mustn't forget that the state of things in which she wrote was *very* bad, very unearnest in many ways; Dr Arnold witnesses against things of the same period among religious people in the church in terms almost as strong. He must sometimes have gone very near being sickened; but in him there was a more generous deep soul and a fuller light to see by. But I own I am thankful till my heart runs over that I live in different days and see different things at work. *What* might I not have been else? I am sure I should *not* have reached H. M.'s level of duty and love (for I call it so) for the People—and with her ability I should have been ten times as Conceited.

Your loving husband,

E. W. T.

I am anxious to hear how the dearest Mother is.

*To his Wife.*

*14th July*, 1877.

.....Oh this North Cornwall is so strange, such a separate world.....

Yesterday an old woman sent me her best roses from her cottage and a blind old woman blest me, and a baby was held for me to kiss at a cottage door. And here where the dissent is something outrageous, the butcher has killed his best bullock, the fishermen went out specially. What those people would be if we were all at one—And what oneness can any of those guides offer except the Church which in her breadth alone does really seem to be gaining some ground in spite of all faithlessness.

*To his Wife.*

BODMIN.
*16th July*, 1877.

.....I am well and really very happy among these warm Cornishmen. To-day at St Breward we had heavy rain but 30 candidates (28 from the Parish so high and bleak) and a church full of men and women. A great crowd yesterday afternoon spite of rain at Lanteglos—Ah! dear, if one can only—could only—speak Truth to their souls.....Everybody wants to see *you*. When they are tired of me and think I have nothing in my hand, I shall play you and say "Trumps."

*To Canon Crowfoot.*

6 *Aug.* 1877.

I have just been staying in the same house with the President of the E.C.U.[1] and like him extremely. He is a truly religious man, but I cannot help feeling still that in the party, its aims, tactics, opinion of itself, style of criticism, motives, there is something that is very far from heavenliness or Apostolicity.

Ever your most affectionate,

E. W. TRURON.

[1] The Hon. Charles Lindley Wood, now Viscount Halifax.

*To Dr Bailey, who was resigning the Wardenship of Saint Augustine's, Canterbury.*

TRURO.
7 *Aug.* 1877.

MY DEAR WARDEN,

I hope you are still addressable for ever so short a time by a name so very dear to me. I have been reproaching myself for not writing to you earlier, yet have had difficulties amounting to impossibility. I know what the necessity was which I felt making it impossible to endure longer the strain of Wellington, and I know how impossible it felt that I could go away from it. And what an aweful evening my last, alone in the Chapel, was. I cannot but fear that even in a higher and more painful degree you suffer what I suffered in my way. For you and St Augustine's seem not two but one to me. And all my early lovely conceptions of English-Church-man-ship are inseparably bound up with you both.

What more can I say, seeing that English-Church-man-ship is for ever the strength of my life, and the form under which God seems to have done everything for my people that is honest and lovely and of good report, just as much as the Law was the Light of Israel and His way for them, a way equally remote from Babylonish and Samaritan ways.

I cannot therefore thank you as I would, but I shall ever love and honour you, and hope to hear something of what you work at next....

Ever yours affectionately,

E. W. TRURON.

*To Canon Crowfoot.*

KENWYN.
20 *Aug.* 1877.

MY DEAR CROWFOOT,

Work here bewildering.—The people religious, but religion having no more *controlling* power than if they were studying theology.

The principal Church doctrines, except the Atonement, considered as mere "superstitions"—the Atonement not much

dwelt on—the Last Judgment supposed to be intended for "England," but not for Cornwall. Worship consists in singing hymns. For Sacraments we have the voice of the Preacher (sometimes his meaning, but always his voice); it is thro' this that Grace enters the soul.

Calvinism (of which Wesley taught not a word) has pervaded nearly every place. Now in all such places Sacraments are simply "abhorred." Mason is preaching most powerfully, and Reeve[1] working angelically. A class of Local Preachers Designate is forming by degrees. I address seven people every Sunday at an *Early* Communion, and I want to find out if I have any spiritual work besides.

Our best love to you all.

Your loving friend,

E. W. TRURON.

*To his Wife.*

CHAPTER HOUSE, ST PAUL'S.
*14th Nov.* 1877.

.....I've been to see Wilkinson—tell Mason the "half was not told me." We had a very long, very serious talk, full of fears and yet of joyfulness. I knew him in a former state of existence very intimately.

*To the Rev. A. J. Mason.*

*Latter part of* 1877.

AGAPITE[2]:

I.

I knew you had no feelings.
Did I ever behave as if you had?

II.

I find the year ends in *May*.
I couldn't make Whitaker Hon. Can. till he has *started work*.
We had to keep Crowfoot waiting much longer.

[1] John Andrewes Reeve, the Curate of Kenwyn, now Rector of Lambeth.

[2] Agapite, later Agapit, was my father's name for Canon Mason. I never heard him use it in conversation, but he always wrote to him by it. Agapitus was one of the seven deacons of Rome under Xystus, six of whom, including Agapitus were martyred along with him. The loyalty of the deacons of Rome to their bishop was proverbial.

III.

If after our talk you think we had better make Novate[1]
at once,
Make it we will
So soon as you have Evangelised Evangelicals enow.

IV.

We certainly cannot wait a year.
*Agapite.*

V.

Happy thought.
To sit in a Gown
In Cancellarius Stall
As doing the work
Without being Hon. Can.

---

I am not sure whether
I or Walt Whitman
Composed the above—
But I frame the sentiments.

*To the Rev. A. J. Mason.*

*Oct.* 1877.

SCHEDULE of

Two wicked Fallacies, for the Harbouring of the which the said Father Arthur James is enjoined Penance in a white Sheet with a lighted taper held between both his hands all the time of Divine Service on the Feast of St Simon and St Jude at Kenwyn Cross.

1. That the Bishop should have called the said Father "Speratus" when it is well known that he could call him by no other name than "Possessus"—and when it is not well known, albeit true, that the said Speratus is one Henricus, son in the Faith unto the same "Possessus" whose cognomen is Cordicarus.

[1] A Society of Missioners for the diocese of Truro, similar to the Lincoln "Novate Novale."

2. That the said Father should say of the said Reverend Bishop that the said Bishop could by any gift deem that he could make the said Father to be his debtor, or that by any payment whatever he could pay off his minutest iota of debt unto the said Father.

And ye are to see it done.

*To the Rev. A. J. Mason.*

*Dec.* 1877.

AGAPITE:

I send you an outline[1] for Revision and Τελείωσις[2].
But do not think I wish to intrude on your function.

Ignosce veterano
Emerito capellano
Cui plus capellanatus
Placuit quam episcopatus.

If you will post preces actas tell me what you wish about the *Ordination Sermon*, we will carry it out if we can. In the first place I will, as you wish, consult G. H. W.[3] but do not seek unto Gilgal for strange preachers. (We must in the dust try to sanctify *ourselves* for their sakes. We must not ὑποστέλλεσθαι[4]. We must hold up the empty cruse to Him, and not say we can't feed the young prophets because it is empty.)

Write to me to Domus Capitularis Divi Pauli Londinensis. My love will be with your spirit.

*To the Rev. C. B. Hutchinson, on work in Cornwall.*

KENWYN.
9 *Jan.* 1878.

MY DEAR HUTCHINSON,

You could scarcely believe what has to be done. Some of our clergy are excellent, but crushed with despondency. Some of our laymen are excellent, but their attitude is simply one of pity. Others of both orders are glad enough that nothing is done.

Yesterday *two* letters.—1. "Very few of my people are confirmed and none attend the Communion."

[1] Of a scheme for the arrangements of the Ember season.
[2] Perfecting, receiving finishing touches. [3] Canon Whitaker.
[4] To conceal the truth from fear, or possibly, to take in sail.

2. "There is one Service here every Sunday. Before Mr —— came the Communion had not been administered for several years."

And I now have to reply to the clergy of a whole Rural Deanery, who *all* say, "The clergyman ought not to visit his schools too much. He must not become a Master instead of a Pastor. The less he is seen by the younger members of his flock in that capacity the better."

Isn't it queer? If the Church of England dies out it will begin with this extremity. If she grows all alive again, I am sure *this* extremity must first be well rubbed with snow.—The exhibition of *one* great central Church with endless plain hard work going on is essential, so England must be well stirred up somehow by our friends to keep our circulation up. Add this suffrage to your daily prayers, "Da Truronensibus Sanctam et Pretiosam Basilicam—Da Capitulo Fidem et Spiritum[1]."

With all love,

Your ever affectionate,

E. W. Truron.

A Cornish clergyman writes:—

The Bishop took the greatest pains with sermons and addresses for small country parishes as much as for larger and more important ones. Readers of *Singleheart* will recollect the sternness with which, in an Ordination sermon at Lincoln, printed in that volume, he satirized "simpering simpleness," and "the affectation of unpreparedness," and "What is called 'just talking to them a little in their own way.'" Such faults he rigidly avoided. I recollect that on the occasion of a visit to Lis Escop, I noticed one morning in the study an open volume[2] of St Gregory of Tours. The Bishop, several days before the opening of the Church of *St Pinnock*, a name too obscure even for the *Dictionary of Christian Biography*, was consulting original authorities in order to give the simple villagers some interest in their Patron Saint. Without at first naming him, he described St Pinnock, and how St Gregory ordained him a presbyter, and then as-

[1] The Bishop himself, in his private prayers, used a Latin Litany of intercession. One suffrage of it, for the extension of the Mission work was "Da fratribus fratres."

[2] *Hist. Francorum*, v. 22.

tonished the delighted people by the emphatic sentence, "Now that poor man was St Pinnock, whose name is on this book (the pulpit Bible)." Soon afterwards at Perran-ar-worthal (Perran upon the tidal stream) he told, in perfect simplicity, but with all the authority of research, how St Piran "sometimes touched at Perranuthnoe, sometimes landed at Perranzabuloe, sometimes went to St Keverne"; how he loved animals, and animals loved him; how his hearers must, in imitation of their Patron, show the devotion and self-sacrifice which St Piran showed.

Sometimes he would himself write an account for the Press of a restored Church, or little Mission Chapel, brightening the report with some picturesque touch, and giving it an interest all its own.

The climate of Cornwall did not suit the Bishop; its dreamy languor was ill adapted to his brisk and fiery temperament. The very details of its steamy humidity fretted him strangely. A climate where I have known the scent of Magnolia buds flooding the rooms of the house through the open windows on Christmas Day, was fatal to the preservation of books and papers. My father's dearly beloved volumes lost their gilding and clear outlines; the pages grew crumpled and mildewed. Engravings became foxy, written papers blurred. He himself suffered at times from a blackness of depression which was only too painfully evident. Small things weighed on his mind with fierce acuteness. I well recollect walking one day with him, when after a long silence broken only by fitful questions, he said with dark gravity that the behaviour of one of his clergy was *killing* him—that he would have to leave Cornwall.

The Bishop was soon to have a fiercer trial of his faith and patience, and to be made more perfect in suffering. In the second year of his episcopate, my eldest brother, Martin White Benson, a scholar of Winchester, a boy of the most singular gifts of thought and expression, died of meningitis at school.

In Feb. 1878 my brother had an alarming attack of illness when at tea with one of the masters. He had always suffered from a stammer, but he found himself suddenly deprived of the power of speech, and endeavoured, while a doctor was being sent for, to write the word "paralysis" on a piece of paper. The attack yielded to remedies, but a few days afterwards he became unconscious and died in the Sanatorium. Some time after the Bishop showed Canon Mason a card on which Martin had been copying out in mediaeval characters the hymn "O quanta qualia," and had laid down his pen at "quos decantabimus." He was buried in the cloister, at Winchester. My father put up a brass in his memory on the Cloister wall, near the grave. Here he is depicted in his scholar's gown, with the little silver cross, given him by his mother at his Confirmation, which he always wore upon his watch-chain, his hands clasped in prayer. After name and dates follow four lines written by my father:

O Amor, O Pastor, qui quem Tibi legeris Agnum
Vitali tinguis Morte, sinuque foves,
Nos, qui tam dulces per Te reminiscimur annos,
Duc, ubi non caeco detur Amore frui.

I did not of course realise at the time how brilliant my brother's powers were; he was but seventeen, and had only just failed to secure the highest classical honour, the Goddard Scholarship, at Winchester. But I have been amazed in looking at his papers since, at the extraordinary profundity of his acquirements, the perfection of his taste and the maturity of his thoughts. My father's and mother's deepest hopes and affections were bound up in him. I was then at Eton and was summoned in haste. I shall never forget the look on my father's white drawn face as the train drew up at Winchester, while he stood on the platform awaiting me.

To the end of his life my father visited Winchester nearly every year on the anniversary of his death with my mother and sister, to pray beside the grave.

My father's grief was perfectly tragic. He could not at first bear allusion to my brother, and held, as his diary bears witness, the most deep and searching self-communings as to why such a burden was laid upon him. His Diary says:—

*February*, 1878. All through his illness I prayed incessantly that God would "give him perfect soundness in the presence of us all"—I fear presumptuously. For I believed in my faint heart that it would be what *I* meant by "ὁλοκληρία[1]." I shared to the full the feeling which several sensible letters sent us while we were watching him expressed—that it was "inconceivable" that he should not be restored to us. "Inconceivable"—so much past interest, skill, beauty, power, love were wrapped up in his growth and constant progress—so much hope for the future; such admirable preparation for good work, with such persuasive gentleness; such thoughtfulness and such reverence together. He seemed so sure to be "A wise Scribe furnished unto the Kingdom of Heaven on earth with things alike new and old." There were such memories about him and he wove them so: such hopes and he knew them not.

It has come as such an interruption not to ambitions, not to pride, I trust, not to hopes of comfort only—But his path seemed ever to run on so completely in God's own way: we thought all *God's* plan for him was running on so sweetly towards some noble God's work.

It has changed all my views of God's work as it is to be done both in this world and the next, to be compelled to believe that God's plan for him really *has* run on sweetly, and rightly for him and for all—and yet—he is dead.

"One's views of life change very quickly," he said to me the last hour in which he spoke to me—my sweet boy, thou hast changed mine.

[1] "Entire soundness," Acts iii. 16.

*To Canon Wickenden.*

*Feb.* 1878.

My loving loved Friend,

He is gone you know. His sweetness you know. But his love to Jesus we did not know until he was near going. And now everything which shows itself hour after hour, tells us how little we had followed him, though his pureness and his penetrating judgment were wonderfully opened to me this holiday.

I can say no more. We are learning not to withhold him from God in our hearts, and my dear wife is the mothers' example.

*To Canon Crowfoot.*

*Feb.* 1878.

You I know will not think ill of me for not answering sooner your blessed letter. The fact is I must rise to it before I can. As yet, though I feel the help of his present relation to me, yet I am distinctly conscious that the help of his life near us, his thoughts, and his sweet and perfect example, were, in spite of fears of what the tone of University opinion might work, a more living, stronger help to me than now. I hope that I shall be able to win more faith. But it takes *all* my confidence in his present to keep me from murmuring. Orabis.

*To Canon Westcott.*

Kenwyn.
15 *Feb.* 1878.

My dear Westcott,

If anything *ought* to strengthen one it is a life like Martin's: we can only pray that it *may*.

His energy and brightness were fights against we knew not what. And now a secret holiness comes out, in his books and papers, of which we knew little more.

He and we *yearned* that he might have talked with us the last week. But God sealed his lips. Why?

As surely as I see this paper he *saw* Jesus Christ—*through*, if not with, his bodily eyes and while he was quite himself.

To have seen Him ourselves could not strengthen our sureness that *He* lives, more than the sight of Martin seeing Him.

My dear wife is wonderfully "kept by the Power of God."

Your ever affectionate,

E. W. Truron.

*To Dean Goulburn of Norwich.*

KENWYN, 26 *Feb.* 1878.

MY DEAR MR DEAN,

We both thank you for your holy and consoling words. They are so true and pitched in so high and sweet a tone—and help one to feel how the passage from this world to the next is only that from one room to another in God's great house. While He—The Son over the House—is κλειδοφόρος[1], one ought not—and one does not, I think, really fear.

Our boy was spiritually of a higher sweeter promise than he was intellectually. And of his intellectual promise and even performance, I have seen indeed but one or two his equals. But our Peace in him is the endless lovingness of his character and ways, and the childish simplicity of his dutifulness. To me he was more like a little daughter than a son, and to his mother he was more like a devoted brother. Can we help suffering? To him we know going is gain—pure gain—and I am learning from my wife to subdue the ever rising longing for his sweetness back again. She has never faltered—but for myself, God's ways are so wonderful that I cannot yet master the feeling that twined in with His love—there *must* be something of the "I took him away in my anger." It is, I am afraid, interior unsubduedness, and easily provoked and sullen judgment, the non-disappearance, under Christ's best discipline, of ὀργὴ καὶ κραυγή[2].

I am not worthy of my Saint's *Thorn*, so that part of your letter, which most shows your love, is less consolatory, for it shows also that you do not really know me.

I do not feel as if successes (which are undeserved blessings only) made me forget Him and His Grace, for every one of them is dogged only with *un*successes, which no one else can possibly know, and which are like flies in the apothecary's ointment—just because they are altogether one's own fault, and whatever may be the look of successes to dearest friends, they are not fair to oneself, because one knows they cannot be so to God, drest in their true circumstances.

But all this is only to ask you, my old, kind and constant friend, to pray for me unworthy,

1. That I may not deceive myself and lose God's teaching.
2. That I may have power μὴ ἐγκακεῖν ἐλεγχόμενος[3] and

[1] The bearer of the key. κληδοῦχος is the usual form.

[2] "Anger and clamour," Eph. iv. 31.

[3] Not to be cowardly under chastisement. Perhaps suggested by Heb. xii. 5.

3. That whatever evil keeps me from Him in your judgment —may be excised at all costs. I dare ask you these things, remembering your reading to me of Tauler's life and all that you said of it. And you will not, I know, grudge me a few minutes of your availing prayer.

Your ever affectionate and thankful friend,

E. W. TRURON.

*To Canon Wickenden.*

IN VIA.

*Address* KENWYN. 16 *May*, 1878.

I have been staying with that Sanctus Dei Bishop Thorold, for five days. His own deep grief, borne without a look or tone of self, has done something at last, I hope, to help me out of the ἀσθένεια[1], to call it by no worse name, under which my soul has laboured before God.

I sometimes used to wonder why we kept our Martin so much to ourselves—so that only two or three people besides knew what he was—and now I do not wonder at all.

You were my greatest helper in that old sorrow—but it was something so unlike this.

Here there was the full conviction that I saw God's plans for him—and I didn't.

I used to be unable to bear pictures of the Entombment, and to turn away from the Pietà, and would never have a copy of even Francia's. But now I do know why MORTUUS ET SEPULTUS EST is in the Creeds, better than the Books about it tell.

Good-bye now. I didn't mean to write one word about this when I began—but that lovely Thorold set me off.

Your ever most affectionate,

E. W. TRURON.

A year later he wrote to his wife :—

*8th Feb.* 1879.

.....How strange and how beautiful it will be to see him[2] again: if we are worthy, to hear from himself that he would rather have passed away from us when he did than have staid with us. That is so hard to realise—and St Paul even did not know which to choose. May God only keep true in heart and firm in faith our other loves.

[1] Weakness. [2] His son Martin.

# CHAPTER XIII.

## TRURO CATHEDRAL.

"*Educet lapidem primarium,...et exaequabit gratiam gratiae ejus... manus ejus perficient eam.*" ZECHARIAH.

To build a Cathedral, a holy and seemly House, as a visible sign and symbol of Church energy and influence, and a radiating centre of sacred activities, was one of the Bishop's most congenial hopes: in old days the aesthetic aspect of the question would have been paramount with him, but now he had been too long a patient disciple in the school of deeper truth to base his desire or his claim upon any but the sternest of practical reasons. A Cathedral was a necessity to efficient Church work; that it should inspire and stimulate and consecrate and bind together were potent but secondary reasons for making it, in beauty and costliness, worthy to be the first Post-reformation Cathedral.

In Oct. 1877, at the first Diocesan Conference of the new See, a Committee was appointed to consider the question. The subjoined letter to Mr Hutchinson will show the view that the Bishop held.

KENWYN.
12 *Dec.* 1877.

"He's the only man in England that can build a Cathedral"—Such is *someone's* confident outburst of his own affectionateness as it was reported to me, when a certain (direful) piece of news made him throw his cap up in Rugby Quadrangle.

OLD ST MARY'S CHURCH, TRURO, CIRCA 1877.

*From a photograph by Argall, Truro.*

*To face page* 448, *vol. i*

Being interpreted according to the only possible scholiast it means, "He is the only man whom Providences have blessed with such blessed friends that they will build him a Cathedral, because God has put him in need of one."

So I now write to that friend to say that I have just been formally instructed by the Rector and Churchwardens that "St Mary's is in so deplorable and dangerous a state," that if we are not going now to build a Cathedral, *they* must rebuild a small parish Church, and postpone our Cathedral accordingly for a century.—For Act of Parliament *ties* us to the spot[1]. It is *the* spot, in the heart of the people. The site is big enough for a Church (220 feet by 58) as large as we can utilise, and now the congregation is increased so that streams of people are turned away, and, for mere lack of room, flow back—to the Methodist meeting.

I am doing now all I can to get the county to move—but, as the Lord Lieutenant[2] says, "We are a starveling county, we *can't* do it unless England helps us."

You and Lightfoot are the two first people I write to beyond the Tamar, and I feel I shan't write in vain to two such Churchmen.

Let me say we must build first the *Choir and Transept*, £20,000, and leave Nave to next generation.

And now one word heartier than all—you must come down again into Cornwall as soon as you can—with any of your house. We have one room here, but can get others hard by.

Our kindest regard to Mrs Hutchinson and you all.

Ever yours affectionately,

E. W. Truron.

My own plan is to give £1000 to it paid in annual instalments. Tell me whether you think that satisfactory. I am asking J. B. L. the same question.

A Truro correspondent writes:—

Little time was lost in promoting the idea of the Cathedral. At the first Diocesan Conference the Bishop made "the new

[1] By § 4 of the Statute, the Queen "may assign to the Bishopric of Truro, as a Cathedral Church, the Church of St Mary in Truro."

[2] The Earl of Mount Edgcumbe.

Cathedral" the subject of the first of many valuable addresses read to that Assembly. Early in 1878, a private meeting, described as "the most powerful one held in the county for many years," was convened to consider what steps should be taken to provide a suitable Cathedral, and this was followed in April by the very remarkable County Meeting held, as one of the speakers said, on "the morrow of the Anniversary of the Consecration of their now much beloved Bishop." Nearly all the leading Clergy and laity of Cornwall, with prominent representatives of the middle classes also, crowded the Town Hall of Truro, under the presidency of the Lord Lieutenant. With the exception of the Bishop and the Archdeacon of Cornwall, all the speakers were laymen, and when the subscription list was passed round the room, promises to the amount of £15,000 were made, before it reached the hands of the two honorary Secretaries, Canon Cornish and Mr E. Carlyon.

Nearly £4000, already promised for the restoration of St Mary's Church, was also generously offered by the Parochial Authorities to the Cathedral Committee.

At this and other Meetings the Bishop pressed no policy of his own. He laid down principles "that there might be some basis on which to go," (1) to aim at what was practical; (2) to have true work and beautiful work as regarded proportion and outline; (3) the Church should be prepared to "fit the future," for they did not look upon the life of the Cathedral as a "transient life"; (4) there should be no debt upon the Church.

Of the foundation of the Cathedral the Bishop spoke in his Opening Address at the Diocesan Conference, 30th Oct. 1879. He said:—

...You will, I know, study with care the Reports which your several Committees have, according to your direction, prepared. For immediate use the Secretaries will request attention to the salient points. They uniformly present a brightening and inviting view of Church work. Over all work of this particular tint there broods one solemn light. The whole of it is grave, serious, determined. There is no dilettantism in it. They who are not in earnest are good enough to keep out of such work. So long as it is not the fashion, we shall have no gaudy dilation of huge bubbles to break and sprinkle us just when we stand admiring. So long as it is not the fashion, all our workers are

gaining patience with power—they observe with a quiet eye the opening doors of God's providence; they enter, silently, where He points; they pray; and, in the two words of St Paul's exquisite paradox, "They haste to be still."

...It has been a question whether we should attempt so much —whether we should rather content ourselves with a magnified Parish Church. I feel confident the Committee have decided rightly. England would not have helped to build a Parish Church. She would have said Cornwall or Truro may do that for themselves; and I question whether alone we should have had even any high magnifying power. For the present the portion of it first proposed will meet our diocesan needs. It will be a centre of increasing love and unity and devotion for long years to come. It would be, in my view of history, a real loss to the sentiment of reunion if we were presented to-morrow with a ready-made Minster. The voice of such a work in progress will ever be an utterance of power. It will remind us to do *all* our works in a *great* way—in a Cathedral way—to put up with nothing petty and puny; and it will speak to our luxurious habits with a fine sternness. "The mother of magnificence," it will say, "is frugality." The one man whom the ancients describe to us as (although *par excellence* the fine gentleman of his age) the very author and model of domestic economy, is he who built the Parthenon—Pericles, the Athenian.

...Well enough do I love the ideal "surpliced choir." But where the surpliced men through ignorant fear, through contempt, or through low tones of life are none of them communicants; where no one expects the surpliced lads to grow up devout churchmen, it is hard to see why they should minister for God to us in holy things. Where there is less reverence, less awe, there is no gain to worship in expelling the religious men and women who sang together. Every true musician knows that dead notes are not the soul of music. There must be a spirit in the voice.

Into the subsequent history of the building it will be impossible to enter, but it may be roughly stated that nearly £120,000 has been raised already for the fabric: the south transept, called the "Benson" transept, commemorates the Bishop's work in Cornwall, and it is hoped

that the nave may very soon commemorate his work, as Archbishop, for the Church of England. A circular letter, drafted by the Bishop himself, was issued by the General Committee in 1878.

Cornish people adopt an idea with great enthusiasm when they are in personal sympathy with the promoter, and the amount of energy displayed in collecting for the Cathedral was very remarkable. Committees were formed and the great wheel was set rolling. Sir F. W. Truscott, Lord Mayor of London for the year in which the Foundation Stone of the Cathedral was laid, was a native of Truro, a man who had risen by his own exertions to the honourable position of chief magistrate of the metropolis.

He was anxious that the Bishop should see certain city magnates and obtain if possible subscriptions for the new Cathedral. My father did not much like the task, but he went so far as to call on the representatives of several great firms, who refused to subscribe; after his morning's work he writes:—

*June 29th.* We went to lunch, and the Lord Mayor received a note from Rothschilds saying that as they would not like to refuse a Lord Mayor, they hoped the Lord Mayor would not put them to the pain of calling on them with a request they could not accede to. We lunched in one of the great stately rooms of the Mansion House, "Venetian Parlour" or "Long Parlour" or something, whose exquisite carving and decoration spoke of times when civic dignity was what it has ceased to be. A beautiful water-colour of Truro taken from Kenwyn leaned against the wall on a ledge. And this old Lord Mayor is in no way ashamed of giving out that he was a poor Truro boy, and very gladly would he do all in his power to honour Truro and to thank it for its early nurture of him. But this was not an expedition suited to its purpose. For our people's sake it was not fitting that I should say no to the proposal of this Lombard Street tour. But while I was more impressed than ever in my life with the existence, presence, activity and potentiality of "Money" as a living world power, our expedition was bound to fail. It was approaching the power from below, not

TRURO CATHEDRAL, EAST END.

*From a photograph by Argall, Truro.*

*To face page* 453, *vol.* I

from above. It was being a suitor to it; whereas those earth kings are intended to *bring* their glory and honour with them. So rather sick, determined to despond of nothing but to work no more in this fashion, I hurried off for Vespers at Westminster Abbey, full of the looks and words and pompous ways of the kings who would *not* help, and assured us every *other* king *would*. And the reader of the Second Lesson just uttered these words as I went into the Transept: "This is the stone which was set at nought of you builders which is become the Headstone of the corner. Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."

Save, Lord, we beseech Thee. O Lord, build; O Lord, build.
Not by might—nor by power—but by Thy Spirit.

Sufficient money was raised to begin the building, and several architects competed. The choice fell on the late Mr J. L. Pearson, R.A., though he had sent in no design. From him my father often quoted with approval a remark on the subject of ecclesiastical buildings; Mr Pearson said that the question to ask oneself on entering a church was not "Is this admirable —is it beautiful?" but "Does it send you on your knees?" The Cathedral is built for the most part of Mabe granite, with Bath stone dressings: various local marbles, mainly Cornish, are used for the detached shafts and pavement.

His account of the laying of the Foundation Stone of the Cathedral (May 20, 1880) is as follows:—

*July 11th.* Far too busy to have written, but how much has happened which I would gladly have retained. The "20th May" with all its anxieties before it came was a really happy day. The weather was gorgeous. When the ceremony was at its height, the sky was more beautiful than I ever beheld it. One deepest lustrous blue over the whole heaven above the great enclosure, and right above us and in view the tiniest, most delicate white clouds flecked it all over in the most symmetrical arrangement. I must not write what it suggests.

The ceremonial of the Freemasons which some regarded

with suspicion and dislike was satisfactory and refreshing from its simple exposition of symbolism as an element in life, quite apart from ecclesiasticism. I had upon the first mooting of the question by the Prince, taken the opinion of the Rural Deans as representative of the clergy. And their unanimous opinion was that it was even desirable to use an old guild in this way, provided that the Church Service and order were in no way interfered with. And the Prince, both through Lord Mount Edgcumbe, and at Marlborough House himself, said that nothing should be done except in full accord with my own arrangements as Bishop and the usual forms. I then found on examining, that the common little books of Foundation-stone Services were nothing but a watered down version of the Pontifical, omitting some grand phrases and meaningfull terms. These I restored, I hope, to nearer the original and printed for our own use. (A small number were printed with Rubricated Titles, one is in British Museum, one in Cambridge University Library.) The laying of two stones with the processions between enabled us to approach still nearer the original, which is said in three places of the wall-circuit. Accordingly all proceeded according to this Form until the place of the Rubric "the stone is prepared by the Masons with the accustomed ceremonies." Here the Free Masons did their part, just instead of common masons, and when the "Grand Master" had concluded this portion the Service proceeded. The dignity and the simplicity and naturalness with which the Prince poured the corn and wine and oil over the stone added much to the ceremony, and the force and clearness with which he delivered the impressive little sermon, ending with an excellent passage of Ezra, chosen by Lord Mt. Edgcumbe, rang out of a really serious spirit. The whole of the clergy, near 400, had previously assembled in Church, and robed in silence, and then by ourselves we had the Veni Creator, the usual Psalms of the Office and the Lord's Prayer. This was most solemn. And in all the Churches of the city there had been Holy Communion celebrated, at the Cathedral twice. Over the whole of the vast crowd of the amphitheatre, or rather two amphitheatres (N.-E. and S.-W.) and over the whole day's events was a strange, solemn, sweet brooding which none have ever failed to own. All was quiet, all was natural, but we all felt that there was something of unwonted sense of the Eternal being near. How can we live up faithfully enough to that day?

The scene itself is very fairly indeed described by Precentor Venables in the next "Guardian." The whole of the High Cross was taken in by an oblong amphitheatre of wood decorated with colours and shields, and round the Eastern stone was a large semicircular amphitheatre. The colours of the Masons which look quaint on the individual, looked very soft in the mass. The most striking moment was when the procession of military and naval authorities and Deputy Lieutenants came sweeping in with a great curve leading the Princess and her boys. She was received by our tall Mayor in his stately new furred gown and me, and taken up to her throne. At the end she was led to the newly laid stone and seated by it, while a long train of girls brought their purses and laid them before her, after the little Princes had each presented £250 in behalf of Miss Goldsworthy Gurney who wished thus to memorialise her father's invention of the Steam Jet. The Prince of Wales was timidly asked whether he would approve of this, and said, "O why not? The boys would stand on their heads if she wished!" The younger of the boys is a little bright coloured cheery lad, but the elder, on whom so much may depend, is pale, long-faced, and I can't help thinking, *for a child*, like Charles the First—it is a very feeling face. At night when they were sent to bed between 12 and 1, having been allowed to sit up as a special privilege to the Ball, the Princess said to me as they pleaded for a little longer, "I do wish to keep them children as long as I can—and they do want so to be men all at once."—May she prevail.

People are saying, "the first Cathedral founded since the Reformation." Has any been founded (one or two have been translated) since the Conquest? The Prayers then were the rendering of a venerable Office less venerable than the act itself. Da nobis, Domine, Truronensibus Sanctam et pretiosam Basilicam.

On the Sunday after the Stone-laying I preached in the High Cross. The staging was still standing and it was occupied by four thousand people at least. They were, with few exceptions, poor people. The men's black coats, the sober colouring of wives and families made a strange contrast to the brilliance of Thursday's scene. Many walked miles to come. A great cushion with a large Bible was placed on the stone which the Prince had laid on the nave pillar, and I preached from it. A beautiful sky and a strong wind,—a large choir in which two cornets blown by

surpliced riflemen led the singing in a way these Cornishmen truly delighted in. It was an extraordinary scene from the mid-pillar, and the windows of houses behind the staging were full of people. My text was "Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." When the hymn after the sermon was ended they were not ready to go. I gave out another—and the people poured down into the area, surrounded the pillar and sang most vehemently. We produced hymn books—then another hymn and another, the trumpets leading. They would have gone on all night. Again such a feeling filled the crowd that I could quite realise what a religious impulse seizing a multitude might effect—but—"not by might." As we came away I heard some one say, "Well, the 20th of May was grand, but the 23rd will be my Commemorative Day for Truro."

Canon Mason says:—

If it was "an extraordinary scene" from his point of observation, it was no less so for those to whom his was the central figure. I thought of the lines

> "Oh, for a sculptor's hand
> That thou might'st take thy stand,
> Thy [long] hair floating on the eastern breeze!"

But they were written of a very different kind of prophet! Not all the audience allowed themselves to be carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment. One very Cornish critic, an old fellow who had walked in from Idless, said, "Aw, he'm a good pracher, *but he lacks diction.*"

"The Bishop stood," says another spectator, "his face pale with emotion, and yet irradiated with the tenderest smile of hopefulness; he seemed like a man who had won a victory by prayer: his place was by a pillar-base; as he gave out hymn after hymn, which were taken up and sung with the most moving intensity by the crowd, his hair waving in the sharp gusts which whirled the dust and shavings of the enclosure about, it was as though we were translated out of the nineteenth century into some strange chapter of mediaeval religious life."

Of the ceremony of laying the Foundation Stone of the Cathedral the Bishop spoke in his Address to the Diocesan Conference, 28th October, 1880, as follows :—

...Moreover, we who begin to build may learn a reverent moral from those who finish. The eyes of Europe have now watched the finial set on the head of the earth's loftiest spire above her mightiest Church. But how? By a secular ceremony, a *Te Deum* sung by an opera troupe[1], the Archbishop in exile.

Parvis componere magna solebam,

but some one will say

Magnis praeponere parva.

As we think of our own little column-segment swung to its place before our Throne's and our people's nearest and dearest ones, with the fulness of the Church's most ancient ritual, with the hymns of a great society which, in other lands, was denounced as irreligious till it became so ; with our Duke, the heir of England, solemnly reading in our ears the lesson of Ezra ; as we think of the vast enclosure emptying itself of this world's greatness, only to resound louder yet with the blessings and hymns of miners and peasants, and footweary yet happy women and children, we shall pause before we suffer this dear country of ours to take that fatal leap of irreligious education which has filled the Continent with doubt of God, with distrust of man, and founds the commonwealth of toleration upon warrants of suppression.

May it at least be one work of assemblies like these in England to cast some light on what true liberty is—even the glorious liberty of the children of God.

[1] The inauguration of the completed "Dom," or Cathedral of Cologne took place on Oct. 15, 1880. The deed referring to the finishing of the building having been read aloud, it was signed by the Emperor William I., sitting at a table in front of his pavilion, who then rose and addressed the assembly. Archbishop Melcher was at the time an exile in Rome, under the "May" or "Falk" laws, his offence being his expressed unwillingness to submit to them. The Suffragan Bishop Baudri, in addressing the Emperor, said, "May the longed-for day dawn which may give peace to the Church, which may restore to the finished Dom its chief pastor!"

Good Catholics regarded the historical procession—the *pièce de resistance* of the ceremony—as a profane show, a Carnival frolic or masquerade. It was intended to illustrate the history of the Dom from 1248 to 1842. This display, which was admirably and picturesquely contrived, savoured rather of a Lord Mayor's day, or a Drury Lane pantomime than of an Ecclesiastical Ceremony.

Of the gradual growth of the Cathedral fabric the Bishop in his Address to the 5th Diocesan Conference, 27th Oct. 1881, spoke:—

Last year our Inaugural ended naturally of itself in the thought of the Foundation Day of our Cathedral Church—a day still fresh to us in all its glow, in all its promise. To-day I cannot but ask you whether you do not look with something of awe on the solemn growth—material and moral—of that structure; on the manner in which the funds just necessary for our progress come quietly in—on the massive strength of the crypt pillars, and the springing-stones squaring their vast bulk to take the weight of ages; on the pleasant sound solution of the Stone Question[1] (so-called) natural as it was, yet difficult as it seemed. To me these things seem half fact, half parable—a kind of mystery play. A living symbolism of the Kingdom of Christ, putting obstruction on one side, paying no heed to it, turning it at last to account; smiling at what is flimsy, shattering what is flinty, towering by depression. In faithless moments we have sometimes held our breath, lest ever there should be said over our graves, "These men began to build and were not able to finish." All this is past. We know that it will be said of this generation

> Fundamenta locant illi immanesque columnas
> Rupibus excidunt, *rebus* decora alta futuris.
>
> Wisely they
> Lay deep foundations for a coming day,
> And from their quarries massy pillars hew
> To grace the Kingdom—old, yet ever new.

And again in his Address to the 6th Diocesan Conference, 26th October, 1882:—

... Christ meant all Humanity to be His Temple. Of that design in its present stage our own Cathedral at this day is no inapt image. Based on rock, the stately choir-piers stand, as it were, balanced on the massives of the yet open crypt, crowned with their capitals and unfolding out their arches like mighty wings, right and left, to touch each other. For all mechanical uses, their mutual linking and tree-like harmony are perfect and need no more support, and are equal to receiving the loftier

[1] See p. 453.

storeys and the roofs destined for them. But the ceaseless motion of the earnest-faced workmen, the strokes, the chipping and the sawing, the tons of stone walking about on earth or in the air, the fitting and the cementing, all this speaks of organisation at once so necessary and so interrupting. When the organising is done, there will be room for worshipping and contemplating, and little till then. Meantime the organisers themselves are apt to feel—perhaps they ought to feel—that the *work* is theirs, the present time their own; after generations can never know the interest of this. But let us not forget that it is for the men of the future that we are preparing peace and joy—only let us leave it possible for them to reap them. Let us recognise that the work God gives *us* to do is to organise, but let us not lose ourselves by thinking of it as the only work. We shall do it better if we dwell as much as we can upon the end.

And again:—

... It is neither apathy nor violence which is in the ascendant. Organisation when it has completed itself may still be passive. The resuscitated warriors in Ezekiel's vision lay perfect in bone and sinew, bright with the rich oriental skin. But there was no breath in them. Will our works when they are done be like that dead host? They would be, if we were but working mere works of nature. Better had all halt at once than that any works of the Flesh—Ambition, Pride, or Covetousness or Party Spirit—should have any part in creating any Church creation.

Pendento,—would I say from my whole heart,

> —Pendento opera interrupta minaeque
> Murorum ingentes aequataque machina caelo[1].

Let the crane stand stark (I would say) as long as the crane of Cologne, till a generation should succeed which would work and build not in its own name but in Christ's. And be that material crane a symbol of every engine our Church might bring to bear for long times to come.

One whom I respect asked me with incredulous solemnity, "did I indeed look on a Cathedral as an outcome of the Kingdom of Heaven?" My answer is, Just as much and more than I look on the sparrow's fall as an outcome of the Providence of God. If not, what have Christians to do with building it?

[1] Virg. *Aen.* IV. 88.

That question then becomes, Are we serious in our Churchmanship? Are we working for redeemed bodies and souls here on earth? Is the "Great Congregation" a name or a reality? Do we believe in this earth and the fulness of it being the Lord's? In the kingdoms of this world becoming the Kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ?

And what is the meaning of our own part in it all? For the whole belongs to all.

Just as being poor consists not in having little, but in thinking we have little; and as there are none so deplorably poor as rich men who fancy poverty is upon them or near them, so on the other hand the humblest giver may have the heart of a prince.

The share one has in any grand thing may represent a mean spirit, a dust-fed vanity, yes, even a sense of something to be somehow got out of it for ourselves. Or we may take part in it—take part in *this*,—ruled by a Divine enthusiasm, which thinks of the ages to come, of the Christianity to come, the Truth, the Teaching, the Service, and the Unity—an imagination that images realities, above us or yet to be; a courage not dreamful, but practical and steadfast; an insight that sees the Spiritual slowly clothing itself with a body and manifesting itself.

I should revolt from the thought of claiming for our thought a higher dignity than it possesses, but I know I am not overbold in vindicating to Cornwall and the Church of her children this high and holy purpose.

The following are some of his early letters from Truro:—

*To the Rev. J. A. Reeve, dissuading him from leaving his work in Cornwall for Mission work in India.*

KENWYN.
? 27, 1878.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

I have not been able, and I have not been wishful, to write to you before to-night. I have been *hourly* engaged since early train on Monday. And on Monday night at Pentillie Castle, Mrs Benson brought me your letter from home. I did not know why, but I had been praying very earnestly for God's general guidance to descend into particulars more with me, and help me more certainly—and if not to give me any confidence at the time

(which I should never dare to pray for, as being a special privilege, which does not affect *action* itself, only a sort of coronet, which may be long withheld, or entirely refused), at least to help me in all these difficulties and endless questions of right or unright, wise or foolish, prudent or rash, bold or timid; so that I might *decide rightly*, however nervously, and know afterwards in the long future, that such decisions had been God's. I had four Communions on four consecutive days, and always the thought was with me, "Guidance and Help," "Help and Guidance."

Now I see *why*. For the prayers are answered with an unwonted sense of security, that what calm judgment suggests as the answer to *this temptation from the holy side*, is also the answer of God.

You have been blessed with such wonderful love and fruit, and at the same time have had so many cares in Cornwall, that it seems certain such a tempting was certain to be, sooner or later, to the love of souls in you. The Bishop of Lahore[1] does not understand the case when he speaks of "brilliant prospects" in England. To you the *really* "brilliant," tempting prospect would be to do striking work in Indian Missions. But I am sure that the real holiness of answer is to say "*no*" to that invitation, and to take the quiet, but already widely-telling, every-day growing power which God has given you in the regeneration of the English Church.

I *dare* say *very* little about this, because at once the answer to me is "What do you think then of your own position in such work?" But I *think* you know that I know myself to be personally worthless; and that this is the reason why He puts me in such a strange place. If *many* whom I could name were Bishop in Cornwall, then the work would seem to many others to be of man. *Now* I am certain, that whatever work is done will be known to be of God, from God, through God, in God.

Again I see you, whom He has nurtured from childhood wonderfully, called (by a pure accident, so far as I am concerned, though I am thankful to think that at the first instant I knew it to be an "accident" from God) to be just closer to me than any one as Curate of Kenwyn. Just look at *all* Church History Isn't it for ever and for ever Nazareths and Bethlehems in which God's work begins afresh and afresh? Down in our Cornish corner

[1] Thomas Valpy French, D.D.

among those who *have* a religion, which is not a Church religion, wanting in Catholic truth and power, while it is powerful for God's own special uses of it—that is *the* place in which God wants a *Parish* restored to be a sample of how Men, Youths, Women are to "do the first works"—corporately—ἐκκλησιαστικῶς. And what brave helpers He bestows upon us, as it were direct from Heaven; Mason to spread the fire, Whitaker to broaden loving *knowledge*, Wilkinson to deepen and deepen us all without stopping. Can anything be more wonderful? One by one you will all be *tempted* to leave me, by just the holiest thing which will most appeal to you severally; but you said you had given yourself (I won't repeat "to *me*") but to the work. You did. And if I ever feared you would forsake it, I should say that you would find in India a deceivable success, and leave in England a half-broken cause, and that for a long time the first would make you think you had done right to break the second, but in the end you would see it was not so. But I am *not* afraid. I write only to strengthen yourself and to strengthen myself, with a contemplation of what is before us—to encourage both our hearts with the thought of the plainer, but I do believe, more pressing work for *you*.

You know I was so startled myself by being offered the Bishopric of Calcutta, when it seemed that I had nothing to do in England but to be a Chancellor at Lincoln. I was quite satisfied that my simple dear work there was my proper work, though some of my best friends would not advise. The only thing that staggered me was the recurrence of the question, "*Why* such a trial from *God*, in the form of an invitation to such great and holy work?" I could not answer, but it was answered after. So with this. I am persuaded that the restoration of the Church of England to the affections, is the work of *our* group of people. It may never come (isn't likely to come) *in our day*; we shall pass away without *seeing* a change in God's great purposes—even without taking more hold of an un-humble people—but our work is none the less to work *at* that restoration. Our group's work is not (I say) Restoration, but "work at restoration." If all our men with this heart in them are to go off on the frontier, then we shall be doing for the Church what Trajan did for the Roman Empire. Augustus had prophesied, had he not? that the Extension of the Frontier would bring the Downfall at *Home*. We *Must* send out our legions of Missionaries, but the work for *us* who see it (it isn't

every one who does see it), is to prevent decay spreading any further at the core. The alienation is really terrific. The Dissenters are doing all they can to widen the little rift there is between the Clergy and the Laity. Many of our unwise confident clergy are doing all they can to part themselves off in feeling, in habits of devotion, in reception of Eucharist, in judgment on Education and in Politics, from the Laity, without enquiring at all deeply into questions. They *wish* the Clergy to be separate, i.e. Pharisaic. They want the Clergy to have influence, clerical influence over a few. They prefer this (they actually say so) to the leavening the whole lump with Scripture. God help them. But we have foul weather coming. We have to do the Church's work, *without sacrificing* those party men; and without *giving up any principles that Dissent preserves;* and, without moving towards those false principles which both extreme Churchmen and Dissenters will bring in, if they can, along with themselves, and the affection we give them.

And so, dearest fellow, I say no more, but that I consider your help *essential* (not to me, for I hope I *could* make even this sacrifice, terrible as it would be, if God had called me to it) but to all that great, true side of thought and work at which we have just begun to labour together. Don't go. I am as sure as Reason, and Prayer, and any Gifts which Christ may please to give to an unworthy creature, because the Church prays that He *will* illuminate Bishops, can all united make me, that your place is close to me. God use us both after His Will.

Your most loving,

E. W. Truro.

*To Canon Crowfoot, on religious Societies.*

Kenwyn.
11*th June*, 1878.

My dear Crowfoot,

How little idea I had that all your delightful letters were burdening a conscience, and how little had I observed their periodicity. I can only say that the horrible crush of work here does not prevent my intense enjoyment of them, whilst it does prevent an even decent acknowledgment of that pleasure.

The account of the Night Schools, and the Boys' Institute (splendid), Lindum Holme, the Temperance Rooms—how re-

freshing it all is. You cannot think how refreshing. But work has not got easier with you since I left.

And surely it is impossible to conceive what all the effect of that combined work will be. It surely must have some effect. But *Church* work has this sign of good that it is so difficult to make out its effect. It enters into the great life of England and passes out of sight. Now Nonconformist work instantly throws out a rash.

I don't know the least what is happening here—a good deal of work is going on—and the local papers are full of furious controversy. My defenders attribute to me the whole thermometer of opinions, while the Wesleyans write four letters a week to know whether I think their Ministers laymen. A Cornish newspaper is a funny thing.

My present aim is, instead of establishing Guilds anywhere, to have *one* "Society of Holy Living," everywhere—to attract confirmees into it—to have General Wardens for Deaneries, and a local Constitution too. Wesley's success was that he formed everywhere *Societies* with a life not necessarily dependent on Parish Priest—his failure was due to the fact that he provided no organisation to render faithfulness to the Church their pivot. We must have in each society the Parish Priest *if he likes* as head, but whether he likes or not another clergyman elected as Chaplain, and also a Lay Warden elected. It seems to me that only some such plan can counteract the fact that *religion* in English Church depends so utterly on personnel of parson.

Ever your most loving friend,

E. W. TRURON.

### *To his Wife.*

ATHENAEUM CLUB, PALL MALL, W.
11 *July*, 1878.

DEAREST LOVE,

I am going, if I can, to write out for you the details of the strange way in which our Chapter Bill has passed the Second Reading and passed the Committee after being attacked by Mr Dillwyn[1], Mr Courtney[2], and Mr *Biggar*[3], and the *prayers*

[1] M.P. for Swansea.
[2] M.P. successively for Liskeard, and the Bodmin division of Cornwall.
[3] M.P. for Cavan.

and startling little directions which came to me not to do what I intended and was advised, and how I was thrown into the arms of new advisers whom I never could have thought of, and who were the only people who could have effected the disposal of it. But I don't know if I can get through the minutiae of it.....

I went yesterday to the Committee[1] on Modern Infidelity. Archbishop of York in Chair, Bishop of Bombay[2] and three American Bishops.

Archbishop of York said that he and Bishop of Gloucester .....had "jotted down" on "spur of moment" rough ideas of what we should say.

1. State of Problem.

Elaborately divided into heads, the different kinds of prevalent infidelity.

2. Duty of Clergy,

to preach, *at points* touching infidelities of the day, to clear misrepresentations of our doctrine, to present clear, attractive statements of truth, to show how Science was refuting itself, and

3. Recognise Religious Life in world and exhort.

He read an elaborate prelude by Bishop of Gloucester, embracing *me*.

After this had been done I said I thought such a report questionable;—That the statement of the Problem would please none: that there could be no fair statement of Adversaries' opinions except at great length and in their own words.

That our infidels' ground changed from day to day. That six months would make all our statements vain. That, as to (2), the clergy were not acquainted with the problem.

That, in the instance the Archbishop gave, viz. Eternal Punishment, it was impossible to direct the clergy to maintain that our belief was misrepresented.—For that nine tenths of them honestly held the extreme doctrine to which the infidels objected—and we all knew this.

That nothing was so injurious to faith as weak defences of it.

That if Science was really refuting itself it had better be allowed to do so. That we could not assist it.

I then moved that we should do nothing but in a few brief sentences comfort our own people by assuring them that we

[1] A Committee of the Lambeth Conference of 1878.

[2] Louis George Mylne, D.D.

watched the problem developing itself, and could honestly bid them be of good cheer—that we had all confidence in Science truly pursued, and could point to the great services which it had rendered to Revealed Truth and that the business of the clergy was to deal with another class of Truth than Scientific—viz. to deal with the Individual Consciousness of God and draw it closer to God and feed it with what He had given us of Himself in Christ.

I said I thought it would be a great mistake for Bishops to lecture the world collectively. And I asked the Archbishop what he would think of Cyprian asking 12 Numidian Bishops to sit with him to help him with a subject which he understood and they didn't—or of Butler writing his Analogy in Committee. He laughed but put my motion, and it was not seconded—then seconded only *pro forma*—put, lost; a subcommittee formed to draw up the report, and the Committee to be called together again to accept it. So I have holiday until that happens which I hope may be Saturday. I shall be in a minority of one again and then shall be free. This conference will do harm if it issues this manifesto. But we must not think ill of the Church Councils if this was all so wrong, for it is only a voluntary gathering and has no authority and ought not to be called "Synod" as people call it. However perhaps reason will return. You'll be quite *ashamed* of my being so completely overpowered by my brethren.

Your ever loving husband,

E. W. TRURON.

Dearest love to my *true* episcopal synod at home; at any rate they would not say, as one American Bishop said, that Science was like Tantalus and Sisyphus! and another Bishop said it was "like a serpent which thrust its sting into its own head."

### *To Canon Westcott, relating a dream.*

*Till Monday*, RISEHOLME,
LINCOLN, 30 *Oct.* 1878.

MY DEAR WESTCOTT,

I had such a fearful dream that night in consequence of your revelation of my omission. I hope it will do me good all my days. I dreamt I had to go in for the "Preliminary Examination" in Lawn Sleeves and a scarlet hood. They lay on the table

to be put on, and Lightfoot came in to give out the papers. The subject was an ancient work called Σοφία, and I said, "I've not had a moment to read it." Lightfoot said, "It can't be helped—you must do what you can." I said, "But just think what an effect it would have on the Church if you were to bring out one of the Fathers of the Church rather low down in the First Class." (Observe the double modesty even in dreams.) He then said, "You may go out," and I then found I was expected to help one of my Rural Deans to catch fish in the Bay. But tho' *he* threw a ring and rope with extraordinary dexterity all across the bay, we could only catch dog-fish of hideous aspect, and most of them got back over the edge into the sea. Wasn't that a vision?

Yours ever affectionately,

E. W. Truron.

My father, as Bishop of Truro, never succeeded to the House of Lords, and only went up to London to attend Convocation, or to the meetings of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission, to which he was nominated by the desire of Archbishop Tait.

On the latter question the Bishop in his Address to the 5th Diocesan Conference, 27th October, 1881, spoke as follows:—

The third tendency of Church Conferences is in the direction of removing hindrances, especially to mutual confidence within the Church. Confidence has been shaken, whether justifiably or not. It is no use denying that disquietude exists. Never, I suppose, since England possessed a Judicial System has there been such a perpetual murmuring against decisions and sentences, such a rustle of petitions and ring of protests to every authority which can be protested to or petitioned. That a certain constituted court and judge have, and ought to have, no jurisdiction in this realm of England is asserted openly and constantly.

To look into these averments and advise on the situation, a Royal Commission has been appointed. Were it possible to forecast issues, its onerous work would have been needless. Not one word that I now shall say has the least reference to any of its transactions. It would be highly improper for me to allude to

them. But it is competent for anyone to endeavour to clear away popular misconceptions which create much of this difficulty. Such exist on both sides.

On the one side it is a misconception to suppose that there is anything mediaeval or romanising in the claim that spiritual causes shall be tried by spiritual courts. Let me read you a passage—"Reserved for the final ministerial jurisdiction are all questions that affect the power of the Keys, as left by Christ in His Church. The doctrine is that our Lord left the Keys—the general government of His Church and special binding and loosing of its members—to the Church itself, as represented, however, by the men whom the Spirit would raise up *with the Church's concurrence* to represent its authority." I see you think that I am reading out of some Roman casuist or canonist—whom I ought not to quote here. No. It is from an authoritative Methodist publication cited by the apologist of Methodism in the *Edinburgh Review* of last July. It is none the worse for that.

Another vague misconception is on the opposite part. The question is—What is "a *spiritual* court"? "a *spiritual* judge"? Some reply a court of clerics; a judge who is a cleric. And they believe that they have with them the whole current of old Church law. And so they have—in words. But in words only. For by a "cleric" we mean now a Bishop, Priest, or Deacon. We have no other clerics. But not one single word in that old Church law requires anywhere that the spiritual judge should be a bishop, or a priest, or a deacon. Such a claim is perfectly unhistorical.

* * * * *

Were I to pursue the subject, I should outstep proper liberty. I have only been anxious to disabuse some minds of fallacies, and to show that as on the one hand it is reasonable to require *for spiritual causes* a *spiritual* judge, so on the other hand this qualification of *spiritual* (however it may be defined) is not, according to any Church precedent, equivalent to *clerical* in our sense of the word, or to *ministerial.*

But the supreme counsel I have to give is this:—However perfectly that Royal Commission may investigate and however wisely recommend—be the Courts Spiritual based on their suggestion (if so be) never so spiritual or perfect or angelic, my one counsel shall be, "Eschew them. Keep thy foot from their threshold. There be ways of settling differences more apostolic and spiritual than the most spiritual of law courts."

Archbishop Tait, who is now known to have recognised in him a probable successor—though the idea never then crossed my father's mind—saw much of him, and gave him a set of rooms in the Lollards' Tower[1] at Lambeth. This tower is at the West End of the Chapel, and communicates with it. It contains a Library, Dining-room and Offices, and several sets of rooms, occupied by Bishops or others on the presentation of the Archbishop.

My father was at first greatly exercised about Convocation. Archbishop Tait did not believe in it as a motive power, and used his genial influence to thwart its taking any active part in Church politics. I have heard my father speak of the irrepressible and powerless vexation which he used to feel, when speaking of some subject which he had very greatly at heart, at seeing the broad face of the Archbishop, with a good-humoured and impenetrable smile, visible just above the table, the Primate having sunk back in his chair in an attitude of luxurious ease. Still my father had the deepest reverence for the large wisdom and magnificent personality of the Archbishop, though he disagreed with him on certain points. To Archbishop Tait, although his spirit was essentially religious, affairs of state and politics filled a space larger than matters ecclesiastical. In the mind of Archbishop Benson what was ecclesiastical stood first, and political considerations which, against his will, he was forced to entertain, were very distinctly second.

Surveying the Truro period, I should say that it was, in spite of intervals of reaction, characterised by a brightness and a buoyancy which were very remarkable. My father had free scope; his task was ecclesiastical organiza-

[1] "At Lambeth also he built and repaired much, his chief work there being the Water Tower, which in the 18th Century received the erroneous name of the Lollards' Tower."—*Life of Abp Chichele* by Rev. Wm. Hunt, *Dict. of Nat. Biogr.* x. 230.

tion pure and simple, without any admixture of politics, and curiously remote from the soiling contact of the world. He loved the romantic country and the no less romantic folk of Cornwall. He loved the outlines of the hills, the wild moorlands, the rich warm valleys, the gigantic cliffs of that Western land, and he daily found fresh cause for admiration and bewilderment and love in the vivid, ardent, enthusiastic temperaments by which he was surrounded. Cornwall was the only place, he used to declare, where a conversation with any man, woman or child whom you might meet, in the loneliest corners of the promontory, was always stimulating, never disappointing. A great part of his happiness there lay in the fact that both sides of his nature had full sway, his passionate devotion to things venerable and traditional no less than his genius for construction. He was a restorer of the old paths, an originator, if I may use the expression, of ancient things. I was only a boy at the time, but, even so, I was fired by the contact with such an ardent spirit as he kindled and maintained. Religious life, as he handled it then, had a freshness and a vivacity that are not always the accompaniments of religious work. I shall never forget the Sunday nights at Kenwyn, when there used to gather at the evening meal the generous and enthusiastic band whom he took with him into Cornwall, full of energy and devotion and interest in life. He was the central spirit of those gatherings, irradiating everything by his humour, with shrewd ironies for extravagance, with lively encouragement for depression; the very services had a vitality, a novelty, a fire which I have known them elsewhere to lack.

The Diary of his Episcopate at Truro is little more than an elaborate record of work: the following short extracts have some special interest.

1877.

Cornwall. Revivals.

Mr Bull of Treslothan told me that he was appealed to by the mothers of two young women to say or do something with respect to their daughters quarrelling—They had been "taken down" at a meeting, and had quarrelled "which had most grace"—They scratched each other, tore out each other's hair, and positively fought.

1879.

I was exceedingly battered down and dispirited as I rose from my knees at the Altar at Kilkhampton to go down the Church to address the candidates, in a crowded Church with many dissenters and a prominent "Ironmonger" in the middle who to dear Thynne takes the place of the χαλκεύς[1] of old. But just as I stept down there really seemed to me a "quiet voice" as from a form just a little taller than my own to breathe out the words "Fear not, for I am with thee," and it was given me to speak with more simplicity and love than my own mind and heart could command. I believe Alexander[1] who is a great writer of public letters was unable to inform the parish that he knew a better gospel. In the evening at Poughill I preached again to a *full* church in every corner on the coming mission. The early Communions on such days are the strength of the day.

In a survey of the year 1879 he writes:—

The best ecclesiastical event of this year has been the appointment of my oldest, best and dearest friend[2] to the Bishopric of Durham. He was consecrated on St Mark's day exactly two years after my consecration.

A singular circumstance occurred about his appointment. He travelled down from London to Truro on the night of Jan. 20th and spent the Tuesday (21st) with me to consult on Lord Beaconsfield's letter; whether he should accept or no. I begged him to get a week for consideration. In spite of his enormous and growing influence at Cambridge it seemed to me

[1] "Alexander, the coppersmith," 2 Tim. iv. 14.
[2] J. B. Lightfoot.

right that he should go to Durham. He spent Tuesday night in travelling to Stonehouse to consult the Archbishop[1].

The following Sunday I spent in much retirement and prayer for guidance as to my final counsel to him. I also offered up the Holy Communion with this intention. I wrote then as impartial a letter to him as I could in which I dwelt rather fully on the importance of his work at Cambridge, if God should lead him to decline the Bishopric. The letter went away and I was rather sleepless, thinking that my impartiality had assumed perhaps, *prima facie*, a look as if I had wandered in my judgment from the first decision. So I got up early and sent a telegram to him which I knew would reach him as early as the letter, just saying, "I had not wavered but was of the same opinion that he should accept." Then to myself I said, "I must now leave all to God, and nothing shall draw from me any further expression." I should say that the Dean of St Paul's had previously written me a most touching and beautiful letter, which took quite the contrary line to me, and he had pressed strongly on Lightfoot his view of the Student calling. Scarce had I sent my telegram when I received one from the Master of the Temple[2] urging me to press the matter very strongly on Lightfoot. "He will be guided entirely by your advice, and his decision is to be made to-morrow." A similar letter communication arrived from the Dean of Durham saying that if I agreed with Vaughan and him I must by all means write at once to Lightfoot to press him. Also a telegram from Lightfoot saying that he had now listened to all the advice offered him and that it rested on my decision. In reference to all these three letters I resolved at once to take no further steps; only to pray God to guide him. I had made up my own mind calmly, and expressed it calmly, not urged by any one, and I had resolved that no excitement should move me further. But to Lightfoot himself, to the Master of the Temple, and to Dean Lake it appeared that my morning telegram was the answer to their several communications. Lightfoot alone discovered that it was not so, for mine reached him five minutes after he had dispatched his last question to me. But I did not think it necessary to undeceive the others, and so V. thinks that if he had not telegraphed, and the Dean of Durham thinks that

[1] Archbishop Tait said to Dr Lightfoot on this occasion, "Who is there to succeed me?" thinking, no doubt, that Lightfoot might succeed him.

[2] The late Charles John Vaughan, D.D.

if he had not written, Lightfoot would not have been actuated by me to take the Bishopric. And standing a few weeks later before the fire at the Athenaeum with those two, I was charmed to hear Lake say, "Here are we three conspirators all on one hearthrug."

I think a good deal of history is very likely written as confidently as his words were said, by people who "know all about it."

*From Dr Lightfoot, after accepting the Bishopric of Durham.*

TRIN. COLL.
*Feb.* 10, 1879.

MY DEAR BISHOP,

The kind feeling which my approaching severance from Cambridge has called forth here, appals me and covers me with shame. What a senseless, selfish dolt I have been these many years past—not to feel all this goodness of heart towards me, and the capacity of influence it carried with it. Now, I can hardly look at the front face of an undergraduate without sadness of heart.

Once again, *Ora pro me.*

Thanks for reminding me of the "Natale B. Martini." My prayers are with you and your wife and all yours.

Ever yours affectionately,

J. B. LIGHTFOOT.

I seem to have lived two years in the last fortnight. Easter Sunday this year is my birthday. For this reason I should have liked the Consecration then. But I fear the day will be a fatal barrier to the presence of my friends. What say you?

*To his Wife.*

*(Consecration of Bishop Lightfoot.)*

17 PRINCE'S GATE.
*St Mark's Day*, 1879.

.....Everything was very beautiful...Lightfoot looked the most modest, simple, unconscious person present. By unconscious I mean utterly without self-consciousness, deepest in the thought and feeling of the whole and as it were unaware of his external

existence. But he looked "lovely" in his rochet. It was quite perfection and his simplicity was well-dressed in it. Of course it was of the new true and Truronian make—"all novelties are antiquities now," said the Bishop of Carlisle[1], twitching my sleeve before service.

Well—to come to the inside—Westcott's sermon was perfectly unique in the fierce love of it, and the tremendous charge to the Bishops to choose between the important and the routine of their lives and do the important. (But what becomes of the people who want their letters answered and can't get on without?) However the ideal may leave a little of itself behind with the hardened people who have to get through the day's work. Then his sketch of the history of the See and of all the relics that it keeps and mingles in the present was quite splendid. His voice very good and his aspect lion-like. Lion small, but rising into majesty in a quite incomprehensible mode. I go with Dunelm to Cambridge to-morrow where the Torture awaits me.

I have but few records of the Truro life; it was, as has been said, Idyllic: my father travelled about a good deal and made many attached friends among both laity and clergy. From Lord Mount Edgcumbe, Lord Lieutenant of the County, he always received the most cordial and sympathetic assistance. His friendship with the Rev. G. H. Wilkinson, who was to succeed him at Truro, dates from this period. Mr Reeve suggested to Canon Mason in 1878 that Mr Wilkinson should be invited to help them. Canon Mason recommended the Bishop to make him his Examining Chaplain; the Bishop did not then know Mr Wilkinson, and said, "But isn't he very High Church?" He did however offer him the Chaplaincy, and afterwards made him a Canon of the Cathedral. The fervour, simplicity and directness, combined with a singular grace of manner, of Canon Wilkinson's address was invaluable at the Ember seasons: while the Bishop grew to regard him with an affectionate devotion which only increased with lapse of years.

[1] Harvey Goodwin, D.D.

The greater part of the Bishop's time was spent quietly at Truro; he had no resident Chaplain and wrote nearly all of his letters with his own hand, my mother often acting as his Secretary. His day, as always, began early; he rose soon after six, read and worked till Matins, which were at eight o'clock in Kenwyn Church; he loved the walk to Church on the fresh summer mornings; and, as the year closed in, he would stop to watch the sunrise gleaming red on the Truro river, and the mist which hung about the winding alleys of the garden and the tall elms, the churchyard path, with the dew upon the graves; he loved the dimly-lighted silent church, with its empty aisles: he was often accompanied to Church by our collie, Watch, who had a place in a pew in the transept, and whose claws we could sometimes hear pattering in the aisle, if he found his accustomed seat draughty or felt impelled to change it. Watch had also a special place under a window in the Chapel, which he always attended, as well as the eight o'clock Matins, and a special rug of his own. It was at Truro that the two adventures of Watch occurred that gave my father such delight. My father was reading the lesson, which was the 13th Chapter of St Mark, in which the word "Watch" occurs several times. The dog, who had been slumbering peacefully, became very restless, and as the Bishop ended with the words, "What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch," in a very imperious voice, there followed a great scuffling and scratching, and Watch emerged hastily from his place, and proceeded to the door of my father's stall. The other occasion was on the evening of an ordination, when some twelve candidates were staying in the house. Watch seeing so many grown sensible men about, when Compline had just begun—it was before the Chapel was fitted up—took the opportunity to go and rout in the bit-basket, and

selecting a crumpled envelope he offered it to each in turn, to be thrown for him—then failing to attract attention, he put it down in the middle of the room, looked piteously at my father and wagged his tail.

After the early Matins followed breakfast and a short service in the Chapel; then my father read the Bible for a little with the children who were at home; his Bible lessons were always interesting, full of originality and trenchant thought; but somewhat vitiated, I used to think as a boy, by over-insistence on tenses and idioms. One whimsical instance occurs to me. He used to translate the word *οἰκοδεσπότης* in the Gospels, the head of a household, by what is the literal equivalent in English, "a house-master." To me, fresh from Eton, the collocation connoted very different ideas from what the word really implied, and many similar renderings used to make me hypercritical, and destroyed much of the pleasure and worth of what, when I grew older and more sensible, I learnt to appreciate. After this Bible reading, he worked at letters or sermons all the morning. In the afternoon he rode or walked, and it was a great pleasure to him to explore the secluded wooded valleys which ramified in every direction, each with its stream of clear swift water, running through marshy dingles, where the wild-duck used to rise splashing as we approached. In our holidays he tried to be as free as possible, and it was his great delight to walk or drive out on summer afternoons in a pony carriage, and picnic in some remote woodland. A favourite place was a low oak-wood, called Bishop's Wood, part of the Bishop of Exeter's original estate, which culminated in a magnificent British camp, below which was a swamp, a quarter-of-a-mile long, full of Osmunda regalis: the road to this led through a peaceful valley called Idless, and passed a beautiful old manor-house, green with lichens, a carved

device over the porch, and the ruins of a Chapel of St Clare.

On one occasion I recollect we had searched about, the day being windy, for a quiet place to boil our kettle: this we had found close under the lee of a convenient shed in the wood; we had made a fire of sticks, and the large tin kettle had just begun to sing, when a man burst out of the wood, rushed without a word straight at the fire, kicked and trampled it out, and poured our kettle out upon the glowing embers: it was all over in a moment, and my father began to expostulate with some heat, saying it was only a picnic, when the man said politely but with great firmness, "the next time you picnic here, Sir, don't light your fire under a powder magazine"; the copsewood was as a matter of fact grown for charcoal, and gunpowder was manufactured in a little factory by the stream, the powder being stored for security in a sequestered nook of the wood.

My father afterwards became great friends with this man, whose name was Spargo, and went to tea with him, accompanied by my mother. Mr Spargo gave him a long account of his experiences as a Class Leader among the Wesleyans, which interested my father very much. Spargo afterwards gave an account of the interview: "I told the 'old father' about my class: well, yes, I think I did interest him—whenever I stopped he said to Mrs Benson, 'Well, do you hear *that*, Missus!'"

My father often used to take me, when I was at home for the holidays, as his companion on expeditions to call on the neighbouring clergy; two of these I may shortly relate, as they will serve to show the sort of strange lives that were lived even within the reach of railways.

We rode out to a village in a lonely creek of the sea; anciently there had been there a Collegiate Church with, I

think, ten Canons. The Church itself had a very low and primitive nave, and a larger choir added at a later date. The Churchyard was full of tumbled mounds that marked the site of the College. Inside, the Church was literally *green* with mould, the few books in the pews were damp and mildewed, and the sea-wind blew in through broken casements.

The previous vicar had been a rich man and had built a large vicarage of brown stone which stood in a bare and windswept field near the Church: in the corner of the field was a huge heap of brickwork and timber, once a coach house, which had been literally blown down in a gale and never repaired. The living was worth less than £100 a year.

We went up to the house and were told the clergyman was out; my father asked where he was and was told that he had walked down to a town some five miles away to buy a daily paper. We went in; there was neither carpet nor furniture in the front hall; in a large room on the left with no curtains, only blinds, and a little square of drugget on the bare boards, was a small cheap piano, a few kitchen chairs, and a table laid out with a mess of porridge and a jug of milk, the vicar's ordinary fare. There were one or two photographs of College groups on the walls. Before long the vicar returned, a small sturdy man, much bronzed with wind and sun, a man of education evidently, but completely worsted in the struggle with grinding poverty. He apologised, but with a simple dignity, for the bareness of his house and made us an offer of refreshment, with a glance at his spare meal. He then walked about with us and told us a pitiable tale of isolation and privations. My father was full of sympathy, and before we went away the vicar told him, as though confessing a grievous error, that his con-

gregation had dwindled to five or six from eleven: and that his loneliness was such that he rented a pew on Sunday evenings in the Wesleyan Chapel, and went there to get a little light and warmth and the presence of some of his fellow creatures, as very few people in the parish would speak to him. Once or twice in the story I could see the tears rise to my father's eyes—before he went away he implored the poor man to be brave and faithful, even though his work seemed unblest.

Another visit was even stranger. The road which led to the place was a favourite one with my father for a special reason—it passed over high bare moors, with the gaunt ruins of deserted mines; but at a certain place in the road where it passed over some high ground, by diverging to a tumulus which stood on the highest point, you could see the glint of both Northern and Southern seas—the grave, my father used to declare, of some seafaring chief who had fixed upon the one place in all the promontory from which the double sea could be seen, to sleep his long sleep.

We drew near to the village, a mere miners' hamlet, abominably new and sordid. The Church was comparatively modern and so was the vicarage; it stood on very high ground, swept by the sea winds, so that nothing grew there but a few straggling firs, all warped and sprawling: the vicar had made an ingenious garden of small squares of ground separated by wooden palisades, in which he cultivated a few fruit trees and simple garden produce.

He was working in the garden when we arrived, in a coat green with age: he was a tall, venerable man with a long beard, with something noble and pathetic in his face. His wife, the partner of his long life, was lately dead. He made some excuse to slip away and returned in a newer

but not so appropriate a coat. He took us into his poor house; on the walls of his study were medical diplomas gained by himself; he had been, he told us, a practising physician, but fired by a missionary enthusiasm had taken Orders, and offered himself to Bishop Phillpotts who had sent him to his present living nearly thirty years before, "to fight with beasts," as he sternly said.

His congregation had steadily dwindled ever since; he was old and broken, ill of a mortal disease. In the study stood a huge heap of unbound books, his only literary labour, the 2nd Book of Kings (I think) versified into rhyming heroic couplets. He had paid for the printing, but as no copies had been sold, and he had not the heart to have it destroyed, he had caused it all to be returned to him and it had been there ever since: he presented my father and myself with as clean a copy each as he could find. He was evidently very much embittered by his lifelong failure, and had I think for many years been regretting that he had ever put his hand to the plough, but had stayed on by mere *vis inertiae*. My father tried to console him, but he only shook his head.

These were some of the failures of devotion, of which there were happily not many instances; but there was worse than that. I remember my father's horror on being told by a young clergyman, whom he had sent to do duty for an old vicar in the remotest part of Cornwall, what his experience had been. The man had pleaded ill-health. The deputy had found him on Saturday afternoon sitting in the Vicarage study, maliciously lively and drinking brown sherry from a tea-pot. At the conclusion of the interview the old man said, "So you're going to have the Sacrament to-morrow: well, I'll send you down a bottle of white wine to the Church, by way of a change." And yet, as things were, my father was powerless. I believe it was the thought of such

instances as these that accounted for the stringency of his Patronage Bill as first drafted.

My father and mother paid visits to Bicton, and Lady Rolle was proud of "my Bishop," as she used to call him. The first time that they went there my father was accompanied by Canon Mason; Lady Rolle held very strong views as to High Church proclivities in the clergy, and conceived the gravest suspicions of Canon Mason from his dress and appearance, so that she was obliged to send a friend down to the hall, to inspect his hat; she was reassured by learning that it was a tall hat, but was ill-pleased with the rosette which, by the Bishop's desire, had been attached to it in front.

In the afternoons as a rule my father and mother and all the children at home used to go for a long vague walk; my sisters with collecting-cases for plants; plants and flowers used to be dug up and carried back to be re-planted in the little gardens at home. But my father never let a conspicuous plant be removed from a hedge-row—it had to be taken from some secluded dingle—nor might a place be despoiled of all its attractive specimens. The odd cavalcade was generally accompanied by Watch, the aforesaid collie, and my sister's goat, Tan, who trotted along behind very comfortably; if she loitered, Watch, who kept a sharp eye on her movements, used to bring her up in the most professional way. The goat had a great penchant for standing to observe the movements of stone-breakers, and Watch had much difficulty in dislodging her. My father always talked to the men, women or children that we met; he used to say that every Cornishman that you encountered, expected two things—a religious remark and a joke. My sister recollects a man who was painting a window-frame when the High School was being done up, stopping my father to ask him about the descent into Hell. My father

explained it all carefully. Some time after we left, there was a fearful fight between two men in Idless, the neighbouring hamlet through which we often walked. "Ah," said one of the bystanders, "this wouldn't have happened if the *old father* had only been here." This was their habitual name for the Bishop.

The following may be worthy of record. A few years after my father became Bishop of Truro, he had spoken rather severely of the statements made in the leaflets and pamphlets issued by the Liberation Society, which he had described as "crafty forgeries and miles of printed falsities." Shortly afterwards, Mr Bright took this up and either spoke or wrote with considerable asperity of my father, describing him as a "brand-new bishop." Just about this time the Bishop was invited to distribute the Prizes at some school at Truro—which had recently, by the creation of the See, been raised to the dignity of a city. The boys presented him with a Latin address which was headed:—

"Novo Episcopo, novæ urbi."

In commenting on and replying to this address, he said that no doubt "novo episcopo" should be rendered "To a 'brand-new' Bishop."

The home-life was here as always the bright background of his work, and my brother's death, though he could not speak of it to us for a long time, seemed to draw out his tenderness for his children more than ever, and to increase his constant desire for their society. My mother taught my brother Hugh, but my father contrived to take him for half-an-hour in his lessons every day; in the course of the morning the two often went out together on a "spudding" expedition, to dig up the dandelions that grew luxuriantly about the lawn. He had a little spud exactly like his own made for my brother, who was then about seven years old.

As an instance of the family dialectic that prevailed

at Kenwyn, the Rev. Arthur Palmes, of Dover, who was for a time Curate of Kenwyn under Mr Reeve, tells me that he was walking up from Idless in the direction of Lis Escop when he caught up the Bishop and his youngest son Hugh, then a boy of six or seven, and walked with them. The Bishop was telling his son with much detail the story of the Good Samaritan; just before the gate of Lis Escop, which is reached by a winding lane, there is a very steep little pitch in the road. Here they saw an old dame toiling up, with a heavy bag of potatoes, stopping every now and then to rest. "Now, Hugh," said the Bishop, "Go and be a good Samaritan, and help that old lady with her bag." "But, papa," said Master Hugh, "I ought to hate her—the Samaritans hated the Jews." The Bishop smiled, and in the character of the conscientious priest stepped forward to do the kindly office himself, but was anticipated by a still more active Levite, in the shape of Mr Palmes.

At the laying of the foundation-stone of the Cathedral, Archbishop Tait was to have been present, and his train was to have been borne by two acolytes, one of whom was my brother Hugh. My father had little purple cassocks and caps and surplices made for them, and, when it was announced that Archbishop Tait would be unable to attend, in order not to disappoint the children, they were set to attend the Bishop himself. Later on, whenever there was any special ceremonial in the temporary Cathedral, my brother attended him thus vested. The services in the wooden Cathedral seemed, so Bishop Wilkinson said, like a scene out of Primitive times—like the Acts of the Apostles; the surroundings were so plain, the ceremonial so simple, the religious feeling so spontaneous and heart-felt. My father used often to relate with delight how Mrs Benney, the wife of a Truro river pilot,—a gallant eager old

lady, well-known in Truro—used to take her large Bible-class of women sitting on the steps of the pulpit in the wooden church. My father arranged from ancient sources a little service for Christmas Eve—nine carols and nine tiny lessons, which were read by various officers of the Church, beginning with a chorister, and ending, through the different grades, with the Bishop. This service was afterwards used at Addington, and has spread I believe to other places. He took four of his children when the Cathedral began to rise to lay some stones in the Eastern Arcade. My two sisters and my brothers each laid one with due ceremony; a pulley had been prepared by Mr Bubb, Clerk of the Works—a great ally of my father's—and a little mallet and trowel for my brother Hugh.

Five o'clock nursery tea was the great family festival; and, at the late dinner, the children brought books or drawings to the table and read or drew until their several bedtimes. My father never said good-night to my younger brothers without kissing them, and laying his hand on their heads and blessing them in patriarchal fashion.

He was at Truro, as indeed all his life, very sanguine about punctuality, and his imagination always told him that things he disliked, such as journeys, or even his own addresses, would be very brief. On one occasion he was going to confirm at Redruth; my mother asked Maclean, our old coachman, when the Bishop would be back. "When does his Lordship think he will be back?" said Maclean cautiously. "At seven." "Then" (with a broad smile) "I should say about nine, ma'am."

Before his consecration he went down to Truro to make some arrangements, and stayed with the Mayor, Mr Chilcott. As usual, he made friends with all the animals, and with the very Cornish coachman. One morning this coachman

came up to him with a smile, and touching his hat, "I've got a rat in the trap now, Sir, would you like to see Tip kill 'un?"

A little incident which happened in Kenwyn church my father used to describe with great amusement. He used to attend the service there in his robes, sitting in the chancel. There was a collection for some special purpose; my father had forgotten to take any money, but after much searching in his pockets he contrived to find a three-penny bit. While the collection was being made he had a long conflict as to whether or not he should make this very trifling contribution, and eventually decided that he would do so for the sake of example, and supplement it afterwards. It seemed to him that it would be *pessimi exempli* if the Bishop appeared to give nothing. His scrupulous conscience however made him nervous, and just as the curate advanced to him with the dish for alms, a kind of Gothic wooden salver with a pierced cover through the interstices of which the coins were inserted, he dropped the coin on the ground from his extended hand, whereupon it instantly betrayed its flimsy character by the tinkling sound it produced upon the encaustic tiles. My father stooped to pick it up, almost tempted as he said to cover it with his foot and wave the minister away. But the courteous curate was too quick for him and recovered the coin first. Their eyes met, and my father said he was miserable for the rest of the service, thinking that the curate would believe that it was his invariable custom to give three-penny bits in collections, and his mind was not at rest till he had explained all the circumstances afterwards to the officials in the vestry.

On another occasion he was sitting in his robes at an early celebration when a bird fluttered into the Church, dashed against a window and fell on the steps. He came

out, picked it up with the greatest care and came down the chancel to give it to my sister, asking her to take it out and release it.

Canon Mason sends me some reminiscences of the Truro days. He writes:—

One day walking up from Truro to Kenwyn, I was urging the Bishop to use his efforts to procure the restoration of Edward VI.'s First Prayer Book, and suggested for fun that, if need be, he should revoke the submission of Kenstec in order to be rid of the Act of Uniformity. He sympathised much with the desire, but saw, of course, the impossibility of its accomplishment in present circumstances. The conversation ended in his saying, "Depend upon it we have a very good Mass; and we must mumble it."

I shall never forget—in general effect—his summing-up of the "Devotional Conference" at Truro one year, when it passed into a retreat conducted by Canon Wilkinson—if it were only for his lightning-like severity to one of the clergymen who attended it. He was rising into a most impassioned peroration, and beginning "We may wait till Doomsday"—when this man, a poor, vulgar, conceited fellow, broke in, "I beg your pardon, my Lord: I did not quite understand what you meant by" such and such a remark.

The Bishop glanced at him a moment, and paused, and then went on with gathered emphasis, "We may wait till Doomsday," and concluded his speech in a wonderful glow of ardour, and then turned to the man, and said, "That was what I meant, Mr——."

His father had had him taught to be a stonemason; so that when he visited the workmen's sheds during the building of Truro Cathedral, he knew all the proper names for things, and got on wonderfully with the workmen.

One day, when his companion on a walk amused himself by slashing off the juicy tops of the brambles in the hedge with his walking-stick, the Bishop stopped him rather sharply. "Don't do that," he said, "It's breaking the Third Commandment."

As we were driving once from Launceston to Callington a woman at a toll gate began to tell us the way. She explained how we could get to Callington if we took the road to the right, and how if we took the road to the left; and it was only after many minutes of confusing eloquence that we discovered that the

natural and simple way was one that she had not mentioned at first. "That woman," said the Bishop, "was a Broad Church-woman."

The summer that I took charge, at his desire, of the parish of Lannarth in Cornwall, he took me with him on a Confirmation tour in the north and east of the diocese, driving in his own carriage for several days. It was a charming tour, and we had several very interesting conversations.

Amongst other places we stayed with Captain Simcoe at Penheale. The charming old house has the reputation of being haunted; and the Bishop elicited from his host at dinner that the haunted room was the one in which he was to sleep. When I went to his room early the next morning, he said that he had not at all been thinking of the ghost when he went to bed, but that in the night he suddenly found himself sitting upright in bed, wide awake, saying, "yes" in the interrogative way in which one does when someone knocks at the door at an inconvenient moment.

He was fond of observing coincidences of the following kind:—One day at Bodmin, Colonel Parkyn very kindly offered to drive us to the station by way of Lanhydrock. The Bishop had to open a Church at Cawsand. It was a lovely drive, in May, with the woods and hedges all full of blue-bells and campions, and a new carriage with a smart pair of horses, which Colonel Parkyn was showing off to great advantage. All of a sudden, at a turn of the road, about a mile from the station, and not a house near, when we had only comfortable time to get to the station driving, off came one of the wheels. I had to carry the Bishop's portmanteau and rug, and part of the way to help him along into the bargain; and we tumbled into the train panting and exhausted. The Bishop asked me when we were somewhat recovered, whether I had noticed how he had hesitated before accepting Colonel Parkyn's offer. I had. He then told me the reason for his hesitation. A week or two before, Mr Parkyn of Blisland, who likewise had a new gig and a smart young horse, had undertaken to drive the Bishop to Bodmin; and they had had an upset. Nothing but an act of great presence of mind, as well as courage, on the Bishop's part, had averted what might have been fatal consequences both to himself and to a party in another carriage just in front. The Bishop had not told any one about it, as he thought it might distress Mrs Benson if it had got round to her. When Colonel Parkyn offered to drive him to the station, he

felt for a moment that he hardly liked to trust himself so soon to the driving of another gentleman of the same name and in the same neighbourhood; and then thought it would be foolish to yield to such a feeling.

What had actually happened was that the Bishop had been thrown out, and found himself on the ground in the middle of the reins, which were lying in a loop round him. He seized the reins on each side of him, and knelt down with the reins at the back of his knees, and the horse at that instant bolting, he was able, by throwing his dead weight on the reins and using all his strength, to stop him altogether.

Afterwards, being driven by our old semi-Scotch semi-Cornish coachman, Maclean, round through the place where the accident happened, he stopped to show Maclean the different spots and describe the accident in situ. Maclean heard with many a "ah! really," "dear me," and then said with a broad smile, "Well, my dear, the Almighty must have been looking about Him pretty sharp that morning."

The following instance of my father's artistic handling of small things is too characteristic to be omitted.

In the summer of 1879, Arthur Mason, G. H. Walpole, and John Reeve walked up one day from Truro to Kenwyn, and found the Bishop sitting out on the lawn, engaged with the Churchwardens of Kenwyn parish. They accordingly withdrew unperceived, and wrote to say that they had called, giving the reasons for their secret departure. The Bishop replied, in a cocked-hat note to Arthur Mason,

Hei et Vae et O et A, tres
Boni, Probi, Fidi Fratres!
Cur abistis, quo ruistis,
Neque Theam remansistis
Ecclesiae cum Veteranis
Bibituri Guardianis?
Hei et Vae et O et A, tres
Boni, Probi, Fidi Fratres!

[Alas and Woe and Oh and Ah, ye three good honest and true Brothers! Why did you go away, where did you hurry, without waiting to drink Tea with the veteran Wardens of the Church? Alas and Woe and Oh and Ah, &c.]

It was evidently written at full speed, but has the true Mediaeval flavour.

My father, when Bishop of Truro, wrote the following Confirmation Hymn which was largely used:—

CONFIRMATION HYMN.

How glad was lost Samaria's street;
God's word rang in their ear;
The palsied rose, the lame went fleet,
Dark spirits fled for fear.

Dear tokens of baptismal grace
Waiting to be outpoured;
Health to our halt and stricken race,
Dawn from the night restored.

But when the Spirit's self was given,
Even in the idol's home,
Through God-sent hands; in tongues of heaven
Men spake of things to come.

The signs are past, the gifts remain;
Newborn of water we,
And of Thyself, in rising strain,
Blest Spirit, ask for Thee.

In Thine Apostles' ways we crave
To share the Apostles' Grace:
'Tis more than Eden we would have,
And Heaven in every place.

Giver of life, give all Thy strength,
A Christ-like growth mature:
Unbroken through all ages' length
May Thy fresh seal endure.

EDW. TRURON.
*Nov.* 19*th*, 1881.

*l.* 4, Acts viii. 7, 12.
*l.* 10, Acts xix. 35.
*l.* 12, Acts xix. 6.
*l.* 14, St John iii. 5.
*l.* 18, Phil. i. 7.
*l.* 20, St John xiv. 17.
*l.* 22, Eph. iv. 13.
*l.* 24, Eph. iv. 30.

I find the following lyric among the Truro papers; the symbolism presents a certain superficial difficulty, but I have thought it interesting to include it.

### The Bawen Rock.

A little low rock by the westerly strand,
Rock-ringèd round with a mile of sand;
What was the magic, when I was a lad,
Drew me there, drew me there, merry or sad?

My hyacinth bulb with its purpling spire,
My snowy narcissus with heart of fire—
I gardened them both in the bitter sand
In the little rock's shade by the westerly strand.

My clay-smirched poet, my dead, dead jay,
My silver cross that was wrenched at play—
I was sure they would straighten and ruffle and shine,
If they touched my rock's clear little circlet of brine.

Ah Mother! thy sigh and thy smile! 'twas in vain.
The rock was my love and the rock was my pain.
Narcissus and Hyacinth, Poet and Jay,
Cross and Heart never quickened—they lie there to-day.

Edw. Tr. 20. 11. 77.

The following is a lyric that belongs to the same period:—

### Vows.

Every day a milk-white steer
Have I offered; one to Fear,
One to Joy, or one to Pride,
And to all my gods beside.

Thus I am for many a year:
Daily dies my spotless steer,
But my gods, my Joy, my Pride,
Frown as erst unsatisfied.

Oh but had I with my Queen
Daily on the Temple Green
Vowed the bubbling life to Love,
Kind would smile the lips of Jove.

And at evening with my Queen—
All the sunset rifts between,—
I the milk-white herds should see
Looking down the vales to me.

Though my rivals warp my will,
Thou, O Love, wert higher still,
While for them I craved to live
Thee I trusted to forgive.

Reach thy hand to me, my Queen
Let us clear the Temple Green,
Cleanse the Fires of all beside:
Love and Grief be sanctified!

# CHAPTER XIV.

## TRURO LIFE.

"*While grace fills up uneven nature.*" GEO. HERBERT.

I SELECT a few of the many letters of the Truro period:—

*To the Rev. J. A. Reeve.*

*Jan.* 18, 1878.

DEAR SON,

Thou art hereby commanded to lie abed on the morrow, being Saturday, until half-past eight of the clock—I shall myself offer the morning sacrifice on thy behalf, and on behalf of all them *qui propter rationabiles causas absunt.*

Witness our hand and seal this eighteenth day of January in the year 1878 A.D. and of our Consecration the First.

E. W. TRURON.

(A seal drawn.)

*To Canon Wickenden, on Miss Wickenden's death.*

KENWYN.
21 *Jan.* 1879.

DEAREST FRIEND,

Your letter is constantly with me and all the thoughts of it more constantly, if one may say so. I can realise well all the strangeness of the sorrow that is about you, and can realise that *you* realise the "exceeding" counterbalancing "weight." I give God thanks for you both.

But I am a long time before what I *know* becomes part of my inner self—and I take a deal of teaching to think that it will still be the same world answering the same purposes, when those I

know, and have always reverently loved, are gone to other duties and other joys.

24 *Jan.*—St Paul doesn't say "the things seen are temporal" in any disparagement. He says they are πρόσκαιρα[1] adapted to a great critical καιρός[2] in the history of all things. And his καιρός is so immensely vast and important (as the Apocalypse tried in vain to teach most people), that the αἰώνια[3] appear to me to be *exigeant*—the αἰῶνες[4] will have all at last. Why then not wait and let those who can improve the καιρός do so a little, little longer?

All this doesn't sound βέβηλα[5] to you I hope. It isn't really, but I can't make it out, and if it were not for a certain despised Faith, one would have neither the difficulty nor the solution. "Thanks *be*" as they say in Cornwall, that the solution a little overlaps the difficulty. It overlaps it just so much as to leave us the fringe of Peace. Peace be with you both in the love of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Mrs Sidgwick, you know, is gone into peace—with a stillness of days. Her spirit went long before the body ceased its working. Lightfoot was here just the day I began this. Arthur went to school to-day, Fred to-morrow. We don't like partings now—yet show that less. We all as it were involuntarily *brace* ourselves for them, and each knows the others do so. I have had some heavy work. Be sure you call soon on Jas. Wilson if you can. Arthur Sidgwick's wife is his sister. He will be of great value in the fight of Science for the Faith. Ask Norris to know him soon.

Our many loves to you both.

Ever your loving friend,

E. W. Truron.

*To Canon Westcott, on a certain text.*

Kenwyn.
3 *Feb.* 1879.

My dear Westcott,

The loss is such[6], I thought we were almost obliged to "weep apart," or I should have written earlier. But I felt how exactly we should agree about this. The motives for taking

[1] Temporal, "for the time." [2] Time, in the sense of season or opportunity.
[3] Eternal things, "for the ages." [4] "Ages"=eternity.
[5] Irreligious. [6] Bishop Lightfoot's appointment to Durham.

Durham do just out-top those for staying in Cambridge, and yet one ought to be impressed deeply with the Durham work to be able to say so with a good conscience. It is the "Spirit of Counsel" (or his μέρισμα[1] *thereof*) which with me makes itself felt as preeminently needful in Conciliar work—and surely the Church is languid for want of the sense that there is *great* counsel at work in us, reflecting something from what in Cornwall we call "Uppards."

The early knowledge that you thought the balance tilted that way has been a great strength.

There is a point of which I want to speak to you as to the "Revision." It is scarcely possible to put it strongly enough, because unless you have actual experience of it, it is almost incredible. But from every part of Cornwall I hear it. There is a perverted text which men quote on their dying beds to prevent themselves from repenting (namely 1 Cor. vii. 36); young men quote it to the clergy to defend themselves, fathers and mothers excuse their daughters, for pre-nuptial sin. There can be no sense of, or Desire for Discipline where this sin reigns—"Assurance" and "Perfection" are of course possible where this thing is treated as not worth thinking about as an offence. And of course the morals of the young people are immensely affected by the knowledge that their parents had no kind of shame for themselves or their children. On Missions, just as amongst earnest parish workers, this same *text* has its perpetual re-appearance, and when they are with difficulty convinced that the clergyman does *not* think it means what they do, they still think that other people will agree with their interpretation, not his. I own that I was not in the least aware until I came here that this particular text was in every mouth to justify the sin, but I find almost every one else does know it. I want to express my *fervent* hope that, by the use of italics, you will clear the meaning of the words as they stand. For incontestable and universal witness does assure me that (wherever the tradition may have sprung up) it is fast rooted, here at least, and that it will continue unless the plain, unmistakeably plain, meaning forces itself on every reader by your help in the new rendering. "Let *him* (the future husband) do what he will; he does not sin (by such fornication). Let them marry." (That puts all right.) This is the accepted interpretation. It has been mentioned to me in many clerical

[1] Lit. "part," used of the gifts of the Holy Spirit, Heb. ii. 4.

meetings. The other day a clergyman told me that he had convinced a man of sin in respect of the terrible consequences which followed, and the man did repent. "But," he said, "what *do* you make, then, Sir, of that text?"

Clergy have often asked me what I conceive can be done. Tracts? Sermons? All so difficult to handle, and I only see one hope, namely, the New Revision.

If the word *father* could be inserted in italics, either after the τις or before the ποιείτω[1] (where the meaning is most important) or *both* (which is best), and if such turn could be given to the rendering as to make the true rendering appear, you would save many, many rustic souls and lives from shameful corruption and impenetrable blindness[2].

If you were to ask my good working Cornish Clergymen (or Missioners, Mason, or other) you would (if there remained any doubt in your mind) find I understate, rather than overstate the use which the enemy has made of that line of words.

Ever your affectionate,

E. W. Truron.

*To his daughter Margaret.*

17 Prince's Gate.
22 *Feb.* 1879.

My dearest Maggie,

I must write you a little line during all this long absence. I hope your cold and all else are quite well again. And that the cares of the numerous family of Ixtlilxockitl[3] are not too heavy.

It is now eleven o'clock in the morning and I am writing by candle light. For the fog is so dense outside that my windows look only like two pieces of yellowish black board let into the wall.

I had Mama's letter last night telling me of Nellie's departure.

(The two pieces of board are turning rather green.)

The snow lies 5 or 6 inches deep on the ground.

The first time I preached in Westminster Abbey I lost my voice—so nobody could hear me.

[1] "Anyone...let him do," 1 Cor. vii. 36.

[2] The result is obtained by the insertion in the Revised Version of the word "daughter."

[3] A guinea-pig.

The 2nd time—There were six inches of slush and violent rain after snow—so there was nobody to hear me.

The 3rd time—To-morrow I believe there will be no light in the sky and so there will be no one even able to see me.

Ever your loving Papa,

E. W. TRURON.

The two little girls at Selsdon[1] are always saying "Now tell us about your two girls."

*To Canon Mason, who had just lost a younger brother in the Zulu war.*

TRINITY.
*St Philip and St James*, 1879.

DEAREST FRIEND,

Can this be true? There is a tide of incredulity which in me resists the conviction as it did over my own boy. And yet I feel over him that I did gradually—very gradually—arrive at the conviction that God knows best—and that my own unwillingness to admit it is perhaps the only thing in heaven and earth which keeps it from *being* best. So the unearthly stroke which has come down on your young brother, if indeed it is so[2], has done *something* kind. Hard, hard, *hard*, it is to realise. But, unless we can say the same thing *always* of God, how can He be our *God*? May the gallant young soul even now be "seeing wonderful things in His Righteousness"—while we only believe that they *are* in it—His Righteousness.

What two names are at the head of my paper. The two Brother Apostles, the Three-in-One who is to Brothers now all that He was to those two.

It will not unnerve you, though it may interrupt you in your work. Ἐγκόπτειν[3] the touching scenes you mention would be Satan's Hope. Ἐγκόπτειν may be also God's will. But anyhow I am sure you will not let those strange folk be as hard again as before. For such hard people I fear reactions.

You will even now care to hear how I feel prayers for

[1] The Bishop of Rochester's house.
[2] The only information was a newspaper telegram.
[3] "Impede," cf. 1 Thess. ii. 18.

Lightfoot have been answered. I knew you were with us then, and we are with you now. He is all strength and all modesty. I could not have believed he would be so bright. But it is his perfect confidence that God wills it, and leads him, and the sorrow turns into joy that actually beams about him.

But I can't really write about things, however dear to me, while I am all the while thinking of the sorrow of your mother and of you all.

Ever dearest, dearest friend,

Your most loving,

E. W. Truron.

*To his Wife.*

Chapter-House, St Paul's.
5 *May*, 1879.

.....I had again a great congregation and the Judge: but my sermon was long and uneven, and not calculated to do anybody any good except the preacher by humiliating him. I hope that it may do its proper work. I can't get at the core. It is so because my life is behind my light.

*A dream, sent to Dr Ogle.*

*May* 23, 1879.

Written in my Diary Ap. 29, 1879.

Some weeks ago I woke early with a pain in my chest. I found that this pain had caused me an odd dream. I had dreamt that I had been suffering so severely that our doctor, Mr Sharp, had been sent for. He looked very serious in my dream, and after examining me said, "I ought to tell you this is very serious indeed. You have Angīna Pectoris." I, in my dream, exclaimed in great indignation, "Angīna! Angīna! Angĭna if you please, Angĭna!"

I told my wife almost immediately and afterwards I told some friends at breakfast; and then the impression of my dream grew so strong on me that I said to myself, "How odd it would be if it were Angĭna after all—and if my dream were a relic of some correction which I had found (and forgotten) upon the ordinary pronunciation." I actually went into my study, and looked it out. I found of course "Angina" in Forcellini and some authority quoted.

On last Sunday (27th April) I dined in the Hall at Trinity. I sat at the right of the Master, H. A. J. Munro sat next to me. There was a conversation about Public Schools, about Lee, and about Arnold, and thence of the effect of his death. Munro said to me, "Did he not suffer acutely for some hours before he died?" I replied, "Yes, he died of Angĭna Pectoris." He smiled grimly, as his wont is, and said softly, "Of Angĭna, as we now call it." My dream flashed on me, but it was too *pat* to mention it, and I said, "Why do we? Why so?" He replied, "There are only two passages where it occurs in verse: one is in Lucilius, but the old editors were so persuaded it was Angīna, that they spoiled the hexameter itself by altering it. It occurs also in Serenus Sammonicus at the beginning of a line and there too the editors changed it." Somebody said, "What is that?" and Munro said, "Here's the Bishop of Truro making a false quantity!" and we all laughed. Next morning I said to the Master at breakfast at the Lodge, "I believe it was as much news to the rest of the High Table as it was to me." He said, "Of course it is; I happened to know it, because Munro pointed it out to me some few weeks ago as a new discovery of his." I told the Master my dream to his amusement. (It is Angīna in the newest edition of De Vit.)

*May* 13. On my return home I asked my wife and children (before telling them about Cambridge) whether they remembered my telling them my odd dream—and she and the two eldest at home remembered it perfectly.

E. W. Truron.

*Notes added later.*

*Serenus Sammonicus* de Medicina praecepta v. 282. The reading of the printed editions which attempted to correct what was conceived to be an error is,

Verum angīna sibi mixtum sale poscit acetum.

The original reading of the MSS. is

Angĭna tum vero mixtum sale poscit acetum.

Another editorial attempt at correction was

*Ast* angīna etc.

The fragment of Lucilius (ap. Non. c. 1. n. 150, Forcellini's

reference) runs in the printed edition, if I remember, but I have not the book down here;

...angĭna una quam sustulit hora.

The MSS. have "quam una angĭna sustulit hora."

This was first pointed out by H. A. J. Munro.

EDW. C.

13 *Feb.* 1889.

*To Canon Westcott, on a visit to Bishop Auckland, and the visit of Archbishop Tait to Cornwall.*

TRURO.
*All Saints' Day*, 1879.

MY DEAR WESTCOTT,

It is a beautiful day to write to you on, though after too long an interval. The sunlight on the Beech Trees all day and the brilliance of the moonlight to-night, have given a wonderful dress to-day to many memories.

I had a wonderful visit to Bishop Auckland—and oh! *how* we wished for you! It was both out and in, house and surroundings, present and past, much more than I expected.

There was a joyous solemnity about Lightfoot which was most impressive, and his arrangements were (as Arthur said) "regal." I think he will be very happy, unless Cambridge stings him from time to time.

The Archbishop has done good to everybody by coming here. He is "regal" and pathetic. I think he helps me to picture Oedipus Coloneus, only blameless and a Christian. What curious and manifold elements in our spiritual food! and how much do our spirits assimilate?

Ever your most affectionate,

E. W. TRURON.

*To Canon Mason.*

*m. Jan. d.* X. MDCCCXXC. (1880.)

AGAPITISSUME,
Omne quod facis
In vinculo pacis
Facis rectissume.

Quum Constantinenses
Ad Cantabrigienses
Remittunt te sponte,
I quo vocant fata
Et plebs tibi grata,
Et puro in fonte
Doctrinae imbutos
Nec non delibutos
Vinoque oleoque
Tibi redde Deoque.[1]

Cras de "Feri-severe[2]"
Plura dic mihi vere.
Pax tecum et mecum. Amen.

*To Canon Mason, on lay work.*

TRURO.
23 *April*, 1880.

I am most thankful about the Lay Readers you mention—there has been a pause in this part of our work—and *hamlet work* depends on Lay Readership spreading as a system—and on hamlet work depends entirely whether we, as a Church, can ever supply what Methodists etc. now supply in a small way. So that we must (and *you* must) do all you can to push Missionising in this form.

*To his Wife.*

CONVOCATION HOUSE.
2 *June*, 1880.

.....My two sermons on Sunday are very oppressive to my soul—not the writing but the shortening—for these Londoners won't stand more than 25 minutes and I can't work anything *out* in that time. And really these are days when one ought to try to make people see. It's no use stroking them while they stand purring or making feints at them while they stand "spitting." It's the time to put facts and reasons before them.

[1] Canon Mason was engaged to take a Mission at Constantine, but had been appealed to at the same time to conduct one in his old parish at Cambridge: he had consulted the Bishop as to what he should do.

[2] Canon Mason cannot interpret this.

*To Canon Wickenden.*

31 *July*, 1880.

DEAREST FRIEND,

I am so full always of the thoughts of the fearful battle we wage, that I can scarcely do more than pray for those who go and those who stay. But when comrades drop at one's side every hour under this sharp-shooting death, I can scarcely say more than "Thou dost all things well," and beg *Him* to excuse me for not seeing more of His ways. We seem to want everyone and to keep no one. All the best soldiers are killed off and we go scrambling on—all those that are finer and nobler and more beautiful seem not to be allowed to help us—only us crooked, scarred, hard-hit ones are let drag out the contest. But for *them* ἀναπαῦσον αὐτούς, Κύριε, ἐν τόπῳ φωτεινῷ ὅπου ἐπισκοπεῖ τὸ φῶς τοῦ προσώπου Σοῦ· ἔνθα ἀπέδρα λύπη καὶ στεναγμός. Ἀμήν[1].

I have had to preach six sermons and make 20 speeches this week and can't hold up my head any longer.

Your loving,
E. W. TR.

*To Canon Mason.*

RISEHOLME.
2 *Oct.* 1880.

I can see no reason why you should not hold your brother's mission if you wish.

He pleads very hard and affectionately. Ergo,

(1) If you feel it will not hinder but enrich your special work, *why not go?*

(2) You have to care for and husband strength and vigour, and if these would not be expended *hurtfully*, it cannot be argued against. Whichever way you decide I shall be *pleased*. My feeling is rather that of the Lord's Brethren (but our Lord does not say whether they were right), that at *some* rare times a retired intensive work may be made by being "openly known" *more* intense. It seems to me so far as I can see that the

[1] "Give them rest, O Lord, in a place of light where the light of Thy countenance looks upon (all), where wailing has fled away and groaning. Amen." A free quotation from one of the Greek liturgies.

power of your work *is* to be Cornwall—and that till Cornwall is affected the special work for *all the whole Church* is *not* done. I desire therefore only that you should do all that will help, nothing which will hinder, your calling, etc., "the Ministry you have received from the Lord." You can tell what the effect of the Whitwell mission may be on it. I daresay *good*—but I think you can settle nothing without an eye to your call. If with an eye to that you feel you can well go, Go and be Blessed of the Lord.

How perfectly free from austerity, severity, sarcasm, satire, sharpness, fastidiousness, every *Founder* seems to have been. It seems to be *the* characteristic of all Founders to be the *opposite* in the most positive form.

Leicester was interesting—but you may depend upon it, Church Congresses are *not* good. This was better than I expected, but "poison lurks within the bowl." What a strange novel feature that expressions of disapprobation should be forbidden in an assembly. The effect was strange.

Your ever lovingest,

E. W. Tr.

*To his son Arthur, on a lecture given at Eton by Mr Ruskin.*

Truro.
11 *Nov.* 1880.

My dearest Boy,

I hope you weren't disappointed at all with your great guest. You haven't at all satisfied our hunger—we don't know from you whether he sipped, or whether he drank, coffee—nor whether he had a velvet collar to his coat—nor how long his hair was—nor whether his smile was sardonic—in fact we know nothing at all of all that an interviewer knows that his readers hold most precious—and are quite able to understand.

The minor matters of eloquence, of striking expressions—and the minim ones of whether he gave you new ideas, or roused enthusiasm, you will tell us when you have time—and *what for*.

Your ever most loving father,

E. W. Truron.

*To his daughter Mary Eleanor.*

TRURO.
30 *Nov.* 1881.

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER AND LOVE,

I was before the Cathedral Commission yesterday—and received a new little bit of work—having nothing on hand—viz. to draw up *Statutes* for Truro Cathedral—quite complete. So we are growing you see.

The Archbishop presided, and he certainly does look as if he were very tired and worn out. No one else's work is anything to his, I really think. Such masses of meetings and committees.

The Chapel will be delightful for us all—and the thought you speak of will be with us all always—and the more we love our Martin in reality the more we shall love and realise Him Whom he loves and with Whom he is day and night—as his love to us grows the more, the more he loves and is with his Lord, so will our love to our dear one daily grow if we are able better to realise what and Who Living Love is.

I like to hear all about the dear girls whom you *are* getting to know and love. Some time I hope I shall see them.

Your most loving father,

E. W. TRURON.

*To Canon Crowfoot.*

TRURO.
16 *Feb.* 1881.

DEAREST FRIEND,

I am deeply impressed with the utter disappearance of the Missionary spirit from the Church in Cornwall, and equally with the great fitness of Cornish men to be missionaries—able to live anywhere and assimilate with anyone, yet keeping their individuality and their religious heart.

Your unworthy friend,

E. W. TRURON.

*To Canon Crowfoot.*

19 *Feb.* 1881.

Thank you, loved and loving friend, for letters and gift. The latter I really had not coveted. But as I pray ever "Da nobis Truronensibus Sanctam et Pretiosam Basilicam" it was most welcome.

I hope we may raise a Transept in Martyn's name to His Marvellous Pastor.

Sir Bartle Frere told me that *he* too had Martyn's Life for first prize at school. I understood him to mean that it had acted on him, and considering all that he has been to India and to Missions, it is likely. How careful we ought to be about our children's prizes.

Do not think that I did not think the Memoir[1] beautifully expressed and conceived. All I meant to say was that you see your own love and goodness in one that loves you, and that therefore it was only possible for me to look once at it—"till I have purged my guilt" and grown more like.

Ever your loving,

E. W. TRURON.

*To Canon Mason.*

A——

21 *March*, 1881.

AGAPIT,

Satan has bound me with an extreme hoarseness and stupidity and kindled against me here the latrant, blatant voices of the children in the temple this afternoon—though the little Innocents fancied that they had but coughs. I fear I have done nothing for A—— accordingly. But B—— is endlessly kind, and such a good parish Priest I do think. How extraordinarily adverse all influences are here.

Your most loving,

E. W. TRURON.

What a witness against Wesley that he characterised A—— as heathen, and it has worked its heathenism ever since under his wig and profile.

[1] An account of the Bishop of Truro contributed by Canon Crowfoot to a Church Magazine.

*To Canon Mason, on fasting.*

1881.

My Agapit,

When I speak
Ex Cathedra
I *too* am
Infallible.

---

Ex Cathedra.
You are not
To fast
In Holy Week.
You must take
Animal food
And Nourishing foods plentifully.

---

After your severe illness and
Under the severe task of the
Helston Preaching
You must not really fast,
If you are to do God's work and
His Church's.

---

Your loving,

E. W. Tr.

(*Note added by the Bishop to the previous letter.*)

I. Bound to fast, etc.
II. Bound to abstain, etc.
III. For those who are dispensed Jussu Superiori from fasting.

By those "not bound to fast" we mean those who by reason of their age, *labour*, etc. are exempt from the law of fasting.

Those who on account of their infirmity, are by *ecclesiastical authority personally* dispensed from fasting, will keep strictly within the limits of their dispensation, and will on Good Friday take flesh meat once and once only, unless their dispensation shall expressly permit them to take it more than once.

CANON CIII.

For Montanistic men, Cathari, Novatianistic or Tertullianistic perversi who shall have set forth in rhyme or without rhyme, that Holy Church and her Pontiffs are psychical, and that they are to the holy ascesis of fasting and abstinence inimical by reason of their exercising of their inherited and inherent power of Dispensation, and compulsory prohibition of the same to individual Christians in their sacred discretion, we decree such sore penance of mind and body as shall to the said Pontiffs seem agreeable.

*To the Rev. Canon Wickenden, on work in Cornwall.*

2 *April*, 1881.

No words can tell the strange phenomena of this most interesting spiritual region, called by men Cornwall. There are strange forces at work. *Our* work seems to proceed under the Blessing. One marked feature is the change about Confirmations. The seriousness with which it is regarded by religious people as a decided *Church*-step, whereas *all* used to be confirmed, and by half careless ones as a *Cross* too serious to be lightly taken up, whereas it *was* a "holiday" with a good light on it.

This will, I think, diminish for a time our Confirmees in number, though not much; meantime nothing could so solidify our church people. However, I must break off.

Cathedral Choir foundations all in, and a foot or two above ground.

Nellie's best love and mine.

Your ever loving,

EDW. TRURON.

*To Canon Hole*[1], *on a course of Holy Week Sermons preached at Truro.*

TRURO.
11 *May*, 1881.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

It gets harder instead of simpler. I had made up my thought not to write to you our loving thankfulness for some days,

[1] Vicar of Caunton, Notts (1850—1887), Prebendary of N. Kelsey in Lincoln Cathedral (1875—1887), since 1887 Dean of Rochester.

because I wanted to look at it all from some distance. To me what I meant to say looked flat and poor, while to you I knew it would seem exaggeration. But, as I say, it gets harder to write what you will like, and yet be true to my conviction. That is, that it is the blessedest work which has been done in our Cathedral and Town since I knew it. If I say "blessedest" perhaps you will mind it less. But you may be sure you came "haud sine numine"—that prayer when you spread the letter out (as you told us) received an answer as plain as Hezekiah's. What can I tell you? There is but one voice of thankfulness to GOD Who sent you to us. Take opposite extremes. A young clerk says he has never known and never could have believed the like. There is not a clerk in the Bank, nor in the Solicitors' Offices he knows, nor in many other offices which he does not know, from which *all* the clerks did not come to *every one* of your addresses and sermons. And the effect has been most serious on their thoughts—and I pray GOD in their lives.

Then, on another hand, an old woman says, "If I could but just have felt his hand before he left, and have told him how we love him." For myself, I can say what I *know* the other clergy would say for themselves, how in teaching them about themselves, and in teaching them how to help others, they have had the deepest lessons from you that they have ever had. There is nothing like the boldness which goes direct, yet sweetly and kindly to the sore place. Our morning congregations have been better ever since, I believe—certainly very large now. And I think it is because they can afford to say they are not ashamed of being religious after living and feeling with you all those days.

But I might say, without stint, and I fear you may not like even this little thankful expression; what would you then if only—if only I could pour out all that is in my heart. From the first day I saw you I *did* love and respect you, but little I thought I should have such cause in any practical form. Do accept the best love of City, Clergy, wife, children, and my heart-felt thankfulness—of one who could never repay, even by prayers for you, what you poured out for us at such necessary cost of toil, and yet such ease. Having begun, it is difficult to end, but you will believe me,

Your most loving and grateful friend,

E. W. TRURON.

*To his Wife.*

LOLLARDS' TOWER.
19 *May*, 1881.

.....Time doesn't exist in London. There is a kind of dust of time—but it won't cohere or coagulate or co-anyhow.....We never must live long in Babylon.....This London is such a howling wilderness compared with the civilisation and society of Kenwyn.....The very people in the streets are reading the Bible. I passed in a short walk this morning a ragged man on a bench, and a business man walking with his umbrella under his arm, reading hard both of them—and the shops are full of them still.

*To his Wife.*

SELSDON PARK.
*July* 18, 1881.

.....An ancient Calabrian farmer is the character which I am persuaded Nature meant me to fill—about 2000 years ago before agriculture had received any intellectual improvements, and when slaves did the work. That fits my powers and inclinations to-day.

And all the while there is that awful echo of the world's woes and evils seeming to ring in the air in the echo of the distant trains crossing and crossing incessantly. What have they to do to interrupt the cooing of those doves in the cedars. My sympathy is reaching the height of hoping that you and the children are not being over-worked to-day. And side by side with all, one may put what an old man said to a girl-pupil of the Bishop's, "If you want to know there is no God you need only look round you in St Giles'." But what it really means is man's awful need of God, and what am I doing to make them know Him? I have just seen such a good remark in Campbell's *Atonement* (it really *is* a book)—that the need of man is not measured by man's sense of need but by what God has provided to meet the need, and then I suppose we might go on to infer from the awfulness of the corruption which upper classes have wrought among lower classes, the awfulness of the obligation of upper classes as they awake, to carry the remedy down to lowest classes with all speed and

energy. Well, the first thing is to train the children and the servants about one, as you are doing, and shoot out as many rays into the dark as possible meantime, until more openings are disclosed. How *are* we to fight the Cornish sin? The utter rebellion against all discipline which leaves their religion a prey to what is most gross.

*To his Wife.*

CONVOCATION.
19 *July*, 1881.

DEAREST LOVE,

We are all in much of most real sorrow over death of Dean Stanley.

The Archbishop left him only a few minutes before his death, having been with him for two hours. He has just spoken most excellently about him, so has Bishop of Lincoln in a grand tone. He says his last audible words were, "I have laboured with many frailties and in much weakness to make this institution the centre of the religious and national life of England in a liberal spirit." It is very interesting, is it not? The Archbishop spoke of the crowds of artisans to whom he made the Abbey a real piece of teaching every Saturday afternoon and entertained them afterwards—and he expressed his conviction that his influence and careful historical method had had a great power to chasten the sceptical inclinations of upper classes—of course too the great power of his Arnold's Life. He certainly was a prince of the Church in a high sense and to me since 1853 how gentle a friend on every possible occasion. I must have those little Palestine relics put together.

The tremendous heat makes it hard to get on. We are fortunately very few in scarlet with an American Prelate (Kentucky) looking on admiringly, and listening, I should say, compassionately to what is now going on.

It is very much pleasanter to think of the Cedars at Selsdon or the Ilex at Kenwyn than to stare at the Venetian blinds here.

Your most loving husband,

E. W. T.

*To his daughter Mary Eleanor, on her going to Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford.*

ATHENAEUM CLUB,
PALL MALL, S.W.
*Oct.* 17, 1881.

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER AND LOVE,

I must send you a fatherly greeting and prayers on your reaching your new home.

I was so sorry not to be at our own home when you left it for the first time. But I have thought of you and prayed constantly that your love and duty and above all your Faith in "God in Christ," who is the one Foundation of love and duty, may grow stronger and stronger, until you come to do what I always feel you will be fit to do, by God's continued Grace,—be a true helper to the faith of many.

You know well in these times how needful it is—what a sore creeping paralysis keeps many back from God. But keep up your own *spiritual life* by prayers, reading and the Holy Sacrament, and there is no fear of *intellectual doubt* proving too strong for us.

Of all my experiences this is the most certain,—that it is not until the spiritual *life* is invaded by languor and carelessness that our questionings become too much for us.

And now, dear love, if ever in your childhood until now inconsistencies and hastiness seem to show you how slowly the work of Grace is done, then you will forgive any one who has hindered you by inconsistency, and you will yourself be wise in time to cast out *any* habit of thought or feeling which has troubled your peace and stood in the least between God and you. We must cut the Canaanite *quite* out of our Heart-land.

God be always with you, over you, in you, and Remember IN HOC SIGNO VINCES. +

I send you the usual little Birthday present which I forgot to give you when we parted.

May God make us both and all happy in many many birthdays of yours.

With more love than words can tell,

Your loving father,

E. W. TRURON.

*To his son Arthur, who had just accepted an invitation to stay with a friend of Agnostic opinions.*

TRURO.
*Nov.* 2, 1881.

DEAREST ARTHUR,

I hear that A—— has asked you to B—— for next Sunday. I am sorry, because interruptions in Term time are very uncomfortable disjoining things.

You must be on your guard and be firm—for he is a *clever* man—a man very regardless of other's feelings—not scrupulous as to using a sneer or sarcasm where an argument fails—and, as you know, very "opiniâtre" and "entêté."

Don't let him on any account keep you from Services on Sunday. He is quite likely to try—after he sees you strong he will begin to respect you. But if you were to let your own spiritual life go, or slumber, through fear of what he may say or think, you know how, in such cases, we are soon left to ourselves. It seems a truism, but is not; "our *Life* is our *Life*."

The guard which I tell you to keep as to A—— is quite consistent with modesty—and you will find no difficulty if you pray for σοφία[1] and trust *Him*.

Your most loving father,
EDW. TRURON.

*To his son Arthur, to whom he had written to ask for more regular letters.*

TRURO.
4 *Nov.* 1881.

MY DEAREST BOY AND MOST LOVING SON,

Your very affectionate letter quite makes up for your long silence, and our long ignorance of your well-being, and I had no intention of making you write so long a letter, although it was very good reading and most interesting. I only ask you not to let the intervals be so long. While your days pass in such fulness of life you can scarcely realise how we long to hear a little of them. I am not unreasonable, for I *know* how hard you find it to write *much* with all your work etc., but at any rate, dear lad, write a *little*.

You must not reproach yourself, as if while growing older you seemed to me less *anything* that is dear or wise; surely, my dear

[1] Wisdom.

boy, everything that a father can do to assure his son how he loves and values him and is satisfied with him, I try to do, and love to do, because it is only the expression of my deepest feeling towards you.

And as to this about the letter—it is very simple, and you won't keep me without any intelligence so long again, and you know quite well that you are more than forgiven without asking—and that indeed, such a word is not wanted between you and me.

So brush all that away and let us talk of your work and life. With all its delights and advantages there is a counterbalancing trial in your going up with so many friends all made—"Heads of Houses" included!—*three* visited in your Freshman's Term! The awe and terror and delight with which I used to gaze on them from afar! But seriously—what of course it suggests to you is to settle and make for yourself some rules about the hours of work, and exercise, and seeing friends.

It will never do to make the bulk of a student-life *social*, and get as much work as you can into the spaces left. You must take it the other way round, and when you see (as you do, I should think) what has to be done, you should construct a time-table, and keep a *very* brief register of your reading—a time-table, I mean, showing each day what reading must be done, Lectures, etc. You will find this most useful, and the Register (which may be a single line) will keep you up to it. Don't sit up at night, whatever you do. Force yourself into morning reading (and don't eat such lots of things at breakfast that you can't read after them!).

I know the horrid feeling of dissatisfaction. There's nothing worse—and it grows and grows, or else it makes you callous—both bad results—and the *only* way to be rid of it is that little outlining of what has to be done and keeping to it. It will perfectly disappear if you do that.

But if you let it go on you will always feel in a fever, always in a hurry and too fidgetty to effect anything.

Well, I am giving a very long screed—another time I will be more entertaining—but I sympathise with you very much about "dissatisfaction" and it *is highly important* to get cool and clear and contented, if study is to be that great thing, that greatest and most fruitful happiness. Not overlong hours—not drive, or sleeplessness, but calm reading and reflection—and quiet thought and cheerfulness.

Your most loving father, E. W. TRURON.

*To his daughter Mary Eleanor.*

TRURO.
*Nov.* 18, 1881.

MY DEAREST LOVE AND DAUGHTER,

I won't go to bed when you have seemed to be with us so much all day without telling you what a delightful opening of the Chapel we have had on Hugh's birthday.

He was so anxious to keep it in that manner that we postponed it, and the Chapel after all would not have been ready if we had not.

You know in general what the plan is and I think you would find the colours very soft and very quiet, and yet rich, and the screen, our only bit of *form*, very taking.

Mama will send you a programme. First we prayed yet asked for forgiveness and help in what we were about to do. Then I signed the License and Mr Dickinson read it aloud. Then, it being by law allowed for the purpose, we had full choral Evening Prayer. After that we dedicated the Altar and all its appointments, Hugh bringing them one by one from the credence and looking so reverent and simple in his purple cassock and ephod like Samuel's. And then I spoke to them all about the "Decency and order" of the Church of England in doing even such things as setting apart a room solemnly, and about the Chapel at Lincoln and its uses for Ordinations, for Family, for Private Prayer, and then explained why we had our Lord drawn robed and crowned as a King though on a Cross—in the window. Then prayers for Hugh and for us all.

We had our five special Clergy, Chancellor, Canon Mason, Walpole, Reeve, Dickinson and all the servants, outdoor and in. Then—wasn't it a happy afternoon? and there was the assurance that our dearest Martin was someway with us in spirit.

There is a special stall for the "eldest daughter at home"—and one for Arthur. Deus custodiat domum.

Thank you for the *prayer* which I shall *use*. You know how I pray for you constantly.

Your most loving father,

E. W. TRURON.

*To his godson, E. F. Edwardes, aged eight.*

Lis Escop, Truro.
*Dec.* 24, 1881.

My dear little Boy,

I wish you and your Papa and Mama and every one you love, a very happy Christmas—and may the love of Jesus Christ make it happy.

The river which I send you is very like the river which is near to us. And that is why I liked to choose it for you. I hope it will be like your life. It is all covered with bright reflections of earth and heaven. And I should like your life to reflect calmly the beautiful things that are in heaven and that are in earth, and not to be soiled, and not to be rough!

Do you understand that? You will do, if you think a little.

The quiet little country lad waiting to be told what to do, and his Prayer Book ready for use, is a good pattern too. And what makes him happy? "Greeting the Lord." It will make you so.

Again there is the little boat waiting, with her masts ready, but no sails yet. That is the boys waiting till they go to school.

I wish you a happy voyage whenever it begins.

I thought your first letter was very well written, and I hope the sums and the Bible lessons and all else are going on well. I suppose you are thinking about Latin too.

God bless and keep you. Give my love to your papa and mama.

Your affectionate friend,

E. W. Truron.

In 1882 my father finding that the Rev. J. P. Cann, of Davidstowe, near Tintagel, was anxious to go away for a holiday, offered to take the duty for him for six weeks. This gave him an opportunity of acquainting himself more in detail with the North of his diocese, as well as giving us all a change of air, in a romantic and beautiful region. We all went about the parish, visited, held Sunday Schools and Choir Practices, played the organ and enjoyed ourselves

immensely; it interested my father to find himself a parish priest; I subjoin a few extracts from his diary of the time:—

*August* 20, 1882. Preached twice at Davidstowe. The church full both times—from other places, for there are but 400 in a parish which formerly sent 60 people to church from a single farm. I preached on the Gospel in the morning to try to awaken the church people to a more sympathetic sense of their duty to each other, showing what a genuine repentance must lead on to. In the afternoon on the Epistle to make the dissenters realize not the fact of the Resurrection only, but the Power of the Resurrection—that that Power is a reality, cannot have faded, when both He and we are what He and man ever were.

Old Mr Gibbons lunched with us and being a first rate mathematician and considerable astronomer maintained that the discovery of a cure for smoky chimneys would be a greater benefit to mankind than the discovery of Neptune. I held that the verification of a law like Newton's (of which he spoke all the time enthusiastically) or the correction of an error of the tenth of a second in the transit of Venus was a step toward perfection of knowledge of which the results were incalculably precious and might in the end include the cure of smoke. He saw nothing in it, he said, and this seemed a wonderful little bit of nemesis bringing out exactly why "Vanity of vanities" has to so many people seemed written upon *knowledge*. Everything seems vanity at last which we have allowed to be out of its place and out of its proportion in our *lives*. It shrinks at last and shrinks into nothing—but it need not.

*August* 21. Walked and drove with all the party to Boscastle. A strong nor' wester made the Atlantic magnificent—the green water rolling quickly in and rolling up and down the black cliffs in wonderful whiteness. The capacity of every one of the children for a different kind of enjoyment in their walks makes them the most delightful company in the world—one is compelled to see and to listen to everything and to know everything and have an opinion about everything.

Twenty-one years ago my wife and I stayed at Boscastle and thought it then, as now, the most *original* and fantastic of our headlands and coves. Mrs Scott, the landlady of the Wellington Arms, knew us perfectly when I saw her again two or three years

ago, spoke of our *then one* child and of the strangeness of "coming back as our Bishop," had heard of our trouble and knew it was *the* child. She herself has a life-trouble of her own, having long ago become quite blind with no apparent cause. She is sure, she said, that without knowing it she has done some great wrong somewhen and desires to be shown what it is. With her two faithful maids, absolutely devoted to her, she has become in spite of her blindness the best manager of a hotel that can be fancied—sees to, does everything and pleases everyone as if she saw all.

Remember the flowery slope of grass from which we watched the clear cut, black wild outlines against the sea burnished above and transparent green below. And the Eastern sky at sunset rose pink and forget-me-not blue, behind the wildest masses of dun and purple and ashen clouds rising against the wind.

*August* 23. Went to Lesnewth and thence with the Townends to Crackington Horn. The bedding and cleavage of the strata most remarkable and the Eastern head very fine. The sea, as might be expected, rolling in huge and white and the foam fluttering up the gully—had tea all of us in a cheerful woman's cottage who had twelve children; the wide fire-place and the smoky rich-tinted rafters delighted the children. Canon Gregory[1], who two years since took Townend's duty, told us it was simply the best worked parish he had ever been in—but S. A—— is in a sad way. An infirm old man who will not resign because he is fond of his house, and will not have a curate, and gives his people one service in the evening by a tired parson from B——.

Z—— told us a strange story of an old bachelor farmer of his parish who lives alone and does all his work with his own hands indoors and out. Eats hugely—kills a sheep and eats at it till it is gone—has in his rack beef salted seven years ago, "too hard now," he says, "to eat"—lies in bed till 11 and sits up till 2 or 3, fetches the cattle in and milks them in his second sitting room at 11 p.m., never goes to a place of worship "because he has no time"—is generous in gifts and has no love of money, but every year suffers a distraint rather than pay the full rate which he considers excessive—will not put up on his wall an almanac which Z. gave him hoping his eye would catch a text at times, "We don't put things up in a farm, as labourers do on cottage walls."

*August* 30. In morning went with Maggie to talk to the

[1] Now Dean of St Paul's.

Blacksmith's wife, to see old Hague at Tremail, formerly schoolmaster, now 83 and crippled—and Louie Greenwood, a West Indian half-caste, 87 years old, who has lived in Davidstowe 60 years. The beauty, fair cleanness and sweetness of the houses and persons of these poor people was striking. In colder air and climate I am sure there is more attention to neatness. It is not so in South Cornwall. Their grace, ease and manners altogether, the simple way they welcome us and say what is in their hearts so sensibly and without either "independence" or over deference, is beautiful. They sit down easily and pay their little compliments and talk naturally of their own affairs with as much courtesy as the most cultured people. But they say "We don't know much, you know—it's only from house to church and from church to house with us." They are rejoicing in there being a christening on Sunday, "something for us to talk about, the Bishop christening"—and in so many young men having been at the last "bishopping," but "the women don't go to church now after their babies are born as they used to."

After lunch walked with the boys nearly to Tintagel, the rest driving, and we spent a beautiful afternoon on the sward and rocks with the bluest of sea all round. I walked back in the full moon alone by Slaughter Bridge, and am glad to have walked 18 miles or so to-day without being tired.

The Archbishop is better, by this morning's letter. We have heard daily from Lucy or some one of them, and his sad and threatening state following on months of strength gradually decreasing, as it seemed, filled all with apprehension far beyond the actual illness, serious as that might become alone. I cannot conceive what will become of us in the next few years if God takes him from our head. That "gracious life" with its hold on the laity of England seems our sheet anchor in the shifting storms of the present.

*Sept.* 2. Went with A., Maggie, Fred and Hugh to the top of Roughtor, defying this tremendous continuance of bad weather—a very grand walk though the wind was very violent and we were caught in flying sands, and the ground was wet and boggy. The view beautiful—Tintagel mystical thro' rainy films, and Padstow harbour gleaming like a silver thread. A troop of very pretty ponies grazing as well as sheep and small red bullocks —distant valleys palely discernible.

The children have been much excited by choosing whether

they would rather be "a bigoted dotard or a shallow empiric," if compelled to choose one—have chosen as I should expect. In the evening we had their "Saturday Mag.," to which Arthur contributed two extremely good poems, "Vates Sepultus," and one in which the imagery from this scenery was excellent—and Hugh some most laughable ghost stories.

*Sept.* 6. To Trevalga with the children. A glorious bright day once more of dewy blues and antique gold. The cliffs almost finer than Tintagel—rent shale and black intersected with white quartz distinguish this and the Boscastle cliffs from each other.

*Sept.* 13. One of the most delightful days of my life—by earliest train to Penzance, breakfasted there, drove to Logan Rock to top of which all climbed. Then walked with them by Tol Pedn Penwith to Land's End. The beauty and glory of rock, sea, sky and air and the dear enjoyment of these earnest children—as joyous as they are good—Fred's splendid dash up and down the rocks after a Clouded Yellow which he secured, and Hugh's endless similes for every effect. The peaceful penetrating delight of Maggie, and Nellie's capital sketching. The climax came sitting on Land's End itself, eating pounds of great grapes. Home by the latest train. All most delightful, and yet—.

The following extract from my father's Diary of 1882 shows the kind of work in which he was engaged and his eager interest in the parochial associations, sanctified or unsanctified, of his beloved diocese.

*July* 30. After Communion in Kenwyn and Mattins in Chapel drove with Maggie and the Ghicas[1] to Redruth and then in Molesworth St Aubyn's[2] carriage to Clowance to open the Mission Chapel for Leeds Town two miles further on—six or seven clergy there and good singing. The old incumbent of Crowan[3] 76 years old and youngest of the party. It was a very characteristic Cornish scene—driving thro' Chacewater and Redruth, places utterly lost to the Church long since, where one has invariably the sense that "one is not wanted here," out to D——

[1] Prince and Princess Demetrius Ghica of Roumania. Prince D. Ghica was an old Wellingtonian, and a much-beloved pupil of my father's; he is now the Roumanian representative at the Court of Berlin.

[2] The Rev. H. M. St Aubyn. [3] The Rev. J. W. Johns.

where for the best of reasons not ten people are church people. The crowd was so great that I went after prayers into the porch and preached in the open air—a very large and very attentive mass of people. But tho' I said "Hats off for the prayer, please, and then put them on again," the Ghicas were shocked to see how few moved their hats. "Even Turks," said Ghica, "take off their fez when they enter a church in the East—and I have even seen Turkish officers cross themselves from a sense of propriety on passing the threshold." But something has destroyed reverence for the things of men and the things of God. B—— told me that a connection of his was formerly incumbent of D——, and had a curate who came in from A—— to do the duty, once or twice a Sunday. But the Vicar not only did no duty, while he lived in the Vicarage close by, but he did not even go to church. When the congregation came out he would appear with a flowered dressing-gown and a hookah and affectionately salute them. The Squire, who was the Vicar's cousin, would remonstrate with him—"I don't urge you to *do* anything, but for the sake of example, couldn't you just *go* to church sometimes?" "Couldn't, my dear fellow; couldn't do it," was the answer. This man closed his ministerial career by eloping with a neighbour's wife.

We robed at a small farmer's close by (though in Gwinear) and when I thanked the farmer's wife, she said "It's such a pleasure, you are so like brother"—and she made me write in her album, saying, "I don't know whether I shall ever hear *this great fellow* again,"—a perfectly respectful expression *in its intention*, as St Aubyn said.

In September my father and mother with my eldest sister and myself visited Addington, the Archbishop being dangerously ill. My father wrote in his Diary:—

*Addington Park, Sept.* 27. The beautiful wood-walks were laid out by Mrs Howley. It is odd that the first description I can remember reading of any place, as a child of 9 or 10, was a long account of Addington in the *Saturday Magazine*. It described these slopes, the Archbishop gently walking about them, and the view studded, I remember it said, with "third class gentlemen's seats."

It is very strange that the first time we were asked to stay here, we were prevented by our dearest Martin's sudden illness

and death. The second time I came Craufurd Tait lay dying and died in a few days. The third time the beloved Archbishop himself lies at death's door—believed a few days since to be passing within it, and now with his extraordinary vitality and calmness safe as I trust and believe, though it will be long before doctors will say out of danger.

*October* 4. Far the best speech[1] was Randall Davidson's—among happy illustrations was "The shillelagh-loving theological critic of the church papers—who dashed in hitting freely on both sides and all round him, and piously ejaculating 'God grant I may be fighting on the right side.'"

His youngest sister, Ada, wife of Andrew McDowall, was at this time very ill at Bedford. The Bishop wrote in his Diary:—

*October* 11, 1882. Committees again.

Sad telegram—Thynne[2] to go, if need be, to Pelynt for me.

Very singular results of Committees—£5000 less spent on Church Fabrics this year than last, excluding the Cathedral. Seems to show that "Restoration" good and bad has done with Cornwall very nearly. Almost all churches are restored. There are many more children in Sunday Schools this year than last. Only 33 parishes avail themselves of the Sunday School Teachers' examinations, but the work of those we hear is excellent.

And so on and so on—and all the while one's heart very far from one's eyes and ears. Telegraph to Bedford to learn what is there. Answer, "She passed away peacefully at 5.30 this afternoon." "Little Ada"—upright, devout, conscientious, laborious, able Ada—gone—just after "never so well." What a beautiful life it has been. She was ten years old when I remember her confiding to me that she was determined to work hard—be a governess—earn money all her own and restore a certain decrepit pinnacle which there was on choir of Lichfield Cathedral, when we lived there for a few months. And that she has been ever since—the student, the educationalist and the churchwoman. After being brought up with my wife at Rugby, she went for a year or two to Germany, then to France, and after all manner of good work with this end in view, she offered herself to the

[1] At the Derby Church Congress.

[2] Canon A. C. Thynne, Rector of Kilkhampton.

High Schools Committee to commence their work at Norwich. When she arrived she was dissatisfied with both the size and situation of the house taken for the Schools, and telegraphed to the Committee that the principal house in the city was just vacant by the death of its owner, Sir Wm. Foster, and was to be let—and recommended them to take it. They replied that it was hopeless to afford and chimerical to attempt such an establishment with no girls in prospect. She replied shortly, "that if they would not take it for their schools, she would." Then they agreed and she shortly had 150 girls of the middle classes and upper middle thoroughly organized and at work. Dean Goulburn became very great friends with her, but the climate (naturally) disagreed with her and she offered to open Oxford High School for them in the same way, and did so with still more remarkable success. But it tried her health and then she married Andrew McDowall, the sweetest and most devoted of husbands. I was horror stricken when a few months ago she wrote to tell me that she had resolved, offered, and been accepted to undertake the foundation of the High School at Bedford. We trembled for her health—her husband opposed it and insisted on keeping on their London house until at least she had tried it. She tried it, health improved, enjoyment great, organization always easy to her—everything bright. The London house given up just two or three weeks ago—a happy healthy confinement and then—all over. Such a life. Bright, capable, strong, holy.

The incompleteness of Individual Life here, as set against the perfect fulfilment of all laws in Social Life, is to Henry George the argument for Individual Life having to be lived out elsewhere.

Once the Governors gave her trouble about teaching Divinity on an undenominational basis. This she declared to be nonsense. They persisted on the ground "that however they would trust her they could not consent to trust all other teachers in the school to teach Divinity or Religion except without formulas or doctrines." She settled that by taking the whole of the classes herself.

I never can see so affecting a funeral—the noble unfinished buildings of her school—the girls standing in rows holding each a wreath—Mrs Max Müller and Miss Smith and fourteen of her old pupils and mistresses from Oxford. The governors and as it seemed all Bedford and her little babe—and the flower-heaped grave—and the strange sky in which one seemed to see grand

figures seated in long lines on either side of a saffron rift in the clouds, the throned forms paling away as the flush deepened towards one central figure—"That we be not sorry as men without hope."—The perfectly lonely husband and the babes—What will God do for these? "He woundeth and his hands make whole."

*To Christopher Benson, on the death of their sister Ada, Mrs McDowall.*

TRURO,
16 *Oct.* 1882.

MY DEAR CHRIS,

I must write you a line of family sorrow and brotherly hope in the light of Christ.

For what a dreary world it would be if we had to depend on it, and it upon itself.

But of all the wonderful thoughts that crowd round the door of the next world, none now impresses me more than the consideration of the greatness of the instantaneous bound in *knowledge* which must accompany the entrance on the other life, the loving knowledge which, if they are happy at all, must at once possess them that it *is* good for us as well as for them that they should leave us to sorrow for the time.

We cannot see it. But it helps me to think not only that God sees it, but that one who was lately just like myself sees it now—sees it good for the husband, good for the little children, and knows what *is* good. It helps me to feel I don't know everything, and should make such blunders if things were left to me, and that my love's imperfectness can be shown in nothing more than in that my love would, if it could, hinder God's love in its working. We must bethink ourselves *how* A. is to bring up his children. But some way or other the awful change is all right.

He bears up—or rather Faith bears him up.

I hope Agnes and you are well. I am afraid I'm not up to much writing yet.

Your ever loving brother,

E. W. TRURON.

The Rev. J. Andrewes Reeve, Rector of Lambeth, writes:—

My first introduction to my Master was at Wellington College. I had received a title for St Mary's, Nottingham, which was then in Lincoln Diocese, and I was summoned by Dr Benson as one of the Bishop's examining chaplains for a preliminary interview. I was set to write answers to general questions for some hours, and then late in the afternoon I went to my Examiner's study to have my answers looked over. I shall never forget that half hour; in no other thirty minutes of my life have I ever learnt so much. He made me feel very ignorant, while he showed me how real knowledge might be acquired, and made me long to improve my methods of work: he made me, too, very happy, with his own vigorous and joyful appreciation of the facts on which the Catholic faith rests. I can truly say that I fell in love with my Master that day. In after years when as Bishop he used to ask me to meet his ordination candidates at a Greek Testament reading, or to an after dinner informal talk, I have often watched the same process going on in numbers of other candidates for the holy Ministry: and I believe it expresses one of the most important ways in which his life has influenced, and is influencing, those who had the happiness to come into contact of this kind with him. He was full of strong joy: he knew how to do things: and how to make others long to help in far-reaching plans. He has left us with a great desire to do our work thoroughly, as he would have it done; and with a great hope that some of the things we do may be used in the Holy Temple which God is building, of which the Cathedral Church of each diocese is a type and picture.

When he was chosen for the newly founded Bishopric of Truro he asked me to leave my dear people at Nottingham and to go with him; the letter he wrote to me always strikes me as one of the most remarkable I have ever read; it changed the whole plan of my life and made it quite clear to me that I must leave a work from which I had hoped nothing but death could ever part me. He began "Πῶς ἂν γένοιτο ἡμῖν μὴ καυχᾶσθαι, εἰ μὴ ἐν τῷ ✠[1]; But I hope that is really only a boasting in the Cross which makes me unutterably glad to believe on the word of your two dearest friends that you may be looked for to come down and live among and for the poor and the schismatical, with love and guardedness of truth, as a helper of my work and of my joy.... I

[1] "God forbid that we should glory, save in the Cross," Gal. vi. 14 (a free quotation).

believe that your prayers had something to do with my unlooked-for call to Truro, now then mine have their answer and part in my being enabled and bidden to call you thither. And you must not, you must not, you must not, really, on any account say me Nay. You and your Vicar are on such true and noble terms that I will not write to him first, until you have talked with him, or else asked me to write. But I am sure he will let you, nay tell you to come—and that is what, considering all things, I could say of very few Vicars of this present world. In the next all Vicars will be like him."

Then after describing Kenwyn parish, of which I was to be curate, he says, "We shall have daily services I suppose, for our church will have to serve for our chapel—it is close to the house. The Church a fine old granite Perpendicular place, in good order, and a good organ: where I suppose, I shall be on Sundays, more often than in 'The Cathedral' a good deal. *Au reste, to find out what has to be done: to do it: to keep our own counsel before, during, after*—to offend no man; to win what we can; to glory in tribulation; to endure hardness; to rise by failing; to win by yielding; to yield nothing except as a tide and for the same ends; to love one another; to make all men see that Jesus lives; to make all men see what is the Fellowship in that mystery, the Church; to pray ἀδιαλείπτως τοῖς ἄλλοις κηρύξαντας μὴ γενέσθαι ἀδοκίμους[1]."

Any man would have been faithless who had not responded to such a call as this; and for five happy years it was my joy to be very near my Master, and to be given his fullest confidence. Mason and Walpole came down to Truro at the beginning, and Whitaker and Carter soon followed; the present Bishop of St Andrews used to come at Ordination times. I think we all felt always that our free intercourse with our Bishop was the great privilege of our lives. His tone was high and unworldly, he made us feel the greatness of little things; he would take the same sort of interest in an account I might have to give of a mission service in a barn, or of the extempore prayer of a poor cobbler, as he would in a plan for Cathedral building, or Chapter making. The Sunday night suppers, when we were all expected, were indeed love feasts never to be forgotten. I usually came in very late from some class or prayer meeting; often tired, often even disheartened. How I used to hurry in when the work was done, wondering what subject in the heavens above or the earth beneath

[1] "Without ceasing, that having preached to others we should not be rejected." Cf. 1 Cor. ix. 27.

I should find under discussion at the supper table! I was met perhaps with the most delightful and kindly banter and chaff, which made one fresh and keen again, and ready to listen at any rate to the serious subject which would presently be resumed. Very often it was some passage of Scripture which our Master was illuminating. I feel that I know incidents in the Old and New Testaments which I have heard him talk over, in quite a different sense from that in which I know others. I remember his speaking of the possibility of the story of the first sin being a "myth," and of how natural it was as God taught us in Holy Scripture by fable, parable, allegory, lyric poem, and the rest, that he should also use the "myth." Another time he explained to my astonishment how possible it was that Abraham's thought of slaying Isaac may have come to him from living among a people who practised human sacrifices and "passed their children through the fire." Yet all the while he would insist on treating Holy Scripture as the Church had always done, with reverence and holy fear. I think his reverence for the Church and his clear grasp of the wonderful mystery of God in all ages working through and by the Church was the deepest thought in him. He would see in the "Amens" and "Alleluias" of a methodist prayer meeting "rudimentary liturgies"; and would trace in the often extravagant utterances of extempore prayer a remnant of that early gift of prophecy in the Church, which St Paul feared though he dared not disparage. The constant theme of his conversation was the bringing back of the old ideal: he taught us to long after Church life as lived in the Acts of the Apostles, and he tried to make us ashamed of any lower ambition, or meaner motive. I believe that all his work for his new diocese was inspired with the same high hope. His cordial intercourse with the great laymen of Cornwall, with municipal authorities, or with working men was all instinct with the same beautiful and conquering purpose. "It may not come (isn't likely to come) in our day; we shall pass away without seeing a change in God's great purposes." "Our work is not Restoration, but work at Restoration."

When I had to leave Kenwyn for St Just-in-Penwith, I felt that I was leaving the centre of the Anglican communion, for my daily intercourse with my Master, and his gradual but very rapid rise in importance in Church counselling, kept me in touch with the chief topics of the day. My new parish was remote, with the

Atlantic as my chief neighbour, where Churchmen were even more scarce than trees: but I can truly say I never regretted what I had lost; it was all a rich and real possession; just as is the whole memory of his life now that he has passed into the refreshment of Paradise.

A little while before he left Truro for Canterbury I spent two quiet days with him and his at Kenwyn to bid them farewell. He told me of course much about his hopes and fears for his new life. I remember especially one thing he said in a walk through the Cornish lanes, which well illustrates the way he afterwards acted as Primate. He was saying how that in Truro he had surrounded himself with us moderate high churchmen, and that we had indeed been happy. "Now," he went on, "I shall be Archbishop of the *whole* Church, but" (with a bright look in his eye) "I mean to rule."

I think he thoroughly appreciated and in a sense enjoyed the outward circumstance and grandeur of the position, so unique and exalted, to which he was called. He honoured and respected great men as those called by God to rule and guide nations; and he was glad to be admitted to all high councils as a sign that CHRIST had overcome the world, and that His life is still the greatest fact in history, and in the present field of thought and action. Yet he was in a true, and even in an unusual sense, a humble man. A Christmas card he sent me on his exaltation to the Primacy expresses this very well: he wrote on the back of it, "Dearest, dearest Reeve—keep this poor card as a remembrance in some book of your prayers, of how great is my poverty and need of grace and gift and strength—and win for me what you can. All your love of all these years seems present at once. God keep and reward you. E. W. Truron." I remember well how when he first asked me to preach for the Assyrian Mission in which the workers, men and women, receive no settled pay, he begged me to emphasize this: saying, somewhat sadly, how difficult it was for him to state the importance of a voluntary poverty and a hard life himself. Though he knew well how to accept and adorn the position of Patriarch of English speaking Churches, he appreciated very fully the fact that it is chiefly by suffering, and by enduring hardness, that men are able to win the greatest victories for Christ, and "to carry out the work of man's salvation."

I will give one more of the many delightful letters I have received from him. I had sent him a remarkable little piece of

his old diocese, when he had been Archbishop for some time; it was a piece of granite in which crystallization had taken the form of a cross, the coming event thus casting its shadow before it.

"Dearest John,—How delightful, a piece of imperishable Cornish earth, which before the world was, signed Cornwall with the Sign of the Cross. It is all one continuous strain which flows on in your being Vicar of St Just. This will long grace Lambeth—and won't be at an end when the world is. Even the "Stony Ground" has its morals, and is good ground in its right place. When you are *near* Babylon, even if near is rather far, mind you slip into the Maelstrom and get whirled here. How we should rejoice at your coming.

"Give my loving respects to Mrs Reeve and remember me to all old friends. I suppose the good work goes on, with many halts and jolts, and sometimes making *you* feel too as if all your bones were out of joint—yet still on. God love and keep you—fair head and warm heart. Your loving, Edw. Cantuar."

I never realised till he asked me to be Vicar of Addington how much I longed to be near him; and the happiness of being with him first in his country home, and afterwards at Lambeth, has been to me a fresh and joyful inspiration. Of course the constant calls, political, social, and religious, upon an Archbishop's time, prevented my seeing very much of him, but when we were alone together the old joyful intercourse, and heart to heart communion, always began. He often talked of the old Truro days with their high hopes and unusual happiness: "Ah! we should never have left Cornwall," he would laughingly say. All who have worked directly under him would I am sure agree that the trust he reposed in men he trusted was very remarkable: he often quite frightened me with his confidences, and with the deference he seemed to pay to my opinion: and yet he knew how to keep a secret better than most. I remember one very interesting example. I was with him a good deal in Switzerland in the summer in which he was writing the Lincoln Judgment: we discussed the many subjects bearing on the questions on his mind very fully and very freely on mountains and glaciers: he tried to get from me the results which I thought would follow if the judgment went this way or that; but he never gave me the least hint as to which way the judgment would go; and much of it was as great an astonishment to me as to any one else when it was published to the world.

His beautiful and romantic death fitly crowned his life; and those who love him best cannot, and do not, regret him. I was happy to be allowed to watch by his coffin for the last hour before the funeral, as it rested on the spot where Becket died; and now it is one of my great hopes of the future that I may in the after-world be allowed to do some act of service for him and under him. I mean to pray for him every time I offer the Holy Gifts in the Holy Places, until I die; and the memory of all he has been to me makes me long to do any bit of remaining work better, and in a way which may win his rarely given praise.

Canon F. E. Carter, of Canterbury, writes :—

My first sight of him was in the University pulpit at Cambridge, on the first Sunday of my Freshman's Term—strangely enough when I consider how he was to become my Master in after years. He was preaching the course of sermons on Work, Friendship and Worship which he afterwards published with that exquisite and characteristic dedication to Lightfoot and Westcott—

*συνέργοιν ὁμοψύχοιν συνδούλοιν οὐκ ἄξιος*[1].

I was far too "fresh" and immature to follow at all clearly the meaning of his difficult sentences: but the splendour of one or two of them still hangs about my memory. I saw him next two years later in St Michael's church at Cambridge when he was preaching to the "Church Society" a noble sermon on the relation of Truth to Life which he afterwards published with the title of *ἐπιχορηγία*[2]. It was full of his ideals for Cathedral Life and Worship—especially of the development of lay ministries. He drew a glowing picture of how the "great spaces" of a Cathedral choir might be filled with lay workers as well as clergy—"a sight such as no mediaeval church ever saw—a more glorious troop than any which Fabian or Paulinus or even Cyprian counted." In the vestry afterwards I was standing by Mr Mason,—then I think President of the "Church Society,"—who was thanking him warmly for his sermon: and I had the first near sight of that radiant tender half-deprecating look which I learnt afterwards to know so well. How little any one of us could then guess that we should be linked together in the beginnings of Cathedral life at Truro.

[1] To two fellow-workers and fellow-servants of kindred spirit their unworthy friend.

[2] "That which every joint supplieth," Eph. iv. 16.

In the Advent of 1878, a year and a half after his consecration, I went down to Truro to be ordained by him. I can see him now as he sat at the end of the dining-room table at Kenwyn in his purple cassock, giving us candidates a Greek Testament reading on the first day of the Embertide Retreat. It was always a great feature of his days with the ordinands. Each one had to translate a verse in turn: and as every blunder was unsparingly corrected, it was, to begin with, rather a formidable and dry proceeding. But when he began to go back over a section and draw out—largely by questions—all sorts of unexpected meanings and applications, the whole class soon caught something of his warmth. His way of ejaculating "eh!" after a sentence, with an eager look to one and another as if to gain assent to his meaning, will be remembered by many. Our reading that day was on the Seven Epistles of the Revelation; and I well remember the tender words with which he closed after expounding the Epistle to Philadelphia. "Now, dear friends, do put yourselves in an attitude of adoring love to this Lord to-day and to-morrow. He gives you the key of David. All you have to do is patiently and quietly to fit it into the wards of the hearts of your young men and people, and turn it.... No combativeness! no party names! And whether joyousness comes or goes, do your day's work determinedly, till the day shall come when He shall give you the name which no man knoweth save he to whom it is given!"

All through those earliest years at Truro, we lived and worked in an atmosphere of ideals of which he was the inspirer. The position was full of delicacy, at every turn, for both leader and led. Not only were the Dissenters watching, in many quarters with considerable suspicion, every new move of the Church: but some of the clergy and laity of the old régime were not unnaturally a little sceptical about the issue of all the new plans and organisations which were being floated. But his radiant presence carried us all along—at any rate, those who were working more immediately round him—with unbounded enthusiasm and hope. He made us, great and small alike, feel that we had a share in a splendid venture of Church life and that every task and every detail in it might have an infinite worth. I am sure that one great secret of his influence over men lay in his power of revealing the greatness of things that seemed commonplace and little to ordinary eyes. He ennobled everything: and while he was not at all prodigal with his praises, he let you see how entirely he

trusted you, how he expected you to do the right thing. It seems almost absurd to say that there was not one atom of officialism or pomposity in his manner. His delightful freedom and naturalness—and at times gaiety—set anyone who had to work with him at their ease—and often thrilled one with pleasure. I remember an accountant at Truro who had periodically to make up some school accounts with him, telling me what a delight his hours at Kenwyn with the Bishop were. He was indeed a man of many moods. He could be on occasion severe and peremptory —and even at times, I have thought, unfair in his judgment on anything that seemed like weakness or, yet more, egotism. I remember how at that Bible reading which I have described, when some unfortunate candidate interposed a well-meaning, but, as the Bishop thought, an ill-timed question, he turned on him in a moment, "Think, Mr —, I want you to *think*. Don't talk." I once saw him in his study blaze out with wrath on a man who was really very dear to him, because he had reported to the Bishop some gossip that was rife in a certain parish. "What do you tell me such things for? You make me as miserable as yourself. Gossiping ears are as bad as gossiping tongues." But the high temper was sure to be succeeded by some delicate tenderness of manner or speech, which only deepened one's devotion to him. But egotism or vanity stirred him to the depths. I once accompanied him to a Confirmation where the candidates were shamefully few and the service indevout. Afterwards at the Vicarage the parochus—a shallow garrulous Irishman—was talking of his work and his workers in the most self-satisfied tone. I saw the Bishop's face darkening. At last we started in the carriage—and almost before we had turned the corner of the drive he positively shook me, by way of relieving his feelings, crying "Oh! that wretched man! *my* parish!—*my* workers! Did you ever see such a miserable state of things?"

One element of the charm which he exercised over most of us was, I think, his power of listening, with such genuine interest, to what one was trying to say. It would never have occurred to describe his manner as being "very kind": a phrase that so often suggests a studied condescension of manner which is apt to betray weariness and even contempt behind it. He really seemed to want to get beneath your words, to know what you were thinking and wishing. It was this exquisitely natural courtesy coupled with such μεγαλοπρέπεια of presence and voice which, as much as anything

else, won the hearts of the Cornish people as he moved up and down the Diocese. He once said to me that the way to deal with the Cornish was to surprise them. Certainly he *surprised* them into admiration and—though reverence is not one of their striking characteristics—into reverence for him. I am sure that his words were often hard sayings to them. And I doubt if he always satisfied the Dissenters of his being a "converted" man, for neither his mind nor lips could shape the kind of pious speech to which they attach such value. But they felt that the knowledge of them and their surroundings and their history, and his interest in them, was quite boundless—and the best of them, at any rate, yielded readily to his spell. "A fine man, Mr Benson," a burly farmer in North Cornwall once said to me, belonging to a parish where the Bishop had once spent a summer holiday. "A clever chap, he is," I once heard one working man say to another, when leaving the wooden cathedral after one of his lectures on Cyprian. I have often dared to think that his greatness was more apparent as Bishop of Truro than as Archbishop. In Cornwall he was a creator: and the very simplicity and romance of his surroundings, and his remoteness from great centres, only made the characteristic features of his character shine out more attractively. But perhaps I am a prejudiced and partial critic. It will be more to the point if I were to tell the story of one bit of work which brought me for the first time into close contact with him and which illustrates his extraordinary power of seizing and glorifying an opportunity which in other hands must have been reckoned trivial or even neglected. At the end of my first year in Cornwall, just before Advent, he sent for me to tell me that he wanted me, or as he put it, "Would I not like to go and take charge of Endellion," a vacant parish on the North coast. He had the churchwarden's letter in his hand, telling of the death of the Rector —a wonderful old man whose life, if it were written, would rival the romance of Hawker of Morwenstow. Then the map was brought out, and the whole story of the parish was told to me—how Endellion was the only one of the old collegiate churches in Cornwall that, by some strange chance, had kept its ancient prebends, though they had been sinecures and held by non-residents time out of mind—how the parish included the little fishing-town of Port Isaac with 900 souls, with no church, no ministrations—and how the whole parish had been pitiably

neglected. It was just a situation of affairs to fascinate him. And off I went with most exact and inspiring directions as to what I was to do. All through that winter I lived down in Port Isaac, sending him constant reports of progress and difficulties. Here is his reply to my first report, in which I told him of a failure to get the Board school for a service. "Thank you for your excellent and delightful letter—with all its interest and spirit.... Do not have one other word on the subject of even asking to have the Board school. On the contrary, let Sir Roger Bigot" (referring to a member of the board who had opposed me) "have speech of you, and quite cheerfully, and by merely a passing shot assure him that nothing could induce you to go there. But see and talk seriously to as many people, especially men, down at Port Isaac—not as making a set at them for the Church, but as one who cares for their souls and is quite clear of his own position. 'Sursum cor' as you approach each man, and God will give you a mouth and wisdom for passing remarks as much as for your sermons. Don't set such a man as Sir Guy of Warwick" (a play on the name of another Dissenter of whom I had told him) "*imagining*." Could any counsel to a young clergyman be more exhilarating, more tender, more wise? Here is a scrap written hastily on a half sheet later on, about a curate whom I had nearly secured for Port Isaac, but who doubted whether he would be doing justice to himself and his future by going to such an out-of-the-way place. (I had sent the Bishop his letter.) "I think it will be better if I have not seen this letter. No 'call'—no Comforter—no Christ or Master. Only 'work' for man: only 'what I owe to myself.' What *does* one owe to oneself? I shall not release him, but you needn't *know* that. Only I'm sure that you would feel sure of it. The case isn't exceptional in the least. If he were allowed to go, he would be one more of the lost, ruined, tumble-down creatures that are about. I should have liked to see you once more. Best love. I'm ashamed of going and leaving you all, but I am afraid I am at the end of my steam!"

It was with letters like this that he was always guiding and stimulating and delighting all who looked to him for counsel. Many such are treasured by clergy and lay people in Cornwall.

*To his daughter Mary Eleanor.*

TRURO.
8 *March*, 1882.

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER AND LOVE,

I have had a delicious ride with Hugh this afternoon, out by Piran road, then to right at Short Lanes, round towards St Allen, and striking off to the right to go through Bishop's Wood, and past the Mills home by Idless. Birds singing, palms fresh out, trees purpling to burst, fields being harrowed, lime-dust blowing in puffs off the new-spread fields, and as we splish-splashed along the soft lane through the woods, the child laughing behind me as St George[1] splashed him and Charlie[2] from head to foot.

I had such a drive across Cornwall yesterday—first from Launceston early to Altarnun (i.e. Altar of Nonna, St David's mother), then a Confirmation in grand old Church with great screen, and among some bits of stone I picked out basin and shaft of a Norman Piscina which the parson had never seen! But Church matters very feeble there.

Then a long drive to Southill—and a Confirmation of 60 attentive people, old and young—and again a rapid drive over the Cornish highlands—out of sunshine up into a cold blind fog—and down again into air as warm as milk—and home by 8 o'clock.

Some holidays or other you must go with me on one of my turns and read and talk to me in the carriage between the Churches—I had rather have you than the best of Rural Deans—good and kind as they be.

Your most loving father,

E. W. TRURON.

*To Henry Bradshaw, on the new Chapter of Truro.*

TRURO, 22 *March*, 1882.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I burn to ask you on the spot and within the granite walls of the future (nay almost existent) choir, how to people it properly for the great practical age that is coming.

And (though I ought not to say it to any one less indulgent

[1] The Bishop's horse. [2] The pony.

than you)—it *is* somehow very interesting actually to see a live Cathedral growing in granite and already near 30 feet out of the ground—and to feel that until it is done, even spiritual work wants a fulcrum. Cranes swinging stones of 5 tons and chisels tinkling all day, and little arcades springing to life—what does it all mean?

It's an illustrative example of the theory which you are working out for us—and you *must* come and see it.

Your most affectionate,

E. W. TRURON.

*To his son Arthur, on the death of Lord F. Cavendish.*

LOLLARDS' TOWER till TRURO
on SATURDAY.
10 *May*, 1882.

MY DEAREST ARTHUR,

I have been so busy and moving about. On Sunday I was at Oxford and staying with the Talbots. Mrs Talbot is Lady F. Cavendish's sister, so that the horror of this dreadful event was close on her, and in fact I had to break it to the Warden early and afterwards tell Mrs Talbot. I never heard anything so noble as Lady F. C.'s behaviour—no single word or touch of vindictiveness, "nothing common or mean"—only the hope coming to her at once that this innocent death might be the beginning of light for Ireland, and all night quietly speaking from time to time of the Passion of our Lord—"His Mother could not have understood it at the time,"—"it must have been all dark to her."

God bless and keep you.

Ever your loving father,

E. W. TRURON.

*To his son Arthur.*

LOLLARDS' TOWER.
14 *June*, 1882.

MY DEAREST LAD,

I have just come up and found your letter. Your mother told me she had one from you, on the closure of which was written in "minusculas Litteras ad patrem misi *ad Truro*." I thought this rather a barbarous jest, but now conjecture it to

have been *ad Turrim.* (Lollards' Tower.) Forgive the elevation of my style—I am entirely indebted for it to Miss Austen, whose living pictures of men and women, manners and womaners, I have been for some time contemplating. You see the inferior characters take most hold upon me.

We were expecting to hear from you every post, but the epistle you indicated has been reposing here.

Your most loving father,

E. W. TRURON.

*To his son Arthur, on* (1) *Sunday School work,* (2) *on the death of F. M. Balfour*[1].

TRURO, *Aug.* 9, 1882.

MY DEAREST BOY,

We will have a talk about Sunday School work and the like. Few questions are more vital to the Church life of the xixth century in England for the masses. How can it be otherwise? The seething future is all quietly at school now,—like pools above the waterfall. Are we to go on wasting and neglecting all the force, and watching it tear its own rocks down?

F. Balfour—it is one of the salient instances of the mystery of Life and Death, is it not?

As regards the occurrence itself, if it is true that it was due to wilfulness, (*but* he left England, I believe determined to do nothing rash)—it is like all the course from first to last of the *material* laws—careless and wilful people are shorn down by them inexorably. It is written in nature that people must not be careless or wilful. If it were not so, and if the punishment were not very heavy and very certain, material civilisation would not exist. The whole *material* structure is raised on the world-long

[1] Francis Maitland Balfour, F.R.S., a brother of the Rt Hon. Arthur Balfour, was Professor of Animal Morphology at Cambridge. In July, 1882, while attempting the ascent of the Aiguille Blanche de Penteret, he and his Alpine guide fell and were killed. His great work, published in 1880—1 was a treatise on Embryology of the most erudite and lucid kind: at his death he was only in his 31st year. "To his friends," writes Professor Michael Foster, "his intellectual powers seemed a part only of his worth. High-minded, generous, courteous, a brilliant fascinating companion, a stedfast loving friend, he won, as few men ever did, the hearts of all who were privileged to know him." *Dict. Nat. Biog.* vol. III. 52. It may be noted in passing that Mr Balfour's sister, Eleanor Mildred, had been married in 1876 to Mr Henry Sidgwick, the Archbishop's brother-in-law.

experience of *necessary precaution*, so to speak. Houses, towns, dress, habits are created out of this, and it does not make any difference *who* transgresses. There can be, ought to be no (difference).

We mourn when any one prefers the minute chances of escape to the duty of caution. But this may *not* apply to poor F. B.

What a genius he must have been—and with that characteristic of true genius which Carlyle calls "the transcendent capacity for taking trouble." I heard of a German Professor coming to England and Cambridge on purpose to look at the brilliant explorer, and being awfully disconcerted at finding the beautiful young fellow playing tennis in flannels. His devotion to Cambridge is very touching too.

If your question regards the *Spiritual* problem of such Life and Death, must we not be most ready to own that, as God cares for the holy and reverend heathen,—as those whom He calls in His Son are separate in some ways from those whom He calls ἐν ἀγνωστίᾳ, and have greater honour and greater burden—so also, if through the circumstances of any secular development, or current of opinion, or personal circumstances, any are swept away from their standing in Christ Jesus, He will know how to deal with *them* also? "God had mercy on me because I did it ἀγνοῶν, ἐν ἀπιστίᾳ[1]," must apply to those who are honestly, and without losing the love of truth, and alas, very often by the fault, not of the Church, but of the *personnel* of the Church, overpowered in their convictions—as well as to those who have never been able to receive it. And if we hope in a remedial discipline hereafter, can we limit it?

Yet you see plainly how awful is the duty of holding the Truth we do know. What an exchange from a region of certainty and Light to a region of only hope and dimness—and if there is the least moral fault in the fall how infinitely difficult it would be to recover it—and it is seldom that it is not accompanied by some turning away from goodness. If what we hear is true of F. B. it was not so with him. Surely intellectual shadows—and their recovery—would come. But this does not seem common. Let us hold fast τὴν ὁμολογίαν τῆς ἐλπίδος ἀκλινῆ[2].

Your loving father,

EDW. TRURON.

[1] "Ignorantly in unbelief," 1 Tim. i. 13.

[2] "The confession of our hope without wavering," Heb. x. 23.

*To Canon Westcott, on his being elected Fellow (Professorial) of King's.*

*Oct.* 23, 1882.

My dear Professor,

It must be a great satisfaction to your son[1] to find you following his steps so closely, and obtaining your fellowship so soon after him.

And I am sure you feel that, if you work, and do not let yourself be dazzled by this success, a very distinguished career may now be open before you.

After a few years you may not unnaturally look forward to *settling*. But there is time enough for that, and in the mean time you need to keep your mind steadily aloof from all such considerations. They will only distract you. And when the time comes the opportunity will come.

However, these are but personal considerations, and however self-evident, I shall not allow them to interfere with my rejoicing on public ground, and my conviction that Henry the Sixth in Paradise smiles well-pleased.

Your ever affectionate,

E. W. Tr.

*To the Rev. J. A. Reeve, at St Just.*

1 *Dec.* 1882.

Loving Son—what shall I say? Et tu, Brute?

In order that there may be anything like equity in Jacob, there must be method *even* in the Church.

The Deanery is divided into two halves, whereof one is taken every year alternately, and the Towns every year. 1883 is the year for the *Eastern* half of the Deanery. (You led the Rural Dean into error, I conclude? He put you down for a Confirmation.)

Parishes whose turn it is *not* are quite at liberty to resort to any parish whose turn it is, in their off years.

I *have* (I confess) gone sometimes to parishes whose turn it

[1] The Rev. F. B. Westcott, now Headmaster of Sherborne School, who had been elected Fellow of Trin. Coll. Camb. in 1882.

was *not*, when the earnestness of the parish and the Priest were evinced by the numbers that desired my office. Were I like you, and, in my perfectness of view, did "*not* regard *numbers*," of course I should *not* go down to them.

But perhaps it is my descent that infects me, and makes me observe how my forefathers, the Holy Apostles, did emphasize the fact of there being "3000" one day and "about 120 names" on another occasion, and relate of the "153 fishes," types of the called and saved, and the "number sealed in each tribe," and many other such cases—noting even whether "many" or "few" were healed, converted, or had laying on of hands. And if ever I have the joy of beholding Ezekiel and David, and speaking to them of thee, brother, I will for thy sake veil the little fact that "you do not think much of numbers" as they, poor souls, did—and do.

But I doubt not that even thy after-drinking of thy glass of sweetness will find at the last the little lump of verjuice, which you drop quietly into the potion.

And again, if you will look down the little Calendar, which you have received of me, and will (as you know) read into that column of days, the journey every Wednesday to London, and every Saturday back again, perhaps you will then say which day can (you think) be appointed for your extra Confirmation—or, as you put it, for the "advertisement of your blessing."

Nevertheless—*supposing* the Sennen Mission to yield fruit, and *suppose* that you have more knowledge, than you can yet have, of serious people wishing Confirmation for themselves, and that the numbers satisfy me, not you, I shall be as heretofore ready to listen to your reasonable Desires.

Your loving,

E. W. T.

I was extremely sorry you did not come to the Diocesan Conference.

Hadn't you better keep your classes simmering—in expectation that the Sennen Mission will lead to a demand (which would come irresistibly) for a Confirmation there, and then use that for this year?

Your most affectionate,

E. W. Tr.

I *keep* your Methodist Circular, unless you want it. Marvellous.

*To the Rev. R. T. Davidson, on Archbishop Tait's last illness.*

PETERHOUSE LODGE, CAMBRIDGE.
*Nov.* 25, 1882.

MY DEAR DAVIDSON,

I can't rest without writing you a line—not indeed to add to your many cares, or to give you one letter more to write. But simply I cannot (and do not wish to) forget for a minute all I saw and drank in—and I do deeply sympathise with you all in such a trial, every hour.

His own beautiful head and face and the light there is about it—"the crown of glory" on "the way of righteousness," and the loving spirit, which *not* in vain is longing to create peace among the unpeaceful, are a holy support to the faith of those who have now to bear, in watching his passing. He will render an account every way with *joy*, and I hope and pray that his joy may be made fuller by some sign of peace from the fold[1].

I wish I were worthy to think out and send him any message such as a faithful son and servant ought to send him. But he *knows* how I love him, though so unworthily, and I can only ask him to feel that his prayers and efforts for Peace in the Church cannot be in vain, and that many feel that while, in his illness he is shut out from the counselling which *all*—(*all of all parties*, I never saw anything like it) were looking to him for, yet they think that his interceding is only counselling in perhaps a higher and more powerful way. But all this is too weakly expressed to tell him—so please only say how everywhere his flock are loving and praying for him—*everyone* speaks of it with deepest feeling.

I am sure you all are sustained in a wonderful way. The cheerfulness which his daughters are, from holiest reasons, able to put into all their loving work, is the very thing which helps him most. I can't help feeling that it is *given* them of God, for his sake as well as their own. If he got depressed by their depression, I cannot doubt that the pain, which to so great an extent seems to be nervous, would much increase. As long as they can give him the cheerfulness which GOD gives them without any forcing, so long he will suffer much less.

[1] I.e. an expected letter from St Albans, Holborn; see *Abp Tait's Life*, vol. II. pp. 475—480.

Our Salvation Army Committee went through many letters and accounts of the work—which is more favourably reported from the north than from the south—and settled to have a report drafted and brought before them to discuss when they meet again.

Could you look in my bedroom and see if I have left there a most precious *old* Greek Testament?—with the scribbles of 37 years in it—bound in smooth, dark reddish-brown Russian, with uncut edges—a small 8vo. or large 12mo. I should be so grateful for it if I did, ut pupillam oculi.

May I send to all my very loving regards, and assurance of prayers, and to His Grace pietatem venerabundam.

Most sincerely yours ever,

E. W. TRURON.

*To the Rev. R. T. Davidson.*

TRURO, *Advent Sunday*, 1882.

MY DEAR DAVIDSON,

It was so good and kind to send the telegram to us this morning. We had sent down to the post hoping there might be a word, and still hoping what it "*might* be," against all hope. But our best hope now seems such a contrast to the bright reality.

My dearest wife's almost first word, when she could scarcely speak at all, after our Martin's last breath was drawn, was "Oh, Martin, how happy you are now."

And we do indeed feel it. What a meeting on Advent Sunday for the two blessed spirits, and what a sight of the Face of Him whose long delayed coming we keep on earth.

It is so strange a thing always if a public and historical event of a very moving kind, has also its place very near and privately in one's heart, as if it were quite a private event. One moment one *swings* out into sympathy with the ten thousand who mourn a "prince and a great man" with unusual love, and the next all *that* seems nothing at all beside the thought of the daughters and you, whom we have loved so with all our whole hearts, and had such real privilege and blessing in loving. One moment one has to muster all one's Faith thinking of the Church in this hour, and the next one seems more to *see* than believe, when one thinks of the three so simply and utterly devoted daughters and of his "second Craufurd" and almost *sees* the company in Paradise, and

*cannot* think of you all as "sorrowing," because there is such an eternal light on the last hour of the Faithful High Priest. You know that wonderful mediaeval idea that "character" imprinted here by the particular Calling of God which each has had here, is somehow eternized—it is difficult to think of him without it —without the πέταλον[1] or something spiritual answering to it.

Here all falls in with to-day's thoughts. The clouds began to weep, and wept much, and all is grey, and the Church pennon is half mast high, and the bells began to peal for Church and stopped suddenly and tolled, and the Christian Year for to-day wants one more stanza—and all things say "et vos estote parati." Be sure we pray and give thanks with you.

Your ever affectionate,

E. W. TRURON.

Love to each pray as well as to all.

### *To the Rev. R. T. Davidson, after the funeral of Archbishop Tait.*

TRURO, *Dec.* 10, 1882.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I must not let the Octave of Advent Sunday, with its doubly sacred associations, pass without a single signal word from Cornwall—but *you must not indeed answer it.* It's selfish to write, but selfishness would be too much shamed if it added a line to your writing.

The *first* word *must* be vapid—for it was only to say it was not the will but the power which was wanting to be of any use in the world to that most dear trio. But one thing I will promise them, I never shall (and I never will) forget the privilege it was to see and speak to them within an hour of the last sight of what enclosed and shrouded him—and to realise through them what it was to have come, not to *striving* to believe, but to so believing as to fit in every act of GOD towards them into its own place of thankfulness and joyfulness. "In *everything* give thanks"—I have often mused "How *is* it possible?" but I feel as if I know now. I wish I could express how I thank them and how that binds me to be their bedesman.

[1] πέταλον is the word used in the LXX. for the gold plate on the High Priest's mitre.

And the only second word is of thankfulness for you—that you were able to arrange and organize a "scene" so true and beautiful and touchingly fervent without the *least* of a "scene" in any aspect. It was true nature and true love expressing itself nobly. The grand "scenes" of the *Revelation Worship* one feels to have nothing of a scene about them—because all is real, "uttering its voices" as is natural to it. And here that day, from the princes turning back, after laying down their wreaths, with eyes swimming, to the humblest gardener who wheeled the bier or lowered the coffin, there was not a single soul who was not in earnest. Nothing *could* go wrong—all things beautifully planned, and all people catching your every idea.

And now GOD grant that you may not find yourself over strained after all these months. If you *do*, do think of all who expect from you yourself, and from the wonderful companionship you have had, much blessed work in GOD's Church, and follow their one voice and take a real perfect rest in change, and be quite sound before any new exertion. We all hope it—and trust you to do so.

And—if you can—in the course of weeks or months come westward and bring Mrs Davidson, you will bring blessing and delight with you. I think you really know that we do deeply love and honour you all four with no common feeling—and if you can take that into consideration in any plans, we shall be more grateful still.

The two lessons of this evening as I read them alone, not being quite well enough to go out,—how they showed the power of GOD to sympathise with our sorrow and to bring it into Glory —preparing for death alone—struck on the face—no one willing to have anything to do with Him—the same Person who in His childhood holds all spiritual, all material power.

St John xviii. read with Isaiah xi.! How it assures to His servants, if they have only that same simplicity and sufferingness as He—all that is meant by "being" for ever "with Him where He is"—and *that* our lost Father had, and *there* he is. Deo Gratias—Deo Gratias—Thank you all for teaching me to say so; I never thought I could during his illness.

Ever your affectionate,

E. W. TRURON.

*To Canon Mason.*

TRURO, *Dec.* 12, 1882.

AGAPIT,

I have, as I should think every one else did, carried away from Addington Churchyard a bad cold and a thankful heart of Requiem. It was most perfect.

As to Canterbury—the best remedy for the particular form of nervousness which I gather that you are indulging, will be the constant use of the prayer which I enclose.

Your ever loving,

E. W. TR.

*To Canon Westcott.*

TRURO, 14 *Dec.* 1882.

MY DEAR WESTCOTT,

What a silencing, numbing blow it is that has fallen. The thought of the Commission[1] is too dreadful now. But the Service and the Family assure one in the same noble tones of resignation and trust that it must be "well." And if "it is well" for the servant called away, it must be well for the Work, for we *cannot* think He has taken him away in His anger with us. Still we *don't* solve our Church problems as we ought. I am afraid the Salvation Army is working nothing here but confusion, and the *Report* seems a hopeless task. They make me draft it —and I *can't*, so far.

Your ever affectionate,

E. W. TRURON.

[1] The Ecclesiastical Courts Commission.

# CHAPTER XV.

## THE PRIMACY.

"*Suscitabo mihi sacerdotem fidelem, qui juxta cor meum et animam meam faciet...et ambulabit coram Christo meo.*"

I. Book of Kings.

The exact reasons which led to my father's being offered the Primacy on the death of Archbishop Tait cannot I suppose ever be accurately known. Dean Church was certainly sounded by Mr Gladstone as to whether he would accept the Primacy; but his health and mode of life made it out of the question: the Bishop of Winchester (Harold Browne) was then approached on the subject[1], but his age and infirmity led him to deprecate the offer; it had been intended I believe, if he had accepted it, to offer my father the Bishopric of Winchester. The Queen was then strongly in favour of the Primacy being offered to the Bishop of Truro; the Prince Consort had reposed a singular confidence in him and she herself had long regarded him with friendly feelings. Archbishop Thomson's health was known not to be very secure, and Bishop Lightfoot had hardly been long enough at Durham to have made his mark as yet as a great ecclesiastical ruler. The Bishop of Truro was no politician; he had been appointed by Lord Beaconsfield to Truro, and had, just before the Primacy was vacant, with what might have been regarded as almost

[1] *v.* Dean Kitchin's *Life of Bp Harold Browne*, pp. 452—459.

unnecessary candour, had he been a personally ambitious man, taken the trouble to go to Cambridge to give his vote for a Conservative candidate[1] to represent the University in Parliament. On the other hand, he was known to hold fairly liberal opinions, and his conspicuous success, wherever he had been, marked him out as a leader of men.

The Dean of St Paul's, writing to Dr Asa Gray, said :—

DEANERY, ST PAUL'S, 31 *December*, 1882.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

* * * * *

You see the newspapers have been taking liberties with my name. Formal offer there was none, and could not be: for I had already on another occasion told my mind to Gladstone, and said that reasons of health, apart from any other reasons, made it impossible for me to think of anything, except a retirement altogether from public office. But Gladstone was very kind, and people round him talked in a way which accounts for the newspaper gossip. Benson is, I really believe, the best choice that could have been made in England. Everything that he has touched he has done well. He is quiet and he is enthusiastic, and he is conciliatory, and he is firm..... But of one thing I am quite certain; that never for hundreds of years has so much honest disinterested pains been taken to fill the Primacy—such enquiry and trouble resolutely followed out to find the really fittest man, apart from every personal and political consideration, as in this case. Of that I can bear witness. I hope it may be rewarded by an administration of the great office, conceived of and carried out in a higher spirit than any of us has yet witnessed.

Ever yours affectionately,

R. W. CHURCH.

Bishop Harold Browne wrote to a friend :—

FARNHAM CASTLE, SURREY.
*Dec.* 21, 1882.

I did not decline the Primacy. How so much that was true and so much that was false came out in the papers, I do not know.

[1] Mr Raikes, in succession to Mr Walpole. The Poll for the representation of Cambridge University closed Nov. 28. Archbishop Tait died on Dec. 3.

The Archbishop in his last interview with me very shortly before his death expressed and repeated to me his earnest hope that I should succeed him. The Archbishop wrote to beg me not to decline the offer if made. Other Bishops and persons of all degrees did the same. If the offer had been made, I should have had very seriously to consider whether I could decline it or not. On Wednesday night I received a long and kind letter from Mr Gladstone, from which it appears that both he and the Queen had been very desirous of offering me the Primacy, but that they came to the conclusion that the duties were too new and onerous to be undertaken by a man over 70, no one of that age having been elevated to the Primacy of the English (now "the Anglican or British") Church since Juxon, whose case was very exceptional.

Gladstone speaks strongly of the pleasure it would have been to him to show his "respect and affection" for me, and says that he is directly authorized by H.M. to tell me that nothing but my age was an impediment to her conferring the honour and imposing the troubles on me of the offer of the See of Canterbury.

Shortly after the death of Archbishop Tait Bishop Magee wrote to a friend[1]:—

I think there can be little doubt that our new Primate will be either Winchester, Durham or Truro. The first would be eminently the fittest, and to the bishops as well as clergy the most generally acceptable. His *only* drawback is his age. The second would command at the moment of his appointment much popular acceptance, which I fear he would in some respects disappoint. The third would perhaps, all things considered, age especially, prove the best for the Church. He would certainly *unite* and lead the Episcopate better than the second. A fourth —not a Bishop—has been named, Dean Church of St Paul's; in many respects admirable; but to move him over the heads of all the Bishops would be a *very* strong step, though it has been taken before now, i.e. Tillotson[2].

[1] Abp Magee, vol. 2, p. 180. Letter to Rev. Aubrey Townsend.

[2] Bishop Magee might have added Sancroft, who was Tillotson's predecessor.

It was just about Christmas time that the Primacy was offered him; the first post came before breakfast, and he used to read his letters at breakfast. I remember the meal well: he read his letters as usual, made no remark, but shortly after breakfast called us into his study and told us that the offer had been made. I was myself not unprepared for it, as I had been told at Cambridge that many people believed it would be offered to him. He said a few words about the responsibilities of the post and his need of advice on the subject: and a few words about his private fortune which was small and which he told us would if anything be decreased by his acceptance of the Primacy. I recollect that he was pale and very grave in manner and showed nothing but an intense anxiety on the subject. He wrote at once asking for time to consider the matter. He found that all his friends had no doubt what he ought to do; and a gracious letter from the Queen, expressing an earnest hope that he would accept the Primacy, brought him to the point of decision.

*To Mrs Henry Sidgwick from Miss Helen Gladstone.*

HAWARDEN CASTLE.
*Dec.* 17, 1882.

MY DEAR NORA,

I think you will like to know (and I like to tell you) that after his interview with the Queen yesterday, my father sent off his letter offering the Archbishopric to the Bishop of Truro—so I hope we may look upon that great question as settled.

You will understand *my* thinking that to be chosen Archbishop of Canterbury by my father (with his deep love for the English Church, and his lofty notions of what her chief ruler should be) is about the greatest honour that could possibly come to any man—and you will understand that we have, besides what all hope, a separate and special hope and longing that this great event should be blessed.

Ever your affectionate,

HELEN GLADSTONE.

*Mr Gladstone to the Bishop of Truro.*

10, Downing Street, Whitehall.
*Dec.* 16, 1882.

My dear Bishop of Truro,

I have to propose to your Lordship, with the sanction of Her Majesty, that you should accept the succession to the Archbishopric of Canterbury, now vacant through the lamented death of Archbishop Tait.

This proposal is a grave one, but it is I can assure you made with a sense of its gravity, and in some degree proportioned to it: and it comes to you, not as an offer of personal advancement, but as a request that, whereas you have heretofore been employing five talents in the service of the Church and Realm, you will hereafter employ ten with the same devotion in the same good and great cause. I have the honour to be, my dear Lord Bishop, with cordial respect,

Sincerely yours,

W. E. Gladstone.

Were not this letter sufficiently charged already, I would ask what information can your Lordship give me concerning Mr Wilkinson (of St Peter's, Eaton Square).

*The Bishop of Truro to Mr Gladstone.*

Truro.
18 *Dec.* 1882.

My dear Sir,

I am sure that you will be ready to believe that I cannot and ought not to do more to-day than simply acknowledge a letter which—with Her Majesty's gracious sanction—seems to be a call so momentous. May I beg for a few days' interval, in which I may see one or two friends who both know my affairs and will counsel me as Christian men, with no eye to anything but the service to be done and the burden to be borne for the Church and her Lord.

In Mr Wilkinson there is an almost unique union of truest sympathy with the progress of the Church, deep inner devotion, and marvellous tact in influencing the men of the Upper class

and the very poorest of the people, and making them care for each other, and also a perfectly admirable power of developing business-like and detailed organisations, without letting the workers lose sight of first principles.

From the collocation of your question I venture to add that in this new Diocese there are a number of necessarily new organisations quietly at work, which I should be very loth indeed to break from. But Mr Wilkinson knows them well, is in perfect sympathy with them, has had a large share in arranging some, and encouraging all.

The religious heart of Cornwall, where the social and religious separations are so great, would be (and I have seen it so) remarkably susceptible of his influence.

I remain, etc. etc.

E. W. TRURON.

(*The following was added on Dec.* 21.)

To this I ought to add that Mr Wilkinson is greatly looked up to by them, and would hold together better than myself the energetic band of workers who have collected here, without *any* inducement but the work itself, to carry on the Diocesan Mission, the Theological College, the Cathedral, the High School and our wide spread Church Society.

I feel that this is a bald, though not very short answer to your question, and if I can be more explicit on any special point, I only beg to be allowed to be of any use.

I remain, etc. etc.

E. W. T.

*To Bishop Harold Browne.*

TRURO.
20 *Dec.* 1882.

MY DEAREST AND MOST REVERED BROTHER AND LORD,

As I am perfectly sure of the tenderness which you have always in the least particulars and in the greatest shown to me, and as I am sure that you know how constant is the love and reverence which all you are and do inspires in me, and as I know that the Queen has told you that nothing but

your "crown of glory," as Solomon hath it, has prevented her from asking you to wear a thornier wreath than your present one, I must write one line to tell you that she has asked the most unworthy of your young brothers to wear it for you and to *try* to wear it as you would have done. *That* is a vain attempt. But if you can give a little of your love and faith and patience away by your sympathy and encouragement it would seem less hopeless.

I have not come to a formed decision.

The belief that I might rely on your counsel, your forbearance and your prayers, would help me. And as I write the knowledge that you can be nothing but your loved and reverenced self makes me ashamed almost to ask what you will give unasked and unstinted.

A word from you would be precious here in your own house.

Your loving and grateful,

E. W. TRURON.

The Bishop replied assuring him of his affectionate and loyal cooperation; the Bishop of Truro answered as follows:—

*Dec. 29th*, 1882.

WHAT can I say, my dearest most revered brother, that can ever express my feelings towards you either with your letter, or apart from your letter.

You never must call me *anything* but "Brother" and I would rather you would take me for your "Son"—far rather.

It would have been joyful work for me to serve you to the best of my wit and love,—with the thought of our late Master and all his love for you ever before me—and now I cannot say that what lies before me is *joyful*—however plain it is that I must not think of joy or sorrow in respect of it.

That the Queen should have written to ask your kind powerful aid for me touches me to the very heart. But in her Queen-soul she knew she was asking what you would in all nobleness do unasked—that it would be your very nature to do it. And now I have nothing more to ask but that you will be ready always to tell me of every fault you see in me—and wherever my miswisdom, or my low ideal, or any other vice of nature draws my eyes down

from the Pattern showed us in the Mount, you will be prompt to say so and not spare.

That you will pray I know.

Thank you very much for your kind wish to receive us in transit. I *think* we shall go to London first—but there is a great mass of new things here to be wound up or committed in decent shape to others.

Your devoted and loving,

E. W. Truron.

### *To Canon Mason.*

Lis Escop, Truro.
*Dec.* 20, 1882.

Agapite,

Indignissimo puero Domini Cathedra Cantuar. ostensa est. Necdum accepta. Ora.

### *To the Rt Hon. George Cubitt, M.P.*

Truro.
20 *Dec.* 1882.

My Dear Cubitt,

What you smiled and said was the escape from anxiety here has *come* with all the intensity of its realities of anxiety.

I *should* like a word from you. I have leave not to decide at once for a few days. And I think I need not tell you the various distracting elements of consideration. For I have talked more with you about them all than with anyone. And I want to take a broad view of them, and leave out of sight the things which do *not* matter, if I can.

I know a few lines from you would help me, as so often before.

Yours sincerely ever,

E. W. Truron.

### *To Dr Westcott.*

Lis Escop, Truro.
*Dec.* 20, 1882.

Ad Cathedram Cantuar. advocatus est puer omnium puerorum Dn̄i indignissimus.

Si me amas, ora, cogita, rescribe.

*From Her Majesty the Queen.*

OSBORNE.
*Dec.* 22, 1882.

The Queen wishes to express to the Bishop of Truro her earnest hope that he will accept this offer which she has made to him through Mr Gladstone, of the very important and high position of Primate—as she feels that he will thereby conduce greatly to the well-being and strength of the Church—and be a great support to herself.

The Queen, and her dear husband in byegone days, always had a high opinion of and sincere regard for the Bishop of Truro.

*To Her Majesty the Queen.*

TRURO.
23*rd Dec.* 1882.

MADAM,

Your Majesty's writing was a most gracious act for which I am deeply thankful. With extreme dread of failing in so high a trust, I was nevertheless drawn to the conclusion, under the advice of the few whom I could trust to *warn* me, that I ought to obey the call of Your Majesty, made to me through Mr Gladstone. The immediate arrival of your Majesty's letter has dispelled the last doubt, and especially the most deeply kind assurance of personal confidence gives me a fresh and real hope.

I ask of God, and hope that worthier prayers than mine may obtain for me the grace to fulfil for the Church and Country what Your Majesty expects from me, and to be the most faithful servant of your throne.

Your Majesty's

Most devoted servant and subject,

E. W. TRURON.

*The Bishop of Truro to Mr Gladstone.*

TRURO.
23 *Dec.* 1882.

MY DEAR SIR,

I hope that I have not exceeded the time that I might properly be allowed.

I have now received the judgment of those from whom I

most wished to hear—whom I most trusted to speak out to me with perfect sense of their responsibility—and specially from some of the Bishops.

Advised by them all in one way—and nevertheless with all awe which would, if it were suffered, degenerate into tears—I accept the Primacy—or in words of your own which are far more serious and inspiring, "the succession to the Archbishopric of Canterbury."

God give Grace. God give all that I only can know to be so fearfully wanting. I will give all that He gives to the Service of the Queen, and people, and Church.

That Her Majesty herself approves it, knowing almost better than anyone some earlier work, is a thought full of strength.

May I say—God forgive me if I ought not—how much I feel its coming through you, with your heart-deep love of the English Church, and your devotion to her work and her Life.

*From Her Majesty the Queen.*

OSBORNE.
*Dec.* 28, 1882.

The Queen has received with much gratification and pleasure the Bishop of Truro's kind letter accepting the high and responsible office of Primate.

From all sides she hears such expressions of thankfulness at this decision, and such confidence expressed in the Bishop. Her best and most earnest good wishes will attend him in his arduous and high Calling!

The Queen has heard with great satisfaction that Mr Davidson is (for the present at any rate) to give him his valuable assistance in the same position which he held with his beloved Father-in-law.

The Queen has just had a letter from the Dean of Westminster, in which he speaks of the Bishop and Mr Davidson in the warmest terms.

When it is possible for the Bishop to get away for a night, the Queen would be most anxious to see him.

He was overwhelmed with letters of congratulation, which he answered for the most part by sending little illuminated cards, with a text, like Christmas cards, with a few words scribbled on each, in almost every case asking

for prayers that he might be guided and made stronger to bear the heavy responsibility. He wrote the following letter to the Churchmen of his Diocese.

*To the Church in Cornwall.*

My dear Brethren and Friends,

It is with heaviness of heart, and still with that trust which must at last overcome heaviness, that I speak of parting.

But I must speak—and speak at once, or I shall cause you inconvenience.

The circle of Confirmations, which through God's grace I have found ever fresh and reanimating, the Conferences, brimming with strength and hope, which have bound me to all the clergy and to such numbers of the laity in more than friendship, and all the other Appointments made and looked forward to with zest, must this year and henceforth be held by another. I had planned to begin them so early that many may have to be postponed.

Of myself few words. I believe you think it was right to accept this call to the Primacy. I could never have thought so but for the constant prayers offered far and wide ere it came, and for strange concurrences of circumstance which preceded and attended it.

I consulted the chief Layman of the County[1]. His judgment was that whilst it would have been wrong to exchange this for any other See, however distinguished, I had no right to decline a leadership full of labour and anxiety, and not wholly detaching me from the hope of working with and for you still. This judgment concurred with what I seemed to see right.

Dear Brethren in God's Ministry, you have worked with me untiringly and admitted me to your intimacy ungrudgingly, and I have learnt to love every home and church and school of yours. Your Rural Deans have been my wise and constant counsellors; and Canons have been like Brothers, as if the old Cathedral Idea were once more about to spring into bright activity.

To the Laity I would speak in terms of deepest respect and gratitude. Some from elevating perceptions of what the Church is in Her Divine Master's view, some from experience gained in

[1] The Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, Lord Lieutenant.

bodies which honestly endeavoured to make up what was left undone in the past, some from practical insight into the grievous needs of the actual present, have recognised the fact that they are the Church of God in its power and in its obligation.

As holding its ancient offices of Churchwardens and Sidesmen, as members of Conference, Ruridecanal or Diocesan, as Readers, as Church Workers, as Managers and Teachers in every rank of Life, as helpers with worldly means of good, or as responsible before God for the godly education of His little ones in the knowledge of His will, the Laity of our day have opened a fresh era in the Church.

All this is not the fruit of a few years. It has been preparing for a long time past, and the far greater works which remain God will also bring to perfection.

Little justice should I do to my creed or my feelings if I did not yet once again, as often in the past, acknowledge with love and gratitude that activity for Christ's sake, that open-handedness, that kindness towards all good works, that favour at beholding growing activities in the Church, which have been shown by the Wesleyans and by very many others, who nevertheless have and use energetically organizations of their own.

Where I go I have a noble holy example before my eyes—my great predecessor in the archiepiscopal see. But how hard to follow. The greatness was God's gift of nature. But the holiness and the sweetness of his charity—for that I am bound to strive as I may. You (I know it) will pray for me often (for I shall belong to you still), and specially in that Holiest Communion where we are together unsevered by time or by space, that I may strive not in vain. I bless God for some little knowledge of the strong dignity of his work, and yet more for the sight of his fervent love to all men, and of his dying yearning for peace among Christians, which, by God's special goodness was allowed to me from time to time in his weeks of ebbing life.

For my successor here I pray with you, while it is known to God only who he shall be. I scarce think you can have one who will love Cornwall better than I—her primeval church and warm-hearted children and her vestiges of old story, her shores and shrines, and the fair House of God which is rising in the midst; but I will beseech you to pray for one who will work in the Spirit of Christ more faithfully, more zealously, more intelligently.

For her prosperity, both temporal and spiritual, I and mine shall never cease to pray; for her enrichment in every grace, in hope and love and generosity, in purity of faith and purity of life, in perfect truth and perfect peace.

I subscribe myself

for life your devoted Servant,

E. W. TRURON.

*Christmas*, 1882.

### *To the Precentor of Lincoln, Canon Venables.*

TRURO.
*Dec.* 28, 1882.

MY DEAR PRECENTOR,

Your Latin telegram came in at "Nursery Tea," almost the first of our greetings, and made our eyes smart.

The account of your loving reception of the news in the sacred old vestry—which Hill also told us next day—and the thought of the bells pealing for me—me—Canonicorum Coetus gloriosissimi indignissimo omnium—was quite too much.

Best love to Mrs Venables and you all. I have had a most delightful strengthening letter from the Mayor of Lincoln—I shall answer it as soon as ever I can. But there *now* are 667 letters before me.

Ever your affectionate,

E. W. TRURON.

### *To the Bishop of Chichester.*

TRURO.
*New Year's Eve*, 1882.

MY VERY DEAR BISHOP OF CHICHESTER,

About 700 letters are being answered by devoted scribes, but I have dug yours out and must answer it with my own hand, though this has kept it longer than I designed.

I looked anxiously for your letter—I wanted to know whether you thought I had done *right* to listen to what *seemed* the notes of a call. I think the Queen's goodness, coming so separately

from the Prime Minister's strong word, has made me feel that it must be right. But Quis crederet? Ora, Ora, Orate.

My only happiness is this that when I see one after another such Seniors all, like the Senators whom Brennus saw, worthy in the highest degree of this work, and scarcely held back by years or by health, their youngest brother may feel sure that as long as he is loyal to them, they will guide him, and if he were to fail they would still guide the ship. Your goodness to me so spontaneous, dear Bishop, and so constant has made me feel at Lollards' Tower like a son of your house—and as such I pray you always to tell me plainly of any fault or danger I run into—There will be full many. May God by the wise heads and mighty hearts that I look up to check mischief at any time. There surely are wondrous things opening out before us from Him "Qui facit mirabilia magna solus." May we follow Him.

Your most sincere and affectionate,

E. W. Truron.

## *To Sir Arthur Gordon.*

Truro.

10 *Jan.* 1883.

My dear Gordon,

I thank you very earnestly for your most kind and moving letter. It is one of those which has given my wife the most pleasure.

First forgive the delay in answering it because I picked it out for my own, among over a thousand kind blessings and greetings.

*Next* let me entreat you to insert my name on your bede-roll, and beg you to *pray* in such terms as you have said you used for me when you wrote—or at least one brief daily suffrage. I feel the awe of Anselm, Langton, Cranmer, Parker, and the rest, and though for ever utterly unworthy, yet the *prayers* of the laymen, who are the *knights* of the Church, may keep me from shaming them—(you remember the Ely Tabula in Fuller, layman and monk alternately).

The days of waiting to see if I could resolve on accepting

with anything like firmness of decision were not painful—though dreamy if left to themselves—and I have to bless God since I made up my mind not to look back, for a singular peace and freedom from nervousness—whether it prepares one for trial to come soon I don't know. But I set it down to the countless promises of prayer which I believe are being kept. I dare not presume to say I was an intimate friend, for your political experiences even then filled me with awe, but you were always to me in the front rank of friends until you moved off out of hearing. But one thing you did for me which I should be wrong not to acknowledge, for it has returned to me, and will recur through this life whenever in heart-searchings I am in quest of impure motives which may have actuated me, or terrified lest passion should take me from the Rock. Do you remember when I had declaimed George Herbert in Hall and got some prizes, walking into my room with the *Lyra Innocentium* in your hand, open, and saying "I want you to read *that*." It began "When mortals praise thee, hide thine eyes." I really did not know that mortals *were* praising me, I only thought it was very nice that the Master and old Martin and everybody else was so kind. But what *did* do its work,—would that it had done it more perfectly,—was the last verse, which somehow or other I thought was what you meant me to fix my attention on—It was

> But ah! to him what twofold woe
> Who hides so well his sin,
> Thro' earth he seems a saint to go
> Yet dies impure within.

The awefulness of the thing dwelt with me wholesomely, and I have more times than I could tell thanked you, and God for you, and hope I shall to my dying day[1].

Dearest old Martin. He would in his perfect generous soul have rejoiced—but still he would have known and believed that there was a great deal to be done which was not at all rejoicing.

Ever yours most sincerely and gratefully,

E. W. Truron.

[1] Lord Stanmore tells me that he was thinking of the line, "Praise be our penance here," and of the spirit in which praise should be received.

*To Mrs Sidgwick of Riddlesden.*

TRURO.
11 *Jan.* 1883.

MY DEAREST AUNT,

You will pardon a little delay—for I have had several journeys, and above a thousand letters of kindest blessing and greeting, and of course I could let no one write to you instead of myself. My thoughts turned to you directly, I need not say—and so far as earthly things go, I could wish my dear old Aunt (such a stately lady of Skipton faith to my oldest and youngest thought) and my grandmother and father and mother, and Mr John, and Mr Christopher, and Mr Martin, and all the others who sleep in the Lord, to dearest Ada, last of them, and my own dear boy who seemed born for this world's present honours, and was so soon removed to unfading ones, were all here and knew what unsought, unlooked-for honours have come to him who had so much of their love, and did so little for it. You, dearest aunt, are the representative to me of all those elders, whose very looks moved me to desire to be like them—as they did my Martin, who when he came and saw you all said quietly "I never saw such people in all my life."—I wish you would write down for me exactly what it was that passed on the top of Embsay Crag that day, who were there—what it was you said in words—and why the remembrance of it so remained with you—I remember it—but I want to know whether it is an accurate recollection that I have. I doubt it. It is true happiness to write to *you* because you can measure, and do, these things at their true worth. You know what a weight of cares, of anxieties, of misrepresentations, of anger, even from the best people, it must be mine henceforth to endure. It has been sometimes severe hitherto, but God's gracious sweetness and kindness in little things has softened and will soften.

I want you as my intercessor not to fail to pray daily for the power to overcome my *faults* (which you know), not to be a hindrance to the Church, but as He has called me, so to enable me. Forgive this selfish letter.

Believe me,

Your loving grateful nephew,

ED. TRURON.

*To Bishop Lightfoot of Durham.*

TRURO.
11 *Jan.* 1883.

DEAREST PRINCE PALATINE AND
RIGHT HONOURABLE EARL OF SADBERGE[1].

*That* is the salutation which you will always receive from me if you ever address me again as anything but *dearest brother*. You'll always be infinitely above and beyond me as always—and I shall have ever the same reverence of and devotion to you.

One of the strongest arguments used to me was, that by refusing I could *not* ensure you for my commander. I owe apologies all round. But you probably know that it was not offered to anyone, or proposed in any form besides this—and that it came full and direct from *both* the powers.

Don't therefore expect me to sympathise with your satisfaction, however much I may love you for your goodness.

Yours lovingly,

E. W. TRURON.

*Letters between Professor Hort and Bishop Benson on the promotion of the latter from Truro to the Primacy.*

6 ST PETER'S TERRACE, CAMBRIDGE.
*St Stephen's Day*, 1882.

MY DEAR BISHOP,

One line I must send—not of congratulation, for who could welcome congratulation on such a distracting charge, ἡ μέριμνα πασῶν τῶν ἐκκλησιῶν[2]—but of heartiest sympathy....

The convulsions of our English Church itself, grievous as they are, seem to be as nothing beside the danger of its calm and unobtrusive alienation in thought and spirit from the great silent multitude of Englishmen, and again of alienation from fact and love of fact;—mutual alienations both.

[1] The wapentake of Sadberge (i.e. the southern part of the present county of Durham) was added by Bp Pudsey in 1189 to the franchise of St Cuthbert. King John confirmed this by a charter, under which the Bishops claimed and exercised *Jura regalia* in Sadberge. See Mr J. Bruce Williamson's treatise on the Palatine Court of Durham.

[2] "The care of all the churches," 2 Cor. xi. 28.

But the last thing that I could wish to-day would be to croak evil omens. No one who knows you, and remembers your various antecedents, can be otherwise than eagerly hopeful as well as eagerly wistful. All help from on high be with you.

Believe me,

Ever affectionately yours,

F. J. A. Hort.

Truro.
*January* 10, 1883.

My dear Hort,....

I have re-read and pondered your letter much—and I can only say that you must come ere long to Lambeth, and there, surrounded by the heads of the long line, you must vaticinate—and I hope you will again feel able to break off with a blessing.

I do not believe that the two alienations you speak of are *naturally* progressing on us. They may surely yet be arrested. But what if those who have insight only prophesy in closets—when they ought to be speaking from the house-tops?

I wish we could get a volume of Essays or Discourses out of you.....

Your affectionate,

E. W. Truron.

6 St Peter's Terrace, Cambridge.
*January 13th.*

My dear Bishop,

It grieves me much that I have seemed to suspend a murky cloud over the prospect. It occurs to me that at the beginning of my note I used the word "sympathy" in a connexion which might lend it a wrong sense, and thus set what followed in an unintended key. The word was meant to have its fullest sense, pointing to fellowship in the multitudinous thoughts and feelings which must be hourly taking hold of you just now, and which would rebel altogether against the artificial summing up of congratulation or condolence.

However I must doubtless have given too strong an expression

to the anxieties which self-glorifying chaos suggests. I do feel very strongly how much—speaking only of human possibilities—is still possible; most of all, as you say, by "making the great forces of the English Church to converge," though this itself would be unattainable without seeking the convergence of other great forces over a yet wider area.

It would be very pleasant some time to take you at your word and have a talk—not in this tone—in front of the long line of Lambeth faces. No accusing thought about them had suggested itself; rather, I imagine, they would help to bring in mind "What Thou hast done in their time of old." To me at least their leading representative is the latest of them all, my dear old Master, whose open eye and single heart it is a blessing to have known in boyhood.

So pray forgive my mutterings—articulate speech on such matters is, I fear, constitutionally denied me—and believe they ill represent the thanksgivings not less than the prayers in which you have a chief place. Forgive also my presumption, for such I unfeignedly and painfully feel it to be.

Ever truly yours,

F. J. A. HORT.

LIS ESCOP, TRURO.
*Jan. 17th*, 1883.

MY DEAR HORT,.....

It was not a *word* or *words*, but the historic retrospect and prospect which seemed to move before you which gave me such fears.

But it is *talk* with you I want—or rather *talk from* you. And this you will give me. Don't write.

Yours was far the most historical and real letter I have had. This is why I am concerned.

But you will help me much more *by and by*.

Yours gratefully and affectionately,

E. W. TRURON.

*To Canon Wilkinson, who had been offered the Bishopric of Truro.*

TRURO.
13 *Jan.* 1883.

"Thou that hearest the prayer,
Unto Thee shall all flesh come."

Surely prayer has been heard. All the West, and many East and West have been praying fervently for GOD to "show *whom He has chosen*" here. And some have prayed that you might stay at your present task, and GOD hath taken "the whole disposing thereof." Of this more presently—but you never could speak to me of a call, you never could speak to any one any more of a call, of praying, waiting, following, if you closed your ear to this—nor would you ever hereafter be able to say you *had* followed, when trouble comes, and so be sure of being led further.

No one has been so earnest as I to yourself, and much more to others, about your work at St Peter's being "unique." Had the call come to Newcastle, as I firmly believed it would, I should have known that the unique work was over, but that another unique work was to begin. So here, and much more so. This is the work of which you said yourself six years since, that the Restitution was, as always in history, to begin in a corner, raise that to white heat and then spread the flame. You'll not find yourself trammelled here in the least by any work of mine—nor find it hard to follow on lines of your own, the Cathedral excepted, where I certainly have desired to do nothing original, but to found all on ancient and practical foundations—that will perhaps go on—but in the way which you have encouraged and loved. In all things here and at Wellington, and at Lincoln, I have striven to live with the thought of successors ever before me. As I hate the disparagement of predecessors, so I have striven to leave successors free. I know you would be told so. But you would be more welcome in a thousand ways than I. The older clergy reverence you, the younger clergy have been stamped by you, the *laity*, who flocked round you in London, (did you ever think how you have all the Cornish families) would enthusiastically help you here, and your Churchwarden is a Member.

I would not stir about Durham though J. B. L. entreated. But you know I *wrote* to tell you that I was sure that all that was a detaching—you were warned that the time of leaving was near.

The 120 wore a *Seal*. I think I used the very word. Not a Trumpet—but a Seal. The Seal is put on when the roll is finished. It was to dispel that fear which was gathering round you then, "that the work was ceasing to tell." It assured you so lovingly that the work was as good and blessed as ever, but that in that assurance, in fulness of blessing it was to *end*. You were not to be allowed to make it thin off through years, but GOD would have it a λόγον συντετμημένον[1].

I have just broken ground. It was what I have all my life been set to do. I do not believe I could plant and reap here. The new Colonus is wanted, to do much more than I could ever do,—then the work is in you, visible.

And now as to its being God's doing and not mine. I am glad you mention that you had heard that *I* "pressed your name," for your mention of it enables me to tell you.

I was deeply, constantly longing for it. But even in prayers I would do no more than just offer your name on my heart to God, after praying that He would show whom He chose. I was determined that I would make no move of my own, towards what I desired, that I would suggest no name, and I did not. Every word I have said was in answer to direct questions from the *two* who had a right to question—neither of them prompted by me to ask me.

I answered solemnly to each upon my conscience's guidance. And the Queen cared much for your present work and weighed it well. And she made up her own mind, I doubt not. She was clearly determined to do so. I hope it may relieve you to know that I did not put forward your name—but only answered exactly as I was led. I committed it to Him, and I was sure if He meant to use me, He would.

Shall I add this. The last few times I have seen you, I have been convinced, and never more than last time, that for you too it was well that you should go from St Peter's. You are well, and better—but it has been grinding and eating and entering too deep into your soul; all that minute care and tension and crowdedness.

The great beauty of a Bishop's busiest life is the variety of

[1] "A word cut short," cf. Ro. ix. 28.

interests—one casts light on another—one actually fits into and removes another anxiety. And the scenes, and the correspondence of people to them, and the freshness of the Confirmations, and the change—all these will I am certain soothe you.

And just as it has been fitting for me with my devotion to the country, to be placed henceforth in the thick of London, so for a while, before you close your days again in London labour and London organizing, it is meet for you and Constance and you all, *vous tremper* as it were, in this cooler quieter existence. Horeb has the better lessons. Jezreel will come again quite soon enough —and the love of such utterly different tones and classes and kinds of people will refresh you, and give you the break that you *so* now *want* in order to work your work and κτᾶσθαι τὴν ψυχὴν ἐν εἰρήνῃ[1]. Amen. Amen. Amen.

Your devoted friend and brother,

E. W. Truron.

I needn't say how strange and lonely to lose you from London —but the sacrifice is worth anything, and I receive you again in Convocation with *even more* power.

*To Canon Wickenden on the Arms of Canterbury.*

Truro.

11 *Jan.* 1883.

..... *re* the Strawberry leaves—over and above the fact that the Most Reverend's Permission to the Heralds might cost him £80, I believe it would not be thought judicious to drop them just now—anything now serves for an indication as to the views of the "Establishment." It would seem like a surrender of the *State.*

*To Professor Westcott, on the selection of Chaplains.*

Truro.

24 *Jan.* 1883.

My dear Westcott,

I ought to have a Chaplain who belongs to the Evangelicals, or is as near them as possible, in order that they may be able to let me know privately and honestly, through some one they trust, what they think about some matters as they arise, and in order more generally that I may not disfavour them.

[1] To possess the soul in peace.

I should like him to be a Cambridge man if there is such an one. But whether of Cambridge or not, is there anyone whom you could recommend?

I feel sure that you pray for me—but the load and the gloom are from time to time too much.

Yours affectionately,

E. W. TRURON.

*To Canon Mason.*

TRURO.

*Natali Martini nostri ac Redemptoris sui.*
*Feb.* 13, 1883.

Thank you for your dear little note to my dear wife. This is indeed the day which makes this world, as long as it lasts for us, to be

"Drest with faint beams"—

And we feel your sorrow and your "peace at home" with our own.

Thank you for your wonderful tale of the Northampton Cobblers, and of Hole and of St Crispin's. It reads like a tale of Nuremberg. May God, who seems to be working wonderfully, work it all out. I only hope *you*, dearest friend, are not spent by all the fire and spirit you have been giving out. Benedictio Dn̄i sit super vos omnes nunc et in saecula. Amen.

I have been *very* unwell. From the effects of a dose of poison[1], incautiously swallowed—but happily immediately rejected. It was very sweet and came in a letter. It is aweful to think what lengths Fenianism and Episcopalianism are going to. It was anonymously sent. I never looked at anything half so attractive. But it had rather got hold of my system through the heart and brain I believe, before I detected it. It is described in the Vesper Hymn for Monday, Paris Breviary.

Vox blanda saevit tristius,
Dum pectus incautum subit,
Lapsuque caeco dulcibus
Laudum venenis inficit.

Congratulate me on my escape.

Your lovingest friend,

EDW. CANTUAR. elect.

[1] An Alcaic Ode, of the nature of a panegyric, addressed to the Bishop by Canon Mason.

*To the Right Reverend Bishop of Maritzburg*[1].

Lis Escop, Truro.
21 *Feb.* 1883.

My dear Bishop of Maritzburg,

I most earnestly thank you for your kind letter, and for abstaining from congratulation. For indeed that grates upon one, when one knows that the World alone can look on it as matter of congratulation, and that the true Church must (and, I thank God, does) feel nothing but sympathy with deepest need—trust in Him who calls—belief that as He calls, He strengthens.

The thickening problems about us need more wisdom than ever. Pray that it may come to me for my time as it came to the sweet strong father we have lost—who, when it was most important, lost no ear of the most difficult assembly of laymen whom the world knows—most discerning of any false note, most indifferent to any false enthusiasm.

May the same Wisdom guide the African Churchmen and the English, through their so diverse difficulties. You will *remember* me on March 29th, and much more remember our Mother.

Yours sincerely,

Ed. W. Cantuar. elect.

*To Canon Wickenden.*

Lis Escop, Truro.
26 *Feb.* 1883.

Dearest of Friends,

I rejoice indeed, with anxious but great joyfulness, that the three months past have been months of gaining ground—thank God. Augeat laetitiam.

It is so odd how I have been so much in our early times of late. Walking with Maggie (as tall as I am almost) and Minnie yesterday along the Piran Road, and thinking how we

[1] Rt Rev. William Kenneth Macrorie, now Canon of Ely.

first walked it with you,—and how your Lily and my Martin are gone from us since—I was telling them all about your old home and our first heraldries, and our readings of Nicholas Ferrar[1], and how it had impressed itself on our lives.

I have been having a very interesting correspondence (about which you will of course know nothing) with J— about his lectures. He is a very candid man—and will "beat his music out" I truly believe. Of course he sees the necessity for stating the negative side in respect of *not* doctrines, but floating ideas, more potent almost than doctrines, among the mass of Christians, and so wretchedly misrepresented to secularists. But he will bring out the positive side as he proceeds.

We are indeed wretched at present. Our οὐσία or substance is visibly organized in a trichotomous manner—part has to continue to exist here—part at Lambeth—part at Addington—Et quid duo?

Mr Lace is another of a noble old set of Yorkshiremen who have done good services for God out of times of apathy into times which moved too fast for them. And Stonegappe, one of my earliest homes of memory, and the delicious holiday home, is tenantless—and the rooks and the garden enjoy themselves unchecked.

Your ever loving and much happier friend,

EDW. CANTUAR. elect.

Professor Mason writes:—

At the Editor's request, I wrote a short paper for the "Church in Cornwall" on "Our Loss," when the Bishop accepted the Primacy. As soon as Canon Wilkinson's appointment to Truro was announced, the Bishop, who did not quite approve of my former paper, said, "Now you must write one on 'Our Gain.'"

[1] "Now, however," (temp. Car. I.) "it began to be rumoured that the old monastic spirit had reappeared in the Church of England; that there was in high quarters a prejudice against married priests: that even laymen who called themselves Protestants had made resolutions of celibacy which almost amounted to vows; nay, that a minister of the established religion had set up a nunnery in which the psalms were chaunted at midnight by a company of virgins dedicated to God." Macaulay, *Hist. of Eng.* ch. 1, citing Peckard's *Life of Ferrar*; the Arminian Nunnery, or a Brief Description of the late erected monastical place, called the Arminian Nunnery at Little Gidding in Huntingdonshire, 1641. See also Mr Shorthouse's *John Inglesant*, *passim*.

A Truro correspondent writes:—

The announcement of the Bishop's appointment to the Primacy evoked a remarkable manifestation of affectionate respect. Regret, in many cases real sorrow, for "our loss," was mingled with thankfulness for the achievements of the past six years, and with some sense of pride that the first Bishop of the restored Cornish See should have been called to the Primacy. From Ruridecanal Synods, or from parishes, addresses of congratulation were received, and many suggestions were made, publicly or privately, for some memorial of the Bishop's services and of his call from Truro to Canterbury. He had himself wished that a fund might have been raised to set "Lis Escop" free from a mortgage, and so to release his successors from an annual charge on the income of the See, and to make it possible to improve the house as the Bishop's residence. But the Diocesan feeling in favour of completing the Great Transept of the Cathedral, at a cost of over £15,000, as a memorial of his Episcopate was too strong. In response to the prevailing wish, the Lord Lieutenant called in the Town Hall of Truro a public meeting. The attendance was numerous and representative. In the course of his speech Lord Mount Edgcumbe spoke in terms of warm appreciation of the Bishop's labours. "No one," he said, "can tell how hard he has worked. Five hours or five and a quarter hours of rest were all he took. The other nineteen—how much of each day of his life was devoted to real hard work for the benefit of those whom he was sent to labour among we have a pretty good idea." Among other speakers, the Wesleyan Mayor of Truro bore witness to the value of the Bishop's efforts, and the effect produced by the meeting was shown in a first subscription-list of £5500. Meanwhile, amid all the preparations for entrance into the Primacy, the Bishop worked on, now addressing the "Truro Mutual Improvement Class," or the girls of the High School, or confirming the Boys of the "Ganges," or promoting schemes of Church Extension. His farewell sermon preached on Sunday, February 25th, in Kenwyn Church on "Simplicity," from 2 Corinthians i. 12, gave final expression to a principle which had characterised his Episcopate, and drawn towards him so much regard and trust.

The view which the new Archbishop held of the duties and possibilities of his office before he actually entered

upon it are best illustrated by his speech at the Festival of the Truro Church of England Mutual Improvement Society on Jan. 22, 1883. After an address to the young men who composed it, in presence of a crowded audience, the Archbishop-Designate said:—

It may not be possible I shall again have the opportunity of speaking to such an assembly of Cornishmen and Cornishwomen as this is, and therefore I must break off by thanking you for the great kindnesses, the tenderness, the simplicity of affection with which you have treated me ever since I came into Cornwall. The moment I set foot in Cornwall you were willing to believe far more good of me than ever was or can be true, and ever since whatever little efforts I have been able to make you have welcomed with regard tenfold more than they deserved; and whatever mistakes I have made you have been willing quite to overlook, because you know—what is truth—that my heart is with you—my heart is with you and it always will be. I hope you will not consider it boasting if I say I know Cornwall about as well as any Cornishman can possibly do. It would be very wrong—I should have misused all my opportunities—if I did not, because there is scarcely anyone who has been carried as I have been into every part and corner, and parish of it, and wherever I have gone I have never left without loving and caring for Cornwall. You Cornish people have received a very noble inheritance. It has very strange, and very interesting, and very remarkable characteristics, and you will do well always to keep it so, and look upon every one of its characteristics as your inheritance—not foolishly to brag of any of it, or misrepresent it, but to calmly and quietly, like true descendants of your ancestors, look over every part of it, and know that which is good in it, put away everything evil in it, and go on improving and improving until all the glorious things that God has put into your hands are really dear to you, and all regarded by you in the very spirit of God. You must try to make Cornwall altogether a sweet and holy place. Why should it not be so, here in this Western sanctuary, the place where every Christian virtue can bud and blossom like a rose? Canon Mason has told you that I have been called to occupy a seat more ancient than the Throne of Queen Victoria; but you will remember this,

that if there is anything that has dignified the seat, if there is anything that is characteristic of it, it is that through all the dim antiquity through which it comes down, it has always been the loyal subject and servant of the Sovereign's Throne and of the people. I should like to go through the history of that seat with you, but its history is now very accessible and can be read by all. Its history tells us of those wonderful times when Lambeth Palace was built on the other side of the Thames from the King's Palace, because the people felt that if a tyrant came upon the Throne, or a press of nobles gathered about the English Throne, they ought to have close by, and invested with full power, in order to do their work, those who had risen from themselves, and who would be able to confront any oppression and stand up for the people on the principles of the law of Christ, so that, as an historian says, the Archbishops of Canterbury were the tribunes of the people as well as faithful to the monarchy. It is a very remarkable office to which I have been called, and one which ought to and really does crush one to the earth while one thinks of its responsibilities; absolutely faithful to the monarchy, and at the same time looked upon and trusted as the best representative of the people by the side of the monarchy. Since those days this office has passed through many vicissitudes; but I ask you as a last request to pray God for this, that it may please Him that it may ever be the seat of those who wish to be most devoted to the Throne of England and most devoted to her people. If you give me your prayers for that you will give me the very best gift you can possibly give, and in return I need hardly promise you, dear Cornwall shall ever be in my daily morning and evening prayers; and if you are kind enough to regard it as an honour that your first Bishop, who accepts the offer with much simplicity and fear and trembling, is called to that office—you will only accept that as a tribute to yourselves, and consider it is wrapped up with the love I shall henceforth carry with me to my grave—you will honour me still more.

On Sunday, February 25th, the Archbishop-Elect preached a farewell sermon at Kenwyn Church, as stated above. He took for his text 2 Cor. i. 12, "For our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the

grace of God, we have had our conversation in the world, and more abundantly to you-ward." The subject of the sermon was "Simplicity." He ended with the following words :—

...So, dear friends, since there *is* so much good going on, and so many loving hearts at self-denying work, let us as we pass say that we are sure that He who has wrought this good work will continue it to the day of Christ. Here for six years we have worshipped together in this simple quiet church, where the stone of the wall and the beam of the roof bear witness to us of past generations.

The bright clear well outside tells us of a holy man who laboured and preached here, and baptized our forefathers, 1200 years ago: then 600 years later the Bishop of Exeter consecrated the altar: so one generation declares God's works to another down through the ages. And then John Wesley stood against one of those pillars and preached, and Henry Martyn talks of the quiet Sunday afternoons he had in Kenwyn Church, and George Cornish, the friend at once of three such diverse men as Newman, Keble and Arnold—these men so different from each other—and others who are still living, have stood and preached the truths of Christ on this spot. How continuous the flow of God's truth has been since the heathen had their heads bathed in the well outside! And now there is another little crisis in this parish, not to be compared with those great times, for other men have laboured and we have entered into their labours, and God has showed them His work and us, their children, His glory. Your vicar goes to another parish, and I part from this church I have loved and go to a house whose walls bear witness of Wickliffe, Anne Boleyn, Cranmer, and Laud, and through all we see that it is not change, but continuity, which is the great law of God. The little particles, you and I, pass away to holier worlds, but the work goes on: the change is small, the continuity long. O that we may take our part in the stream of holiness, and while we live do our part to roll the stream of good down to the ages that are to come after us.

So let us know each other, and love, and be together in mutual intercession: pray you for me, if you will be so kind, and I for you, I steadfastly promise you. We may not see each other's faces, but God will see us both, and we are one in Him.

Our very words of parting witness that change is not the great law of life. The Greeks parted from each other with the word χαῖρε, "rejoice." The Roman farewell was "Vale," "be strong," and our English "farewell" means "go on, go forward, go on from strength to strength, fare well." So our common word Good-bye is simply "God be with you." Each recognises as each passes away from each, perhaps to see his face no more, that God will be with them both, that they will be one in His presence. May our parting be of this true and noble kind: joy,—strength,—progress,—the Presence of God.

# CHAPTER XVI.

## ADDINGTON.

"*Then said Christian to the Porter, Sir, what house is this?...The Porter answered, This house was built by the Lord of the Hill, and he built it for the relief and security of Pilgrims.*"

BUNYAN'S *Pilgrim's Progress.*

ABOUT a month before Archbishop Tait's death I went with my father and mother and eldest sister to stay at Addington. Archbishop Tait, who knew himself to be on his death-bed, desired my father's presence because, as afterwards appeared, he had strongly in his mind the belief that the Bishop of Truro would eventually succeed to the Archbishopric; my father and mother saw him once or twice, the rest of us not at all, as he was confined to his bed, but he daily sent us affectionate messages. To my father the visit was like a patriarchal benediction.

I do not know why, but it was very strongly borne in upon my mind as by a presentiment, that Addington would be our home, from the first moment we entered the Park gates. One evening in the falling twilight I walked with my father up and down the drive, the breeze blowing very fragrantly out of the wood. My father talked about Addington, and said that no future Archbishop could ever live there; that it was too much in the style of the *grand seigneur*, and that it was a most

unsuitable house both from its size and from the inevitable expenses of such an establishment.

Yet later on it became to him a most beloved home; its nearness to London was an immense convenience, and its great seclusion gave the rest after London life which was essential; and from the moment of his appointment he never seriously thought of giving Addington up.

The house is a great grey stone building, very ugly in front, rather stately behind: the ground falls so rapidly that the front door is really on the first floor of the house, with a large basement below.

It lies in the corner of a park of some 600 acres; a lovely tract of undulating ground, with every kind of scenery to be found within it. There is a steep heathery valley with pines: there is a great tract of English woodland with beautiful glades and open spaces, a certain amount of pasture land behind the house, and a little farm land as well, very gracefully concealed. There is a small home farm and large gardens. The great beauty of the place is derived from the extreme steepness of the gravel hills, the shoals of some ancient sea, over which the woodland extends.

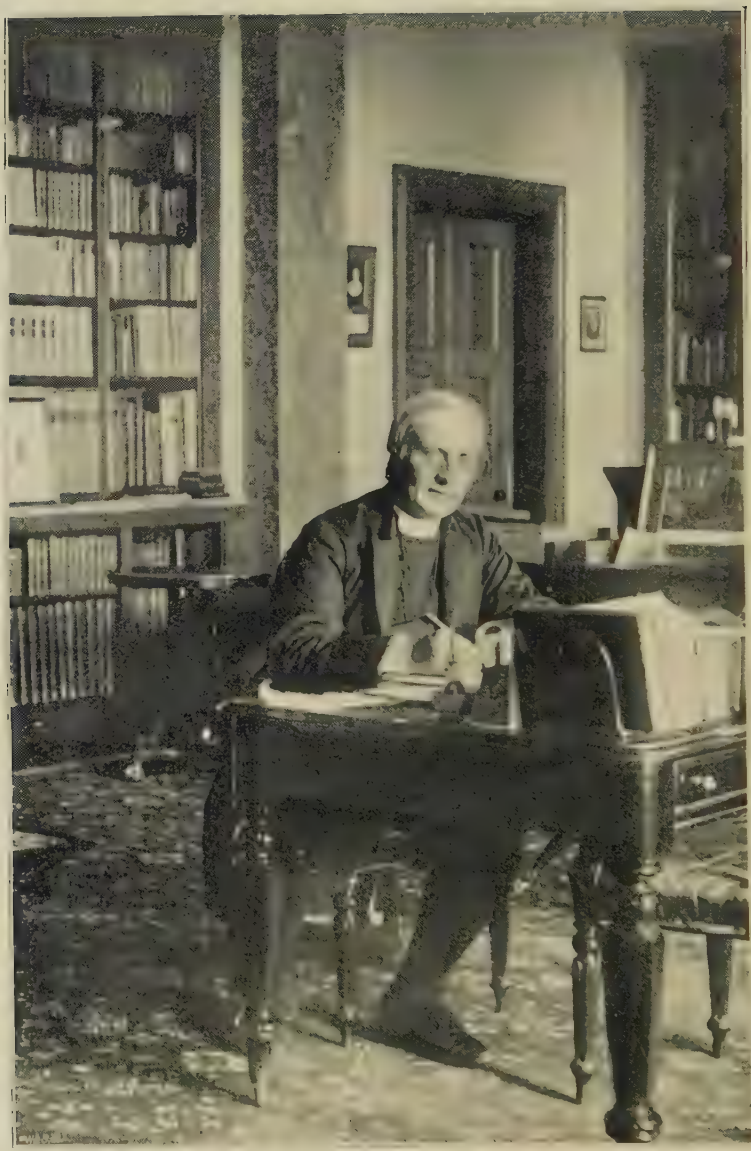
There are traces all over the park of ancient British habitations, curious circular pits of great depth. There was a hunting lodge of Henry VIII. not far from the present house, the site marked by an avenue of elms. The place was bought by a Lord Mayor of London, Barlow Trecothick by name, from an old family of Leighs in the last century. There are Leigh and Trecothick monuments in the Church; the cognisance of the Leighs, a lion, is still to be seen on the gateway of one of the lodges. Lord Mayor Trecothick built the central part of the present house. About the beginning of the century it was purchased for Archbishop Manners Sutton,—the old palace of

Croydon, a most interesting place which has passed through many vicissitudes, being almost uninhabitable. Archbishop Howley spent money liberally on Addington, and Mrs Howley, herself a skilful landscape gardener, laid out and cleared a number of beautiful grass rides in the park, which cross and recross each other in the most ingenious way, so that to any one exploring it for the first time the domain seems to be of inexhaustible extent.

The house itself was very substantially built. You entered by a large hall which had a collection of ancient weapons on the walls, with the words "Dominus custodiat introitum tuum et exitum tuum" over them, a motto which would seem ironical until the weapons were examined. To the left of the hall was an anteroom, where was a large library of biography and history, neatly arranged by my father on some esoteric plan of his own, which resulted in every book being where you least expected it; for instance, in arranging a work in several volumes, the last volume was always to the left and the first to the right of the set. Over the various bookshelves were ingenious Latin mottoes put up by him. Over the door into the drawing-room, which was covered with book-backs, he put up "Pervius usus auctorum" parodying it from the lines in the Aeneid—"pervius usus tectorum Priami"; over another bookcase "Nunquamne reponam?" In this room were also my father's large collections of photographs and prints.

Another door from the anteroom led into my father's study. He was very sensitive to draughts, and found that people were apt to leave the anteroom doors into the hall open. He therefore put up a notice, sealed with the archi-episcopal seal, between the doors:

"To close one of these doors is an act of obligation.
To close both is an act of merit."



THE ARCHBISHOP IN HIS STUDY AT ADDINGTON, CIRCA 1890.

*From a photograph by J. P. Mayall, Brighton.*

*To face page* 577, *vol. i*

The whole of his study was full of books, arranged in subjects with immense care. Classics, hymnology, Theology and general literature. Over the Patristic class was inscribed, "Ex veris possunt nil nisi vera sequi." Over the classical books was ΤΙC ΑΠΟΚΥΛΙCΕΙ ΗΜΙΝ[1]. Over the Old Testament was "a longe aspicientes et salutantes[2]." Over the Historical section was "aut facta scribere, aut scribenda facere," over a section dealing with Oriental and other religions "vario discrimine caeli tendimus," over the shelves that contained New Testament commentaries was ΠΙCΤΟC Ο ΚΑΛΩΝ[3].

There were several tables used for different purposes; but his own special table was near the door and opposite to it, so that anyone entering the room, tumbling perhaps over the sandbag placed to exclude draughts, fell into the presence of the Primate as he sat facing the door; in this room all sorts of little curious mementoes, family trifles, and odds and ends accumulated. Henry Martyn's riding whip was over the mantelpiece; a plaster statuette of Newton with an Egyptian charm hung round the neck; a marble clock with a bronze statuette of a sitting nymph, which my father loved because of its exceeding ugliness. Any trifling presents that we gave him were always carefully arranged and displayed here, and he never failed to notice the absence of any familiar object. There were four great windows looking out, over the lawn and meadows, to quiet pastoral hills on which he loved to rest his eyes.

The packing up in this room of things to go to Lambeth was always a solemn function, and it took all his odd moments for days to complete this to his satisfaction. He had a tall chest of drawers that went to and fro, and I remember once when he had mislaid some precious

[1] "Who will roll away for us [the stone]?" Mk. xvi. 3.
[2] Heb. xi. 13. [3] "Faithful is he that calleth," 1 Thess. v. 24.

object, seeing him searching for it just after he had finished his packing, and turning out of the drawers all sorts of odd things that he had packed in to prevent, as he said, "the things churning about."

At the end of the study a tall door led into the Chapel, which, out of a bare room, he had made into a very seemly sanctuary, as he describes in his Diary. The altar was vested with fabrics unusual but effective. The East end was hung with the levitical colours in striped curtains of plush. His own stall had curtains "for state not for use" as he said.

The three eastern windows had a Crucifixion and SS. Edward and Augustine, given him by his old friend Canon Wickenden, the glass representing the Crucifixion having been used in a similar way in his chapels at Lincoln and at Truro. Over the East window was a fresco, of Christ in glory with the book of the Seven Seals in his hand. Characteristically my father insisted that the book should be unconventionally of a deep blue and that the stars of the background should be grouped and irregularly spaced.

Everything was done in the most seemly way but without elaborate ritual. Even when celebrating alone my father always read Epistle and Gospel from the proper stations. To the left of the altar were a plain wooden Archiepiscopal Cross[1] and a Pastoral Staff[2]. The credence[3] was supported on the mahogany pillars that had sustained the foundation stone of Wellington College.

At the South-Eastern corner of the house was a large room which was always called the schoolroom, used by my sisters as a sitting-room, and where, when alone, we had a nursery tea presided over by "Beth," who had nursed my mother and all her brothers, as well as all of us. Beth,

[1] Now in the Parish Church of Pateley Bridge, Yorkshire.
[2] Now in the Morning Chapel, Lincoln Cathedral.
[3] Now in the Chapel of Wellington College.

who could never bring herself to address my father except as "Sir," always insisted on nursing him when he was ill with affectionate severity and much persuasive speech.

The floor above was approached by a hideous staircase, of the plainest Victorian character: I once commented adversely upon the appearance of this staircase and said that it looked like that of a "workhouse." My father never forgot this criticism: it rankled in his mind, and he had the walls painted a light green, in spite of my protest, saying that it resembled a workhouse in one respect, that the expense entailed upon him by trying to bring it up to my aesthetic standard would certainly land us there. The railing of the gallery leading to the bedrooms was insecure, but he refused to have it mended, saying that when the Church was disestablished, and Addington confiscated, the sacrilegious spoilers of the house would come and lean upon it, and be precipitated into the hall, "and would all be killed." The walls were hung below with engravings of Archbishops and personal friends, and above with Arundels, in frames with moveable backs so that they could be periodically changed.

All the bedrooms had names either like "Wellington," commemorating places connected with my father's life, or referring to the pictures that they contained. My father was for ever adding pictures to the bedrooms, and having them hung under his personal superintendence.

My father always sighed and hankered after Addington when in London; he would go and picnic there at Whitsuntide or run down for a Sunday if he could. He imagined that his health and spirits were better there than at Lambeth, but it was not the case: he was often ill and more often depressed at Addington; while at Lambeth, though he groaned over his work, he was usually in good health and spirits: for he was suited for the fray.

Stately, beautiful and dignified as Lambeth is, it was never deeply loved by my father; the associations that he had with it were of hard unrelieved work, anxious interviews, momentous meetings; it was to him an official residence, whereas Addington was a home.

It has never been my lot to live in such an agreeable house as Lambeth; quite apart from its dignity, its associations, its beauty, it is wonderfully well-planned, cool in summer, warm in winter. The Northern outlook into a spacious and beautiful garden with a broad bowling-green, thickets and winding walks, sumachs and elms, is unique in London. The garden was my father's great delight; he loved to steal a few minutes' quiet there and to observe the wood-pigeons that made it their home. It was a peaceful enough place to walk in, even when the adjoining fields were full of shrieking children, but not satisfactory as a garden, for everything that one picked or smelt left black marks on fingers and nose. The roar of London only came there as a faint monotonous undertone of subdued sound.

The house itself was greatly improved by my father, who furnished it more completely than it had ever been furnished; he had search made, and indeed himself routed about in cupboards and garrets and dragged to light innumerable old chairs, chests and settees of beautiful and costly design, which had been allowed to drift out of sight, and which when restored furnished the great corridors. He discovered in one of the towers a rusty bundle of the pikes which were anciently carried before the Archbishop and are so represented in old pictures; these he had cleaned and displayed in a fan on the wall of the great entrance. He despoiled the great gallery, a most desolate useless place, where draughts and dust held undisputed sway, of many interesting pictures which he had cleaned and placed in more favourable situations in the central corridor.

THE GARDEN FRONT, LAMBETH PALACE.

*From a drawing by L. Beatrice Thompson.*

*To face page 580, vol. i*

There were some huge full-length portraits which hung on a staircase seldom used, which were brought out; one of these proved to be Sir Robert Walpole. My father at first refused to allow this to be hung in public, on the ground that the Minister had used Church revenues as bribes for political services. But eventually he had it hung in a conspicuous place and said that the warning it gave of the possible corruption of the Church was useful. Among other odd things discovered was a piece of the ancient tapestries of the palace, given away by the butler in Cornwallis's time to a poor woman in Lambeth. This had come down through several generations as a coverlet and latterly as a carpet, in which condition it was discovered by my sister and purchased. It was restored, and turned out to be a fine figure of a warrior on horseback, probably Alexander.

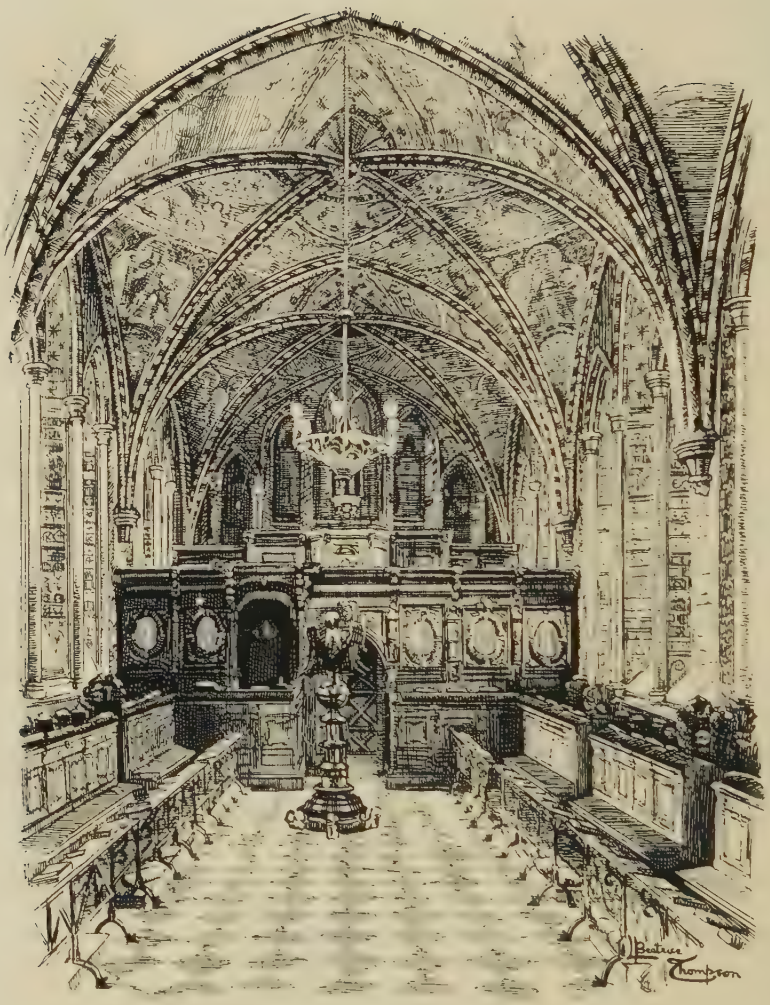
The curious thing about the house was that it was by no means commodious; it was difficult to put up many guests. It was not, like Addington, a large house with many rooms, but a house on a moderate scale with all the rooms of large dimensions. Thus it was rather at Addington than at Lambeth, where each day moreover was crowded with engagements, that he had both leisure and opportunity to entertain in such a way that acquaintance should ripen into friendship.

The Lambeth house was, however, admirably planned. On the right of the great entrance is a wing containing three rooms for secretaries; adjoining which, at the North-East corner, was the Archbishop's library, a noble room with a private staircase into the garden. Over the fireplace is a copy of the portrait of Warham, by Holbein, which hangs in the Guard-room[1]; the incongruous feature of the

[1] The Louvre portrait is probably a replica of this. There is another at New College, Oxford, and another in the possession of Lord Dillon, both possibly original. There was a further copy at Addington.

room is the row of classical busts that run along the top of the bookcase—Clytie, Antinous, Hesiod and the like, as in the Groves of Blarney. A door masked by bookbacks led into my father's dressing-room, a large room where he was generally to be found if not engaged with his secretaries or "sustaining" an interview; he used the library little, the dressing-room was the place of hard solitary work. It contained a large ancient knee-hole table, one chair, a sofa, a prie-dieu with a few devotional books, and this communicated with his and my mother's bedroom—that again with my mother's sitting-room and that with the drawing-rooms—so that it was possible to pass along the whole house from the library to the Chapel without entering the corridor. Almost all the living rooms are in the modern part of the house, built at enormous cost by Archbishop Howley, who is said to have spent £40,000 on that part of the house alone. The only exception is the Guard-room as it is called—always used as a dining-room in summer—which has a high vaulted timber roof and the walls hung with the magnificent series of portraits of the Archbishops. Out of this opens the picture gallery which leads to Lollard's Tower, and a staircase descending to the great library. The drawing-rooms communicate with a vestry at the base of what is called Cranmer's Tower, which leads again into the Chapel. The vestry was very plain, containing nothing but a chest or two for chapel furniture, and the iron curule chair designed by my father for ceremonials when he was seated before the altar, on which occasions it would be covered with white camlet. He hung two pictures there—the engraving of Archbishop Parker's consecration, and a photograph of Fra Angelico's monk, with finger on lip.

The Chapel itself is a very exquisite building, painted from end to end and the windows filled with stained glass.




INTERIOR, LAMBETH PALACE CHAPEL.

*From a drawing by L. Beatrice Thompson.*

*To face page* 583, *vol.*

My father sat in what would be the Dean's stall, within curtains of red velvet. The organ-loft was in the N.E. corner of the Chapel, and was in reality a room in Cranmer's Tower with the wall abutting on the Chapel pierced: my father had the organ built for this place, and put at a special angle to increase the volume of sound. He loved the Chapel very much, and was constantly beautifying it in little ways. Miss Lucy Tait and her sisters presented him with two exquisite altar-frontals, the American Bishops who attended the Lambeth Conference of 1888 presented an altar-cross, and the Duchess Adeline of Bedford, with the ladies who came to the weekly devotional meeting, gave a great eagle lectern in memory of my eldest sister[1].

In a corridor which led from the Guard-room to the drawing-room, stood the shell of Laud's tortoise under a glass case. I stumbled across this in 1883 in the muniment room; in the same box were some curious relics of Cardinal Pole's time; bones of saints, labelled with names of historic, even Apostolic, dignity—which must at one time have been held in considerable estimation—a pectoral cross, with a chasuble, stole and maniple of fine shot silk. All these interesting things were restored with great care and put in the same corridor in a case, of which the frame was dexterously contrived to hide the relic shelf, with a blind which could be drawn over the glass door.

The day at Lambeth was a day of ceaseless pressure; but the Archbishop generally contrived a short ride in afternoon or evening. Though he observed Lent strictly, never dined out, and gave no entertainments throughout that season, there was even then a constant succession of

[1] The inscription runs "In memory of Mary Eleanor Benson, born Oct. 16th, 1863, died Oct. 27th, 1899. 'In the midst of Death we are in Life. Offered in Love by hearts thankful for Light."

guests at nearly every meal, which was often his only time for interviews. The post was always arriving, and the oak sideboard that stood by the library-door was always loaded with letters. I have no clearer picture of my father than seeing him stand there in evening dress,—purple coat, shoes with the gold buckles that had belonged to Archbishop Howley, big glasses on his nose, reading abstractedly by the light of a bed-candle, with the heel of one foot resting on the toe of the other, touching with the finger-tips of his left hand the thumb of his right hand —a common action of his—and just looking up to smile and nod vaguely or shaking his head with a mock-groan descriptive of despair as one passed, but with his thoughts intent on the letter or paper he was studying. There he would stand long after family and guests had retired to bed, reading, meditating, devising.

When my father came to Canterbury he was a comparatively young man, only fifty-three. His appointment roused the greatest curiosity; he was comparatively unknown, except to ecclesiastics. What his experience was has been told; what normal experiences he had lacked may be noted. He had little knowledge of London, in some ways little knowledge of central affairs; he was one of the Junior Bishops and had never sat in the House of Lords. He had on the other hand been always in positions of authority; he had been successful in everything he had put his hand to. But with the multiplicity and the intricacy of the threads that he must now take up, his task would have been infinitely more difficult if it had not been for the help of one, already a friend, whom my father learned to love and trust increasingly, and whose practical wisdom and dexterous prudence were always at his service. When my father was Bishop of Truro he paid several visits to Archbishop Tait, and the fact that he had rooms in

Lollard's Tower brought him into intimate relations with all the household. The Rev. Randall Davidson, who had married Miss Edith Tait, was domestic chaplain to his father-in-law. When my father came to Lambeth, Mr Davidson, with great generosity, consented to stay as chaplain, and remained in that capacity until he was appointed Dean of Windsor.

Though their natures were very dissimilar they became united by the most intimate and devoted friendship. The present Bishop of Winchester had been brought up in a very different school of Church feeling; he had been influenced, under the auspices of his father-in-law, in the direction of sagacious statesmanship, and of individual and national, rather than ecclesiastical churchmanship. His knowledge of public men, of the world, of organisation, of Church legislation, of ecclesiastical movements, was of inestimable value to my father; moreover, he was intimately acquainted with the *personnel* of the Church, and had the whole of the intricate business of which the Primate is the centre, at his fingers' ends. While he was Dean of Windsor my father consulted him on almost every momentous point or difficult crisis. He did not always follow his advice, though he had the utmost respect for the Bishop's unique power of foreseeing contingencies: when Dean Davidson became Bishop of Rochester and when he succeeded to the ancient See of Winchester, the intimate relations still continued, though naturally the Bishop had less time at his disposal. It is not possible to estimate the debt which my father owed him, or the affection with which he regarded him.

When my father first came to London there was great curiosity to see and hear him. His sermons were impressive, and his speeches at functions were admirable.

Mr Dibdin[1] in the *Quarterly Review* for Oct. 1897 says :—

From quite early days he had a considerable reputation as a preacher. Both his sermons and great speeches were written. It is, we venture to think, a pity that so few of the former have been published. Those few, together with his three Visitation Charges, may without exaggeration be described as permanent additions to the religious literature of the country. A study of them gives, perhaps, the truest impression attainable of the Archbishop's individuality and character, of the strength of his convictions, the range forwards as well as backwards of his outlook, and the largeness of his heart. But they are not to be read half asleep, nor are they effective in the sense of "that blessed word Mesopotamia." They demand the reader's attention in a larger degree than many people are willing to bestow upon books. There is, especially in his later works, the same tendency which we have noticed as to his speeches, to overcompress, and to squeeze into a single adjective ideas which might well have filled two or three sentences; but nevertheless we doubt whether the Church of England has in recent years produced any books, which, when once mastered, will seem more indispensable to the devout Churchman or more effective to infuse great purposes into working life.

In the House of Lords his speeches to some extent caused disappointment. The truth was that he never took refuge in platitudes, and he made the mistake of packing his speeches too closely, and framing a string of pregnant epigrams, that were unsuited to debate. In extempore speaking, when he felt at his ease and with a sympathetic audience, he was lively, graphic and humorous; but when he felt the need of being weighty, he was apt to become too concentrated. He prepared his Parliamentary speeches carefully, but in the House he was nervous: the atmosphere of chilly criticism appalled him: moreover, having all his life held positions of command, he found it difficult to debate a question from a footing of perfect equality: the result was

[1] Chancellor of the Dioceses of Durham, Rochester and Exeter.

that, in debate, he could not wholly control his masterful temper: where he ought to have been dignified, weighty, emollient, he often became irritated by some argument, and lost himself in sharp replies. But his weight in the House of Lords steadily increased, as he became better known, and his knowledge of affairs, from the great regularity with which he attended the debates, widened very rapidly.

As was often said, "he looked the part to perfection." He was at first very active in body, but this activity gradually decreased. He was still singularly capable of bearing fatigue, and could walk for a great number of hours on end, even uphill, but very slowly. Even ten years later, on a visit to North Africa, when going on board a steamer in a very heavy sea at Tunis, the ladder broke, to the consternation of his family, already embarked, the Archbishop caught hold of the rope-ladder from the boat and climbed up the side of the steamer. "Qui était-ce?" said a Frenchman present. "Est-ce que c'était l'Archevêque, si fort, si vigoureux?"

Of his personal appearance in earlier and later years, my mother writes:—

> There was nothing in its way more remarkable than the development of the beauty of his face as time went by. As a young man it certainly gave good promise, but eagerness and vivacity were the chief things that his face then expressed. A photograph of him taken at 30 bears scarcely a trace of resemblance to the last one taken by Elliott and Fry. It is impossible even for those who knew him well to trace the course of the development. With most faces there is a great change, but though in many cases new lines of power, or thought, or softening can be seen, it is seldom that the absolute beauty developes so markedly. He had always very rich curves in the mouth. In fact it was scarcely like an English mouth at all, but more Italian in its beauty. The nose was always fine but the sharp delicate *receding* cut of the nostril seemed to get sharper and finer as time went on. The brow developed extraordinarily,

large bumps grew over the arch of the eye, specially during the last 14 or 15 years of his life. He took to growing his hair longer of later years which increased the likeness, often noticed, to John Wesley. When he first came to London the artist world was much excited about him, and more than one wanted to paint him. At the first Academy soirée at which he was present, one who was there told me that groups as he passed would eagerly turn round to look at him. I used to be afraid that when his hair grew whiter it would not furnish a strong enough background to the marked features, and I think Herkomer felt this. When we asked him seven or eight years ago to paint the portrait which, according to immemorial custom each Archbishop had to leave at Lambeth, he urged speed. "I can wait," he said, "but the subject cannot." Yet this proved not to be so. It is seldom I think that the growing development of a face strikes the members of the family—yet of late years we have often talked to each other of the changes which seemed to us all very rapid.

One cold day at Milan, on our way home from Florence, we were standing just outside S. Ambrogio—he was wearing a large black cloak and had flung it round his shoulder in an Italian manner and was looking up at the façade of the church. A woman who was passing caught sight of him, stood still to look and exclaimed, "Che bel prete!"

I shall never forget one night in the summer of 1894. I had been ill, and was still somewhat of an invalid and was unable to go away with him to pay a visit to which we were both looking forward. This depressed him a good deal, and we had various other anxieties just at that time. He used always to work late, and this night he came into my room about 12 o'clock, leaving his door open. My room was dark and as he stood talking to me the light from the other room streamed out on him. He was deeply depressed; "I feel as if it were all closing in," he said. I tried to take the points one by one and show that they were not so very bad after all. He stood silent for a few minutes, and I could not think of the anxieties or of anything but the extraordinary beauty of the picture. He was in a purple cassock, and the light caught the colour. There was a warm tint on his face from the inner room, and his white hair shone and sparkled like frost. His features were grave almost to gloom and the splendid lines of his profile were thrown into relief by the strong light and deep shade.

One of the most striking features of my father's outward appearance was his dignity on public occasions —dignity combined with humility—official dignity, in which there was no taint of personal elation. I remember this from the earliest days. His demeanour in Wellington Chapel was awe-inspiring. At Lincoln I recollect his being late for a Morning Service when in residence; when he had himself ushered to his place by the verger before the Venite with such solemnity that a stranger who was present supposed it to be an ancient custom of the Cathedral that the Canon in residence should not appear before. This dignity was the same even on the humblest occasions; and the bow which he used to give at Addington, when ushered to his place in the chancel by the Vicar, was a ceremony which never lost its impressiveness. His appearance in the pulpit at Addington, where he always preached on Christmas Day, was the most perfect mixture of fatherliness and dignity; and these sermons, which he used to preach almost without preparation, speaking of family life and the events of the year, were so touching that many of the congregation used to be affected to tears.

At the same time he was decidedly shy. He found great difficulty in breaking off a conversation, even when longing to go back to his work, and he had a peculiar swing of the arm and a manner of throwing out his foot as he turned on these occasions, which were always an absolute indication of his state of mind.

Another small personal gesture which deserves to be mentioned because it was so characteristic of him, was a peculiar manner of shaking his head, or rather of agitating it slightly with downcast eyes if he was vexed at anything that was being said or done. We always knew if we saw this happen when any one was speaking that he was in a

"dangerous" frame of mind, and that some rebuke or contradiction would result, severe in proportion to the offence.

He used to say that he suffered at dinner-parties and other sociable entertainments from a sudden and distressing speechlessness, when he was deprived of the power of thought, and had no wish but to be led from the room: but it was quite impossible to detect this: and he seldom indulged in those protracted silences which are so socially trying when they affect anyone of high rank or dignity, however benevolently disposed.

Yet my father was more ready and humorous in conversation than in prepared speeches. He was not to be reckoned a brilliant conversationalist, because he was too eager to argue patiently and was too much inclined to be lengthy; he explained too much, and refined upon the lucidity of what was already clear. I do not think he was ever an easy person to talk to. He was impatient of abstract topics, and, though interested in personal conversation, disliked gossip. He had from early days a feeling in favour of "improving" conversation. And yet he was not consistent in these respects, because he would speak with the greatest minuteness of unimportant things in which he took an interest, matters antiquarian and artistic, but was quick to resent any monopolising of the conversation by others in subjects with which he was imperfectly acquainted. He had not the art of eliciting information on subjects which were strange to him by questions, and was apt to deflect on to subjects which he knew.

Argument with him always engendered heat, and he was apt to express himself too vehemently to be agreeable; thus I think he did not, in later life, make many equal friends among men. All his great friendships,

especially of later years, have been with women; he was not really at home in an atmosphere of perfect equality; surround him with a certain deference and affection, and he was expansive, humorous, racy—but with men of like age, whose views he imagined to differ widely from his own, he froze and became silent and severe. There were of course exceptions to this; he was always interested by enthusiasts of any kind, such as artists, artistic workmen, scholars or scientific men, when he could meet them on some common ground, quite apart from religion. What he intensely disliked was a dilettante, or a man who with ignorant confidence treated sweepingly some subject he had himself minutely studied: any absorbing interest, other than sport or politics, at once appealed to him. But a mind without religion, or a mind in which religion was only one of many interests, was incomprehensible to him. He never realised that there could be people in the world, not morally depraved, who thought of religion as either tiresome or absurd, of church-going as an amiable foible, or liturgies as unnecessary, antiquarian, and tedious ceremonies. And thus he did not realise the belief that exists in the minds of many cultivated persons that the Church will have to battle to establish itself as a necessary institution. He thought of the Church, or rather of religion, as *the* absorbing fact of life.

People of diametrically opposite views he could not really tolerate. Cordiality with them was out of the question. And he would not really ever try to meet them or argue with them. Several times, as in the Education Bill, he lost ground by not being able frankly to meet and discuss matters with certain leading Radicals, who would have been quite ready to meet him half-way. But their view, or what he thought their view, was incredible and unintelligible to him. With certain politicians he had so little in common

that he thought of them as dangerous and deadly enemies, not as rational and serious opponents. There were of course exceptions. He had for Mr Gladstone a peculiar veneration based on his Churchmanship and scholarly pursuits. He enjoyed immensely his frequent conversations with the veteran statesman, though he wrote with excessive severity in his Diary on Mr Gladstone's political principles. Still, their friendship was independent of politics, and was a very deep-seated sentiment in my father's mind.

He was not always a patient listener; on one occasion at Addington a worthy clergyman talked at great length and somewhat pompously at dinner to my mother, monopolising all the conversation, about a course of sermons he was shortly to deliver. My father after some minutes could bear it no longer; and he suddenly said in a loud voice, addressing no one in particular, "I once preached a beautiful course of sermons at Lincoln; they taught a great many people a great deal, and they were, besides, exceedingly well expressed."

Mr Edmund Gosse, who with Mrs Gosse was staying at Addington in January, 1894, sends me the following interesting account, noted down at the time, of a conversation with the Archbishop:—

The Archbishop, who had been out in the park with my wife, marking trees to be felled, came in late this afternoon and found me sitting alone, reading, in the drawing-room. He immediately quoted something from "The Christian Year," about nature "reposing in decay serene." I rose to greet him and we stood together in the middle of the room, while he said in a glowing way, "Don't you enjoy Keble?" I had to confess that I did not, that I thought him elegant, but frigid and tame. The Archbishop replied: "I fear I don't at all agree. I delight in Keble. He is the common ground on which poetry and religion meet. Now, a great deal, the majority, of our religious verse is not poetry at all. A great many of our hymns are nonsense, sheer nonsense, irritating

nonsense, if you regard them simply as literature, and yet they undoubtedly awaken the conscience or raise the soul to God. It is a great puzzle, the badness of most really effective and stirring hymns. From that difficulty one escapes by turning to Keble, who is truly poetical. 'Frigid' do you call him? Well, I appreciate your point of view. Of course Keble has not the *abandon* of Byron—or—or of Shelley, but that is merely due to the limitations of the subject." I ventured to say that the poetry of the Catholic mystics, such as Sta. Teresa and St John of the Cross, was not so limited. "Yes," said the Archbishop, "and how disagreeable it is, with its extravagance, and a sort of sensuousness which is to me almost revolting. It is the imitation of that false fervour, a sort of hysterics, which spoils for me the English sacred poetry of the seventeenth century, even some of George Herbert. I don't like *wit* in poetry or in religion, and the wit of Herbert, which is a kind of mysticism, partly spoils him for me; it is like a disagreeable taste. No, if you sweep away Keble and call him 'frigid,' I am afraid poetry and piety will have to be divorced." I asked him if he did not think they had been eminently married in Christina Rossetti? He replied: "I hardly know her things. What has she written? Will you repeat something?" I recited all I could remember of "Passing away, saith the World"; the Archbishop listened but said nothing for a few moments. Presently he said, "I must read Christina Rossetti. She is only a name to me. Oh! dear," lifting his hands with an impatient gesture, "what a dreadful thing it is to have so little leisure that one can't do half the things or read half the books one ought to."

Anybody glancing in upon us during our conversation and not hearing our words would have been astonished; for the Archbishop strode irregularly about the room, talking very loud, so that, to avoid seeming to shout at him, I was obliged to pursue him among the chairs and round the tables. I was greatly struck, as I always am, by his amazing vitality, and by his extreme candour. Although he states his opinion firmly, yet, even on subjects which are within his own acknowledged province, he is ready and almost eager to appreciate the other person's point of view.

Those who had only met my father at social gatherings

used to think and speak of him as mild, kind and affable. So indeed he was, but such epithets testify to a superficial experience of his moods; his official manner was direct and firm, demanding an unquestioning obedience and an obvious deference. I remember well seeing him pass by a swift transition from one mood to the other. It was at a large dinner-party. The Archbishop had withdrawn to a bow-window with two or three guests, and had been entertaining them with a series of humorous stories, delightfully told, with his hands clasped behind his back, and shifting, as he was wont to do when in a genial mood, from one foot to the other, slightly swinging the foot which was not sustaining his weight. One of the guests talking to him was an influential layman, treasurer of one of the great Church Sisterhoods. Finding the Archbishop so gracious, in a pause in the conversation, he said: "I have for some time been wishing, your Grace, to ask if you would preach the sermon at our annual Festival." My father's whole face and attitude changed. Still smiling, but with a most judicial air, he said "No, I am afraid, Mr —, that that is out of the question. I have long considered that the attitude of certain Sisterhoods to their Diocesans is quite unwarrantable; they adopt a position of independence which is absolutely inconsistent with their profession. No one can admire more than I do the magnificent work that they do, but I consider it to be individual work for Christ, and not conducted on Church lines; I have several times remonstrated about this, and my views are perfectly well known, and though I am sorry to refuse such a request, I cannot give the approval to their system which such an act on my part would be held to give." Mr — was rather appalled by this and very courteously apologised. "No, no," said the Archbishop, "your request was a very natural one,—please don't apologise—but I

cannot accede to it; and now let us talk of something else[1]."

He had a strong sense of humour, and told amusing stories with overpowering relish, laughing till his eyes filled with tears; when thoroughly amused, he had a very inspiriting loud laugh, when he would throw his head back, close his eyes, and lean back in his chair. He was fond of telling stories in dialect, rendering questions and answers with great dramatic energy. But his Cornish dialect was the same as his American—and Scotch, Irish and Yorkshire vernacular were nearly identical. It was always interesting to hear him tell a story, however familiar, because the details of his stories grew so strangely, and varied so much with the precise current of his imagination at the time. It was not exaggeration so much as amplification. There were always fixed points. His imagination, as he knew, was very strong, and he used to say that he had the unhappy faculty of realising a scene with such vividness that it seemed to him as if he had been present, when he really had not been there; thus there were certain stories the genesis of which was well known to us, which he had adopted as his own. In stories which related to adventures of his own he always appeared in the character of the patient deferential courteous bystander, even when he had as a matter of fact behaved with brusqueness, even irritation. But he had a particular knack of heaping absurd details together, and drawing laughable inferences which made his talk sometimes irresistibly amusing. I

[1] It should be stated that, speaking generally, the Archbishop was fully in sympathy with the revival of Sisterhoods in the Church of England, as will be seen in the matter of the Assyrian Mission (Vol. II. pp. 190, 191) when his appeal to the Sisters of Bethany was nobly responded to. He had friendly relations during a long period with the Mother of the All Saints' Sisterhood, and visited Wantage and other Houses from time to time. At the time when the incident above recorded took place, he had grave reason for the anxious consideration of the relation of Sisterhoods to Diocesan and Provincial authority.

recollect his saying to a large party at lunch that he had received no present on the occasion of some distinguished function, when some memento was generally given him. He looked pathetically round, as though to demand sympathy. "They are offended with me, I know" (ruefully). "But it's not that I mind—it's the attitude to the Church. How are Archbishops to subsist?"

I remember on one occasion there was some uncertainty as to the time of the service at the Consecration of a neighbouring church, and whether he was to go robed or not. It was to take place that afternoon. "Really, my dear fellow" (to the chaplain), "you ought to have made *sure*; I know what will happen; we shall decide to go *not* robed; then we shall drive to the Vicarage; then we shall hear they are at the church; then we shall go round there; and I shall get out of the carriage and my cloak will catch in the door, and I shall be dreadfully vexed, while all the choir-boys and clergy will be standing in their robes at the gate; then just when I ought to be saying 'Peace be to this House,' the clergy will form in procession, and all that will be seen of the Archbishop will be a gaitered leg hurrying round the corner to the Vestry."

He used to wake early in spite of his short nights, and be unable to sleep; and then suffer from exaggerated depression of mind; he was forbidden by his doctors to get up, and lay, as he used to say, revolving many things and reviewing his own inadequacy, and the consequent downfall of the Church and the wreck of religion, till he was in complete despair. He used to speak of these dejected reveries with great solemnity at breakfast. "Oh, I had such a terrible hour this morning—I shall never forget it! I have been thinking about *Spain*—what a melancholy country! the chivalry, the romance of the Middle Ages all gone—nothing left; their pride humbled;

the only country in the world where the blood of the martyrs has *not* been the seed of the Church. Their Cathedrals are impoverished and deserted; their clergy are mocked at, not even allowed to wear the religious dress! It is terrible!"

I had recently returned from Spain and said to console him that the clergy did wear the usual dress of priests.

"Yes, I daresay they do! but they are despised, utterly despised. At all events, they are not allowed to wear the dress of priests in *Portugal*."

I said that at Lisbon, where I had been, they wore the usual dress of clergy. "Well, there was a *proposal*, at all events, to take the dress away. And think—the Archbishop of Toledo used to be the first ecclesiastic in the Roman Catholic Church next after the Pope. It's very sad."

It must be remembered that his conversation was largely made up of stories—very apposite to the subject under discussion, and very dramatically told. Speaking of the precision with which Mr Gladstone in his speeches used to work out his parentheses, my father said: "Yes, the precise opposite to that was John Alexander Frere, Tutor of Trinity, who never finished a sentence at lecture, from always thinking, in the course of it, of some brilliant alteration in form, which he then at once adopted; we used to say that he put up the following notice on the Screens:

> 'Being confined to his room by illness Mr Frere's pupils are informed that I shall not lecture on Wednesday next. (*Signed*) J. A. FRERE.'"

Speaking of Mr Herkomer, who painted the Archbishop's portrait for Lambeth, my father quoted from a French paper: "M. Herkomer got the medal at Paris for art some years ago, and since then the eyes of all England have been fastened on him. He has painted a picture of the

Master of Trinity, Cambridge, no doubt an excellent man in his way, but who looks as if he were ready to devour all his students alive (*tous vivants*)."

I select two little instances out of hundreds that might be cited, of my father's humour and originality in the smallest points.

He gave my sister a large collection of autographs; many of the letters are furnished with illustrative comments of his own. At the end of a letter from Dr Littledale[1], after the signature, my father writes:—

The most characteristic signature I have ever seen. How the capitals butt and kick! and *how* it dwindles off!

There is another scrap of paper lying before me on which my father wrote hastily, to try a new stylographic pen:—

The saviours of society are very apt to bore it—Perhaps it is the best way—Perhaps the only way—At any rate, as an argument, the statement which is at best doubtful, has no value.

The following story, told him by the Bishop of Durham, he used to repeat with great zest: "Dr Westcott once travelling from Peterborough to London sate in the carriage with a comfortable Yorkshire clergyman, with a long upper lip and a self-satisfied expression, who bought a pottle of strawberries and ate them with great enjoyment and comfort. Then he wiped his fingers and threw the basket out of the window, with great deliberation. A passenger from the corner said, 'A dangerous thing, Sir, that is.' After a moment's genial reflection the clergyman, looking round, said with a sweet smile, 'We live, Sir, in a world of risks!'"

Suggestions were often made, when he was at Truro, that he should authorise special offices for special purposes.

[1] It is said of this stalwart controversialist that next to Dr Pusey he heard more confessions than any priest of the Church of England. He died in 1890.

A worthy clergyman once sent him a proposed service for the "Dedication of a Church-Stove" with special Lessons and Collects. The Canticle was to be the *Benedicite*, because of the verse "O ye Fire and Heat," &c. The Hymn was the *Veni Creator* because of the lines, "Thy blessed Unction from above, Is comfort, life and fire of love." Though my father was liturgically minded, these suggestions afforded him the intensest amusement.

Talking one night of modern rationalistic commentaries he said of Renan, "He calls David an inspired Bandit—think of that! But A— is far worse: he made me feel that Elijah had been a sort of old umbrella-man. I didn't care to read anything about Elijah for a long time."

Discussing the sermons of a very tiresome preacher whom at one time he used often to be forced to listen to, he said with a groan, "Oh, he used to preach the most *awful* sermons! I had to go out and lie down in the Churchyard on a tombstone, before I could get strength to totter home; he used always to begin by saying that Adam and Eve had been the first human beings to be created!"

Speaking of a conceited and arrogant young clergyman he said—"The fact is these young gentlemen think that the office magnifies the man. Now Count S. told me that he saw in a police court in Russia a priest brought in, in undress of purple, and the court, magistrates and all, knelt and a police-sergeant kissed his hand. Then rising, the magistrate said, 'You nasty drunken beast, so you were drunk again yesterday. I'll make you remember it this time.' The priest was led out to an adjoining yard, his clothes torn off, and 50 lashes given him: when he was brought back half-fainting, all knelt and received his blessing."

"Again," he said, "in Russia the Emperor once kissed the hand of a priest, who being a rustic simple man, drew

back. 'Ce n'est pas toi, imbécile,' said the Emperor." My father added, "Depend upon it, the doctrine of Apostolical Succession is everything for a man's own encouragement and help in dispirited hours: but it is not a doctrine to *preach* to the world."

I once accompanied my father to a luncheon-party in town, where an enthusiastic clergyman broke in upon an argument which was proceeding between his host and another gentleman, on the subject of Darwinism, by beating his hand upon the table and saying, "In saying that you take my God away from me!" "I don't think so," said our host quietly, "if you will only listen to what I am saying." "No, I won't listen any more: you are taking my God away from me! You are taking Him away." My father was very much disgusted at what he considered a mere pose. He said to me as we went away, "It is a great mistake to talk of your spiritual experiences in a mixed company. I remember once, at a dinner-party at which I was present, at a certain College, a most holy man, the brother of the Master, produced little short of consternation by saying suddenly after a portentous silence, and apropos of nothing, 'Mr Hawker of Morwenstow told me angels had not wings;—it would impede their flight—but I saw one once, and it had wings—they were of gold.'"

At Windsor on one occasion when he was staying at the Deanery, he was taken by the Dean of Windsor in company with Lord C—, a prominent Roman Catholic, to see the Holloway College pictures. At dinner the same evening he was overheard saying to Mrs Davidson, "Oh, Edie, I got into such a hole to-day! I saw a picture in the Castle of some Cardinal driving the gypsies out of Spain; so I said to the Dean, 'Dear me, I'm glad to see a Cardinal so well employed!' because you know I always have a Cardinal thrust in my teeth whenever I am wanted

to do anything philanthropic.—'If your Grace cannot take the Chair,' they say, 'we hope to be able to get Cardinal Manning.'—Well, the Dean tried to pull me out: he said, 'Oh, he's not blessing them; he's driving them out.' He did his best, but I am afraid that C— had already seen it: he looked terribly shocked: I was quite in disgrace!"

He never spoke, even to his very nearest, of the private information he received on important matters. His discretion on such points was most severe. A secret was absolutely sacred, and to be communicated to no one. As a rule people in an important position are by no means chary of producing, if not all, at least something of what they hear; but nothing would induce him to open his lips on any such point. He was fond of talking about the recollections of his early days, but not before strangers; he thought that an unpardonable discourtesy, a provincial trait. About all such things he had a curiously elaborate code of his own, not based on ordinary rules of courtesy, and in many points far more rigid.

He read very little of recent years except to gain specific information, though he often studied French historical memoirs, and devotional books of all kinds; and he took no interest in current modern literature, though he would not have avowed this. He read very few novels, and those with immense trouble and many groans. Of modern novelists, however, he read Mr Henry James's books with interest, once even quoting from *Roderick Hudson* in a University Sermon. Miss Austen was an author he liked, but he thought Dickens vulgar and Thackeray cynical. Shakespeare, Virgil and Dante he put on a pinnacle by themselves as "not quite human—almost angels," as he said to me once. He was fond in earlier days of reading Shakespeare aloud, and had a strong, even exaggerated, dramatic instinct. All his reading aloud was singularly

original. The Old Testament Lessons which he read at the daily Morning Service in the chapel, were always interesting to listen to, because the emphasis was so unexpected; but it was not always dignified reading, sometimes even irritating by its quaintness but intensely vivid. My sister adds, "When he was reading Job, Beth (our old nurse) said, 'There, you might think you were there.' Some of the stories affected him even to tears. Twice in reading the story of Joseph I have heard him stop—grasp the side of the stall so that the whole thing shook—and he absolutely sobbed. He hated, I believe, being so much mastered by his feelings. I found that both Agnes Tait and I remembered years after (having never spoken of it before) his reading in Kenwyn Church of the Chapter in Job about Arcturus and the Pleiades—Job was one of the Books he most enjoyed reading. The same vividness I always felt he gave to the Bible readings we had with him. There was some peculiar interest always about the books we had read with him."

He read Keble or George Herbert aloud to his companions, when out walking on Sundays, and sometimes a page of *Pilgrim's Progress* in the evenings. But his free hours were of late years almost entirely given to Cyprian. He also worked a good deal at a book on the "Revelation of St John[1]," which was nearly completed at the time of his death. He had a vague idea of editing George Herbert's Poems, the text of which he thought was corrupt, and used to suggest explanations and emendations on the Sunday walks.

All his life he found pleasure in the writing of verse both English and Latin. "Latin verses—the sweetest and prettiest things in the world," he used to say; he had a little book of Latin verse by the present Pope, given him I think by the

[1] *The Apocalypse.* Macmillan & Co.

late Lord Ravensworth, which he read with pleasure. In one of his latest diaries I find that he composed a sonnet on St Paul, to test his mental agility; I give the sonnet elsewhere[1]. He wrote a good many hymns at different times, and held very strong opinions as to what was and what was not appropriate in hymns. Indeed on the latter subject he used to express himself with great warmth. Thus he held "Lead, kindly Light" to be most emphatically a poem, not a hymn; and he much disliked the subjectivity of much modern hymn-writing. "These things are for meditation and solitude," he said, "and not to be roared out to an attractive tune." He much disliked also the constant substitution in hymns of "Jesus" for "Jehovah," or "Father"; as "Guide me, O thou great *Redeemer*," instead of "great *Jehovah*." "Hymns are definite attempts," he used to say, "to realise the duty of praise and ascription; and are more naturally and wholesomely addressed to the Father." He could not bear to have the words of his own hymns altered, and refused to allow a hymn of his own ("Hushed the storms," &c.) to be included in a hymn-book because the compiler insisted on altering one word in "Fairer than the dew of morning, So he *slid* into our race" into "*came*." And in his own chapel he resented hymns being sung to other than the tunes he was used to, even when they were, as was often the case, unsuitable for performance. It was characteristic of him that when he was compiling the Wellington College Hymn-book, he exercised a minute supervision over the tunes, and had a number of old tunes harmonised by a friend, of the most amateurish capacity, in order not to be compelled to obtain leave to use copyright harmonies. The result was that the music had very shortly after to be most carefully revised, and almost entirely rewritten.

[1] See Vol. II. pp. 138, 139.

But even with hymns he was not quite consistent, making for instance, an elegant *cento* out of "Rock of Ages" to avoid some image that distressed him. He was here, as in all his other sympathies, very esoteric.

On one occasion he was choosing hymns for the Chapel at Addington. He looked in the Calendar and saw St Cecilia's and St Edmund's days. "Why don't we have hymns for these days? We should have them, if the Church of England wasn't so *stodgy!* Yes, it *is* stodgy—I *will* say it."

My sister and I have fortunately kept some careful notes of his "table-talk," often preserving the exact words.

Talking one day while at tea under the cedar-tree on Addington lawn, he said suddenly that he had been making his will (this was in 1888), and told us some particulars. He then said, "I should wish my funeral to be pompous rather than plain; I should like to have on my tomb a figure in a cope but not in a mitre—that is," he added, "unless I have to crown the Prince of Wales King of England, and wear one then. At George IV.'s coronation," he went on, "it was discussed whether the Bishops should wear mitres and it was settled that they should not. I don't want to appear on my tomb as wearing what I never wore in my life."

One day riding with him up what we called the "Howling Wilderness"—a great bare valley which stretched up from one of the Park Lodges, we talked about Omar Khayyam and his translator, Edward FitzGerald. "I have never been able to care for Oriental poetry—except that of the Jews," he said, and he went on to talk of nationalities. "The Jews and the Greeks were the two most wonderful nations—the greatest in every way—the Romans can't be *compared* to them; their only faculty was that of governing, and getting the most out of the people they governed.

The Jews looked, if not to something beyond this life (which they did not seem clear about), at least to something above it. *We* look to what comes after life; the Greeks to what was *in* life. Yes, of course the Romans were law-givers, but the subjection of people was all they studied. We in England do harm by working for prosperity and nothing else.

"The Saxons were a most cruel nation. We seem to be getting rid of that by degrees. The *live bird* plaything is the test of whether a nation is cruel. In Italy and Spain a live bird is a thing given to children in the market as a plaything. It is the Bible which has made England humane and nothing else. The Church Association foolishly talks about Romanism and all its horrors. It does not matter how ornate we make our services as long as we keep the open Bible."

He was speaking (this was in 1890) of a visit he had made to Durham; he had lunched at the Deanery; the Dean told him that Bishop Lightfoot had recently arrived at Durham station accompanied by an American Bishop. A lady, hearing that the Bishop of Durham was in the station, came up to Lightfoot and said to him, pointing at the American Bishop, "Can you tell me whether that tall handsome man is the Bishop of Durham?" "No, Madam," said Lightfoot with a chuckle, "the Bishop of Durham is very short and plain." Some Canon, present at lunch, said, "Yes—great men are always short." Lord Ravensworth, who was there, said, "Yes, Wellington, Napoleon and Alexander were, but how about Hannibal? There is no personal description of him, is there? except his one eye, 'portaret bellua luscum,' how does it begin?" The Archbishop said, "Cum Gaetula ducem." Lord Ravensworth at once began talking about Latin verses: "I often do a few—it's such a pleasure." The Archbishop, commenting on this,

said how delightful it was, and what a surprise it was to him. "It shows true refinement—a thing often not to be found in people who consider themselves more cultivated. People who buy a few pictures and talk a great deal about them, imagine themselves to be highly cultivated, but are not in any sense refined, and are generally conceited. Art, by itself, has no refining power, but makes men very dogmatic and leaves them sensual; but the writing of Latin Verses is in no sense a showy accomplishment."

Talking about the Palace at Exeter he said, "The Bishop (Temple) has spoilt the most quiet place of worship in England, his domestic chapel. It was a little dark old place, with *Domus Mea Domus Orationis* in gold letters on a blue scroll painted over the door. And now it's the very last place where it would occur to you to say your prayers. It's the sort of place" (with a face of great disgust) "where you would eat ices on a summer evening. He gave it over to his architect. The walls are covered with glazed tiles, of the sort that you can see your face in, with all sorts of hooks and twists. The pillars—cast iron I believe—are painted chocolate colour and blue—the blue which only one architect uses in churches—a kind of putrescent blue which is only found in one place in nature—do you know where? On the cheeks and under the eyes of a large baboon—you can see him at the Zoo. There was a beautiful Sedile on one side of the chancel, and he must needs go and put another inside the rails for the Bishop to sit in, with a kind of lectern, so that he can turn his back to the congregation when he reads the lesson. The rest of the seats I believe are pitch-pine! pitch-pine, ugh!"

He was consulted by a clergyman whether he should send his son to a smaller public school instead of Marlborough which had been fixed upon. The clergyman

said, "Mr J—, his private schoolmaster, advises us that it would be better than Marlborough, your Grace." "Fiddlestick end!" said the Archbishop loudly, at dinner: "Pooh! Bosh! We all know what kind of a place D— is: let them get the biggest grindstone they can find, and turn it round as fast as possible, and hold Mr J—'s nose to it, till he changes his mind."

Mr George L. Bennett, Headmaster of Sutton Valence School, writes:—

> On one occasion I had to do the honours of our parish Church here, to the Archbishop, when he paid us a visit. He was very genial. When he missed one of our Churchwardens, he asked the other where he was, as he had been there a minute or two before. To him the rustic Churchwarden: "He has sloped, Your Grace, he has to kill a pig!" "Oh, very well," and in taking leave of us, he said to the warden who had stuck to his guns—"I am greatly indebted to you, Sir, for not sloping with your colleague."

He once spoke with great vehemence of the part he would play if the Church were to be disestablished: "I shall head a revolt, seize the principal agitators and hang them at Lambeth out of the windows." (Very fiercely) "I know whom I shall begin with!" Then in a melancholy tone, "I daresay it will be the other way! I often have a vision of being hung on a scaffold in the road by Lollard's Tower—ever since a man whom I passed there shook his fist at me and said 'Yah.'"

On one occasion a long discussion took place at dinner as to what would be the result if two engines moving at different speeds were attached to a train: it was contended that if the first were slower than the second, the second besides drawing the train would have to push the first as well; if the second were slower, the first engine would have to pull the train and the slower engine as well. The Arch-

bishop took a decided and totally erroneous view and defended it with vehemence. The discussion raged all dinner, and afterwards when all were in the drawing-room, it broke out afresh, the Archbishop growing more warm every moment. Then suddenly he retired to a distant table and began to turn over a portfolio and to call his daughter's attention to an inscription; while thus occupied, he said in a low tone, "I ought not to argue! I am always insulting when I argue—don't you think I am?" My sister said, "I shouldn't have used that exact word—you have been vehement." "Oh, it's more than that," he said, "I can't help using insulting and personal language." He then began to think over the problem again, drawing little signs on paper, and argued the question again at breakfast and all the way while driving up to London, with little less vehemence.

One day at dinner, when a large party of friends were staying in the house, Mr Baynes, the chaplain, began to say Grace: "For what we are about—" "No, no," said the Archbishop in a loud voice, "read the right one!" A general smile ran round the table. It should be explained that he had drawn up a number of Graces for different seasons and days, which were printed and attached to a small varnished board which lay by the chaplain's place.

In Feb. 1891 he came in very late to dinner: my mother remarked on it; he replied, "Oh, don't scold me! I oughtn't to have done it, but I have had *such* a happy day: I have been scolding Baynes and Donaldson (the chaplains) and repenting of it; and all their suggestions were right, and all my insistence was wrong, and I'm in a state of perfect charity."

A lady a few days before the Lincoln Trial asked across the table at dinner, with more interest than discretion, "Is

anything interesting going to happen at the Trial on Tuesday, your Grace?" The Archbishop (promptly and clearly), "Yes, indeed! I have had a guillotine erected in the Library: and the Bishop of Lincoln will come in led by Sir Walter Phillimore[1], and lay his head down: it will be most affecting! And then the axe will fall; and I have arranged that it shall come down on Sir Walter's head instead of the Bishop's, and the Bishop will rise and execute a fandango.—Do you know what that is?"

My sister, just before the Lincoln Trial, told my father that someone had been asking the porter, whose office it was to show visitors the Library, which was the celebrated book that was bound in the skin of a Bishop. The Archbishop, loudly, "Tell him to say that it is just waiting to be rebound."

A clergyman said injudiciously to him that preachers ought to talk more simply and intelligibly in the pulpit, just *talk*—that so much preparation was thrown away—that they ought to trust the Spirit more. The Archbishop, very severely, "Well, it was never promised in the Bible that you should be able by the Holy Spirit to teach what you hadn't learnt."

In August 1890 my sister was riding with him; he had been greatly vexed by something that had happened in the morning; he had been speaking of the late Lord Carnarvon, with whom he used to stay at Highclere, and whom he greatly admired, and went on to talk of the birthright of beautiful manners. "The perfection of breeding," he said, "is if you are depressed or vexed to talk and behave as if there were nothing in your mind—with Celtic natures this seems to come naturally—good *surface* spirits, whatever is happening below. People less finely tempered, who don't behave thus naturally, are silent and *distrait* if

[1] Now Mr Justice Phillimore.

they are depressed; it is so with me: when I was young, I was never taught that it was wrong to be angry; I was taught to see that it made one *disagreeable* if one was angry, but not that it was wrong; I came to look upon being angry merely as the quickest way of getting what I wanted."

In the afternoon after the pronouncement of a preliminary decision connected with the Lincoln Judgment my sister notes that my father went to hang pictures by way of recreation, as it was raining and he could not go out. Then he conferred a Lambeth Degree; then he could not be restrained from going to address a Society of working men who were inspecting the Chapel. The following morning she notes, "he is as lively as ever, arranging that he and I shall go down to Addington for a Sunday, taking slices of cold tongue to eat and a cold loin of lamb, part of which shall serve for chops for Sunday; he is full of spirits and strength, though he spoke in the House of Lords on Tuesday on the Liquor Traffic, preached on Wednesday, spoke on the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill on Thursday and on the Education Bill on Friday."

My mother said one morning at breakfast that at the Garden Parties people behaved so badly in the Chapel, making it a kind of lounge, talking and laughing. My father said, "We will put up two large texts on cards under the East window. On one shall be 'Keep thy foot,' and on the other 'Hold thy tongue.'"

I recollect a well-known ecclesiastic, soon after his appointment to a Bishopric, dining with us at Lambeth. As he appeared at dinner in morning dress, my father said to him, "My dear A——, I suppose you have another of those terrible evening meetings—I cannot understand how you manage; you seem to have one every day—what do you do? What do you find to say to them?" The

Bishop said, "Oh, I don't know! very poor stuff, I am afraid—(laughing). Seriously, I have not time to prepare, and my speeches are worth nothing; but they seem to like my being there, and will make me say a few words." My father sighed heavily and said, "It is just the same with me, only I haven't the grace even to confess that my speeches are 'stuff.' But I feel sure that they are!"

I shall never forget a conversation between the Ambassador of a foreign power and my father. The former was dining at Lambeth, a genial intelligent man, very solicitous to be thoroughly in touch with the social life of the country to which he had been accredited. After dinner, the Ambassador, in full diplomatic uniform, with a ribbon and stars, sitting next my father, said politely, "Does your Grace reside much in the country?" My father said that as Archbishop he was provided with a country-house, and that he was there as much as possible, as he preferred the country to the town. "Now, does your Grace go to *Church* in the country?" with an air of genial enquiry, turning round in his chair. "Yes, indeed!" said my father, "we have a beautiful church almost in the Park, which the village people all go to." "Yes," said the Ambassador meditatively, "Yes, I always go to Church myself in the country—it is a good thing to show sympathy with religious feeling—it is the one thing which combats Socialistic ideas...I think you are very wise, your Grace, to go."

My father said that he felt as if he and the Ambassador were the two augurs as represented in *Punch*[1]. "I did my best," said my father, "to persuade him that I was a

[1] In Sir John Tenniel's cartoon of 8th of February, 1873:

*Disralius.* "I always wonder, brother, how we chief augurs can meet on the opening day without laughing."

*Gladstonius.* "I have never felt any temptation to the hilarity you suggest, brother: and the remark savours of flippancy."

Christian...but he listened to all that I said with a charming expression, implying, 'We are both men of the world, and understand each other.' I am sure he thought that I was speaking diplomatically and in purely conventional language, and that if we had known each other better, I should have thrown off the mask, and avowed myself as free a thinker as he."

Of his habits of observation my mother writes :—

His fondness for birds grew with the years. He was never tired of watching the ways of some fly-catchers which haunted the string-course just outside his dressing-room window at Addington, and he would tell me, almost every morning when I went in to him, the fresh things he had noticed.

His relation to all animals was very remarkable. He was filled with such a sense of their mystery. He used to look into the beautiful eyes of our old collie, Watch, and say, "O Watch, I wish you could tell me *what you are.*" A pet parrot of mine which I had tamed used to stir his wonder. It was a fierce bird, but quite under control, and I seldom missed a morning at Addington taking him into the study—my husband would always tempt him on to his finger, and wave him gently about, singing to him as if he was a baby. He had such reverence for the mystery of the animal creation and their dumb relation to us—the extraordinary powers they had, and the equally strange and sudden limitations which would block the way.

When this same Watch died, my husband had him buried on a lovely grass slope in the garden, under a cedar, and he put up a little stone, with the epitaph "Esne vigil?" to express both the mystery which was so constantly in his mind, the impossibility of thinking that such intelligence and such love could perish at death—"Art thou, Watch?" "Dost thou exist still?"—and also that the motto should bear a touch of reminder to whoever read it, "Thou, art thou watchful?"

He never tired of little devices to remind him of beautiful things; he had little pictures all about his study; sketches of places that he loved were let into the panels of the doors; "he always wanted one sketch," says my sister,

"from every place that we stayed at in the holidays"; a shelf of books of poetry of which he was fond stood close to his sofa, that when he was tired or fretted he might recall himself to lovelier and deeper realities. He was for ever trying to keep the spiritual eye undimmed in the midst of dusty and laborious work; for instance on the box, where he put letters for the post, was written "Ite, ite, veloces angeli!" and gummed to the bottom of one of the drawers of his writing-table, where it can be seen on pulling out the drawer, is a strip of paper thus inscribed:

Rule:—Not to answer for 24 hours any letters which on any account made his heart beat faster—"asperities soften away, and my view of the writer's meaning gets so much fairer."—BP SUMNER.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### DAILY LIFE.

*"But blame thou not the winds that make*
*The seeming-wanton ripple shake,*
*The tender-pencil'd shadow play."* TENNYSON.

My father's habits were extraordinarily simple. For many years he never slept more than "five hours and ten minutes" in any night, often not so much; he had trained himself to wake early as a boy, by going to sleep thinking of the face of a clock with the hands pointing to the hour at which he wished to wake, and his sleep was broken by the most vivid and picturesque dreaming. As late as the last month of his life, I recollect his entertaining us with the account of a dream he had had. He dreamt that he was at Trinity College Chapel, about to celebrate the Communion. But on reaching the altar he found a book printed in an unknown language. He said, "I began to read, but could not remember how the sense went, so I kept up some sort of muttering, and the choir sang responses at intervals, while I beckoned to everyone within reach to come to my assistance. At last a grave-looking man like a verger came, and on my pointing out the book to him he said, rather severely, 'Your Grace is not aware that this is one of the days when the Mozarabic liturgy is used.'" These dreams were always strangely vivid; I remember his telling me he had a dream of skeletons, apparently made of gold,

lying in a hollow in the ground which was filled with some opalescent fluid. Again he dreamt that he was passing along a narrow street in some foreign town and saw golden skeletons leaning from the windows. On the skeletons were moving small objects. "This sight," said my father, "inspired me to write verse, and I indited a poem which appeared to me to be very spirited: it began,

> Oh, not in vain! the poet sings,
> Forms of things, like earthy worms,
> Crawl about on forms of things."

On one occasion he said that he dreamt that he was at Wellington and a man was shown into his study, who told him that he was a Government Official come down to examine the School. My father said, "I asked him if he would have some lunch; we had just finished our own. He assented, and I took him into the dining-room and then excused myself on the plea that I must see about the examination. I then told the butler to get lunch: then I spent some considerable time in agony at the prospect of a sudden examination; but at last I went back to fetch him. I found the table neatly laid for luncheon: but the Inspector was leaning as far as he could out of the window, to breathe the air: and the only food on the table was two roast ducks in a dish, which were blue with putrefaction."

But the most vivid dream of his that I remember was as follows:—"I dreamt," he said, "that I was standing in the cloisters of the Abbey with Dean Stanley, looking at a small cracked slab of slate with letters on it. 'We've found it,' he said. 'Yes,' said I; 'and how do you account for it?' 'Why,' he said, 'I suppose it is intended to commemorate the fact that the animal innocence was not affected by the villainies of the master.' 'Of course,' I replied. The slab I then saw had on it the letters

ITI CAPITANI

and I knew that it was the stone that marked the grave of Titus Oates's horse, and the whole inscription was EQUUS TITI CAPITANI—the 'Captain' referring to the fact that I then also knew that Titus Oates had been a train-band Captain."

Mr Gosse writes:—

We were staying at Addington early in 1894, when the appointment to the vacant Laureateship was being discussed. The Archbishop came down to breakfast one morning with a very amusing expression of suppressed mirth, and seemed eager to speak to me alone. He took me after breakfast into the library, and told me that he had had a very vivid dream, in which it appeared that he had been himself appointed Poet Laureate. He said, "I thought that I was standing before the Queen, reciting a poem, and I was very uncomfortable, partly because the Lord Chamberlain had just placed the laurel wreath on my head, and it fell a little over one eye, and partly because I was not at all sure that I ought to be dressed, as I was, in full Archiepiscopal robes. But I tried to forget all that, and concentrate my mind on my poem, and I was getting on nicely with it, when I suddenly woke, and went on, saying out loud:—

Your latest atmosphere device
Is all composed of dust and lice.

"Was not that a curious use of the word 'atmosphere,' as an adjective, and what could the rest of the poem have been about?"

I replied, "No doubt your Grace had composed a sacred epic on the Plagues of Egypt." We had a good deal of amusement, from time to time, about this and other examples of dreams continued for a moment or two, in vocal but extremely obscure language, after waking. The Archbishop told me at dinner that day, recurring to this subject, of the last time that Magee stayed with him. The two prelates had sat up late together alone, and Magee had been very amusing. In the morning, the Archbishop woke, convulsed with laughter over a joke in Latin which he had been dreaming that Magee had made. He said, "I was so much impressed by the incomparable wit of it, that I jumped out of bed, and wrote it down. But when I had done so, I found there

was no point in it at all, and then, but not till then, I discovered that it was not even in Latin!"

To a later conversation, also about mysterious dream-sayings, the following note—a postscript to a letter—refers.

Another genuine dream-sentence—12 Jan. at waking:—
"We have long understood her 'case'—that is as *Sentias*."
"Her" refers to Church of England. The speaker is a defender.

To this note, in connection with what the Archbishop had been saying about his anxieties in Madagascar, Armenia and Wales, Mr Gosse replied in the following epigram:—

"Past Welsh, Armenian, Malagasy shoals,
All day he navigates the Ship of Light,
Yet, with day-service ill content, controls
Her darkling destinies in dreams at night,"

which my father read aloud with great amusement at breakfast on the day that he received it.

My father used in former days to rise at 5.30, and after a cold bath, taken all the year round, to make himself tea in an Etna and set to work. He had thus generally done a good deal of work before breakfast, but he had besides read the Greek Testament for an hour or worked at his book on the Revelation. In later years the doctors forbade work before breakfast, but he read a good deal in the Bible, and his dressing used to take him an hour, so that he never rose later than about seven. He used a prie-dieu for his devotions, above which were fixed a triptych, a little illuminated picture, painted after a design of his own, and two little wooden circles painted by himself, with sacred emblems. On a little high desk lay a Theocritus or a book of Greek Epigrams, which he liked to read while dressing, with bullets hung on tape for markers, to keep the pages down.

Breakfast, unless there were many visitors, was at 8.30, an hour which my father regarded as having a peculiar

kind of sanctity; he used indeed to try to have breakfast in holiday time at 8.0, to secure his great delight—"a good *long* morning." He was a very small and swift eater, and had in later years a little loaf of brown bread before him, which was offered to special friends as a particular delicacy. Chapel followed breakfast. My father wore in Chapel a purple cassock, linen rochet—copied from the one worn by Warham, in Holbein's picture,—hood and scarf. He read the morning O.T. Lesson, and the prayers after the hymn, using by preference ancient collects. At one time he used to expound the Bible, but seldom in recent years. He was very fond of music and attached to old tunes which he sang fervently, but except Handel he had no special preferences in music and no technical knowledge of it. He preferred old-fashioned florid chants to Gregorians.

After Chapel my father set to work on letters at once: the chaplains came to him about noon with correspondence when they had opened and sorted the letters of the day. He was often needlessly exact about trifles in letters, and used to alter expressions which were perfectly adequate into precisely synonymous terms for some unknown reason of his own. "No, I don't like *that*,—he will think"—and then followed some grotesque thought which it was almost inconceivable should enter anyone's head. Sometimes he dictated letters, or dictated the main points: only once he had a secretary who knew shorthand, and he found that a great convenience.

The Rev. Colin Campbell, who was my father's senior domestic chaplain from 1894 to 1895, now Vicar of Great Thornham, Suffolk, writes:—

> Riding with him past the House of Lords, a spot which not seldom inspired him to relate some anecdote, I once ventured to remonstrate at the time he spent in the writing and *wording* of letters.

He expressed his own mind by telling me how the second Duke of Wellington once said to him, "My father took great pains with his letters, but I think a man can give too much time to it. I say to myself 'Will it do?' if so 'let it go.'" "The father's system," said the Archbishop, "was better for other people; the son's better for himself."

No one will ever know how much he added to his labours by his fidelity to absolute principles in letter-writing.

"Your letter reads so roughly, my dear fellow," he would say, "can't you alter it, just a little?" "Think of his feelings on reading that." And he would take his pen, and his dexterity (as you know) was amazing—a letter added here or erased there, and an ugly word, or unkind phrase was Christianized and that letter carried no more harshness, and was far more serviceable.

Again, Mr Campbell notes his various ways of emending a letter—by a picture as of a soaring bird, meaning "too grandiloquent"; or by a characteristic note. Over "his Grace is annoyed" he had written "Abuse nobody. I never was 'annoyed' in my whole life." Another note runs "The delicacy of such refusals is the most necessary thing, especially when there are so many *ἀντικείμενοι*[1]. One slip...would create an irritation never to be allayed."

At Lambeth he generally took a short ride before lunch, in the Row or at Battersea: at Addington he rode as a rule in the afternoon. He was very fond of "taking a turn" up and down the terrace at Addington, in a soft wide-awake, and wrapped in an ample black cloak copied from one worn by the Duke of Wellington; but he was not easy to walk with, as he stopped so often to talk, to explain, to draw diagrams on the gravel, that it was a rather tedious proceeding. Of late years he suffered a good deal from a painful constriction across the chest whenever he walked. I suppose it was connected with the weakness of heart which was ultimately fatal.

[1] "Adversaries," 1 Cor. xvi. 9.

He returned to tea at five o'clock. He used to say that at five o'clock, wherever he was, even if he were not conscious of the flight of time, he was warned by a mental sensation and became conscious of a craving that nothing but tea would allay. He had a semi-aesthetic ideal of tea; knew fine differences of flavour and the hand of the maker; held that tea-making was an art in its decline; it was quite a time of family crisis when the "brand" of Twining used for three generations ceased to exist and another must be chosen as much on the same line as possible. After tea he generally slept for a few minutes and then worked till dinner. After dinner he talked to guests, or if we were alone read the papers or slept again—and then after chapel worked steadily on till one or two in the morning. Mr Campbell writes, "I suppose that many of his most important and most private letters were written after prayers in that purple dressing-gown, robed in which he would put his beautiful head into my room with his grey hair all distrait from work, 'Go to bed, my dear fellow; don't sit up any longer.' Sometimes at a late hour he would appear with a draft of an important letter."

His capacity for taking short naps was very great, and was a source of great refreshment. He could compose himself at any time for five minutes, and wake with his brain perfectly clear, but always with the minute recollection of some grotesque dream. He always did so for example before a speech in the House of Lords. I think he made up by this for the shortness of his nights. But the great lack in his life was his incapacity for any form of recreation. And thus he liked to sit and linger long after meals and talk on and on, and then say severely "and now you are wasting my time and the Church will suffer." But he played no outdoor game, read no light books, and could not be *amused*. Thus his tours were

really a great holiday for him and relieved the pressure of his work. His "tidyings" too and some of the time spent over detail were really rests for him, making up for the very long hours of work, and the absence of regular recreation.

He did not like starting on visits, and could hardly be induced to dine out in the country. But when once he went he was always well pleased, and was the better for it. But he was a difficult visitor, for he did not like being left alone, but wished to be entertained, talked to, walked with, driven out, every unoccupied hour. "I don't want to go to a *peaceful* place," he used to say. "I hate '*peace.*'" Thus, although the entertaining of visitors at Addington was always somewhat of a strain to him, yet he sacrificed a most unnecessary amount of time to them, under the impression that they required amusement, and then used to groan over his arrears of work.

He had curiously little sympathy with athletics, considering that he had been so successful a headmaster; at Wellington he used to look on a little at school-matches and sports, but only occasionally: once or twice I remember his playing cricket with us as children; but he had no real interest of any kind in games, and would as soon have thought of going to Lord's to look on at a cricket match as of going out shooting. He used to fish a little at one time, and was rather anxious when we first visited Scotland that we should become good at fly-fishing. On the other hand he was quite aware of the pleasant social element in athletics, and at one time suggested attending the Canterbury cricket week and having a tent to entertain friends there daily for luncheon and tea; but this scheme was never carried out.

Of exercise he was however very fond—indeed he was almost a martyr to it, so necessary did he think it. Horses

and riding were his unfailing delight. He rode until lately very fearlessly and enjoyed it most thoroughly: the times when I have seen him in the best spirits of late years have always been out riding. Each horse that he had in turn was the best and most good-tempered and most beautiful of his race. He spoilt his own horse dreadfully by humouring every whim, and rode with a very loose rein which we used to think for a man of his weight dangerous: in fact he had several disagreeable falls.

At one time he had a favourite horse, a grey, called Quentin, who came from Cheltenham and on whom he rode for many years. Quentin, a spirited horse, had a bad and treacherous temper, which my father always affectionately minimised, making the most astonishing excuses for him. One day Quentin had a sore ear; my father went to see him, and went, as his custom was, into his stall; Quentin, nervous of being touched when his ear was painful, misinterpreted some action of my father and bit at him, striking him a severe blow on the chest, and tearing his cassock; my father slipped out of the stall, and was surprised to find that although badly bruised, he had not been absolutely nipped. The same evening he missed a little cross made out of the wood of St Hugh's choir at Lincoln, set in gold, which he always wore round his neck and which was eventually buried with him. He could not find it anywhere, and it never occurred to him that he might have dropped it in the stable; but the next morning the coachman brought in a curiously battered and twisted object that he had found in Quentin's stall—the cross, crushed out of all recognition; the horse's teeth had met upon it, and it had no doubt saved my father from more severe injury.

He was always very fond of his horses; fed them with bread with his own hands both before and after a ride;

THE ARCHBISHOP AT ADDINGTON, ON HIS MARE COLUMBA.

*From a photograph by H. W. Tyler, Croydon,* 1892.

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and was devoted to his last mare, a beautiful creature, who used to beg with her forefoot for bread whenever my father came out at the hall-door. There were few days in the year either at Addington or Lambeth that my father did not get out for a short ride, though he rode slower and slower as he got older, till we often used hardly to get out of a walk at all.

My mother writes:—

I should like to describe the kind of Sunday he thoroughly enjoyed. It could be seen in its perfection at Addington. In London there was not enough domesticity possible.

We began the day by an early Celebration whenever there was no mid-day Celebration in the Church. When there was he always preferred to be there, and often celebrated himself. When there was no Celebration we had prayers at which he used a Greek Litany he had compiled and translated. We always used the Wellington College hymn-book—his own collection. Breakfast followed immediately, where he used to linger and talk, or, if it got late, he would go into his study where he liked one of us to follow him and stand there talking while he tidied about. This brought it near to Church time. What he would have *liked* would have been that all the members of the family who were at home should walk slowly with him to Church. This seldom came off as young men have a way of liking to rush down at the last moment. It was a very pretty walk through the great avenue of elms, which must have formerly led up to the old house, a hunting lodge of Henry VIII., of which now no traces remain, except in a very dry summer when the plan of the foundations shows itself. The path passed along under the little height we called Fir Mount, which was crowned with magnificent Scotch Firs, descending in an avenue to the gardens. Here in snow-time was the toboggan slide—pure ice on the first steep pitch, and then a gentle slope right down to the path and often across it and on to the farm palings. Then through the gardens, where in the autumn there was a splendid border right down to the Churchyard in belts of vivid colours. Every one coming to Church from the north-east could come through the park and gardens. As we stepped from the gardens into the Churchyard he always glanced at our grave and gently raised his hat. He was often

detained in the vestry by someone, but he always liked to find two or three of us waiting outside to walk up, and he often lingered in the garden on fine Sundays, walking up and down the terrace in front of the house, by the magnificent cedar which stretched nearly across the lawn—little monthly roses were almost always in bloom under the little low wall, and he loved them.

After lunch came the walk. This was an institution which he dearly delighted in. It had to be exactly the same walk every Sunday. This was one of its charms to him. It had to be very slow. It generally lasted two hours, and scarcely a mile and a half was covered, and again he liked as many of us as possible—but as two of us had Bible classes, and the young men used to branch off at a turning to go some longer round, it often ended in his walking with a daughter alone, when she could go, and otherwise with Lucy Tait. He used to take out Keble's *Christian Year* and George Herbert very often with Maggie and read and discuss. The first halt was made at the swan pond, where a regular programme had to be gone through. From a little distance he would call "Beauty, beauty,"—and the male swan would hear him, and ruffle his feathers, and thrust out his chest, and propel himself along with rippling jerks. This bird was very fond of him, and would come and eat out of his hand—greedily indeed, biting at his foot if the bread came too slowly or the lady swan was too much favoured.

He had armed himself before leaving the house with a small bag full of remnants of bread for the swans—he always called it "my canvas bag," but as a matter of fact it was brown holland.

In September, 1896, the bag was lost, and he was in despair. I found it by accident, a sorry object, on the slope in front of the house, wet and weather-stained. My father was delighted. "This," he said, producing a new one which had been made for him and was much more respectable, "This was never worth anything."

My mother continues :—

He always liked conversations on a Sunday to have a special tone in them. It wasn't that he wanted to be always talking seriously—far from it—but he liked a gentle, kindly, reverent atmosphere : he always went very slowly up the hill—turning round and standing still every two or three minutes : on nearing home

he turned aside into the garden to feed the gold fish in the fountain.

He very often used to have a Bible reading with one or two of the young people before tea—most vividly remembered by them.

Soon after six it was time to go down to Evening Service—he rarely missed except when he was not well, or the weather stormy —we often wanted him to have Evening Service in Chapel instead, for he caught cold very easily, but he thought it better to go to Church.

After supper he used to read the *Pilgrim's Progress*—I don't think there was ever anything we all enjoyed more. We read it round and round from Christian's first lament to the crossing of the last of Christian's party, and we almost knew it by heart. His reading was full of light and shade—the voice rich and with fine and delicate humorous inflections; as with the party at the Interpreter's house, the water often stood in our eyes, and most when we were most amused. This reading could not be long because Sunday was finally closed by Compline—singing the psalms, canticle, and hymn.

From the first note of the hymn in the morning to the last Amen at Compline, this kind of Sunday was full of the deepest and most restful enjoyment to him.

The only trace left on my father's habits of life from his early discipline was a certain, almost morbid, horror of anything like waste even in the most trifling matters, which contrasted oddly with his splendid generosity in larger affairs.

On general lines my father was liberality itself; he had the utmost repugnance to the idea of accumulating a *church* fortune, and he would have been a richer man if he had remained Bishop of Truro from 1883 to 1896 instead of going to Canterbury. He exercised a great and lavish hospitality and his charitable contributions made anonymously have surprised me by their size and extent. As he said once, speaking at Truro[1], it is our duty "to do all our works in a *great* way—to put up with nothing petty

[1] *v.* p. 451.

and puny...the mother of magnificence is frugality." Thus his generosity was combined with an enthusiasm for economy even quaint in its results. It was a subject of sincere distress to him that people should drink seltzer water before going to bed, and though he was ordered to drink seltzer by his doctor, he refused to do so because it seemed to him to countenance luxury. One Christmas when my cousin, William Jackson, was staying at Addington, my father asked him to open a parcel of books which had just arrived; he did so, and carefully untied the string. My mother, observing this, said laughing, "William, you are as bad as Edward! String is cheap—and both of you waste time—which is *not* cheap." William Jackson defended himself smilingly, saying that my mother misunderstood the position, and that it was not a question of *waste* at all; he ended with the words, "Untying a parcel is an act of virtue, and one must continually exercise oneself in small virtues; you ignore the moral effect!" My father, who was reading in his armchair, applauded and said "Quite right, William,—that is my own belief: women never think of the moral effect."

He had the most extraordinary precision about keeping accounts, and when I was at Cambridge and had to produce my accounts to him, I always felt that he was less grieved by the addition of ten pounds to a tailor's bill than by the omission of a halfpenny in the credit account. If the accounts had been drawn out and balanced with extreme neatness, I believe he would never have thought of examining the total.

The farm at Addington was a costly affair, and from first to last used to consume several hundred pounds a year. I once, in an argument with my father, ventured to say that I thought the money would be better employed in relieving a necessitous relation, whose affairs were

under discussion. "You don't understand, my dearest boy, it is part of the *position*"—but I found that though the farm was not put down, the relation was relieved.

My father used often to have most generous impulses to provide for our amusement as children, but they sometimes frustrated themselves by some small economy at the end. For instance, at Truro he dug out of a sloping field a lawn-tennis court, fenced and turfed it, and then with a certain sternness refused to allow any netting to be put up round the court: the consequence was that every ball hit into the field, rolled far away down the slope and necessitated a long and very tiresome journey to recover. "Oh, you must take it in turn to stand down below and *field* the balls." I fear my youngest brother, whose turn to field came *first*, was seldom relieved—and generally returned in dudgeon to the house: but the final result was that we eventually gave up playing lawn tennis altogether, and were rallied on not taking advantage of our blessings.

My father invariably gave most disproportionate gratuities to cab-drivers and porters: but as long as he wrote them down in a little book, carried in his pocket, neatly labelled "*Petty Disbursements*," and confined by a piece of elastic, he did not mind. But if, in accounting to him for expenses one said "*about* a shilling on porters," he used to say sadly, "Ah, well, *I* had to think exactly how much it was when I was young." In connection with this it has amused me to find recorded in a letter[1] his extreme vexation as a boy on travelling into Yorkshire to have given the guard and coachman of a coach a shilling between them instead of a shilling a-piece, having run out of his money.

Neither could he bear to throw anything away or waste anything. His table drawers were always filled with little boxes, hanks of string, the gummed paper off the edge of

[1] *v.* p. 34.

sheets of stamps (generally put in a little box and labelled "Strips")—things that had come to him by post and which he could not destroy or use. I recollect once on the eve of a journey he was about to take abroad in 1890, I went to talk to him in his library at Addington after chapel. He was in his purple cassock which he wore at night, and red morocco slippers. He talked long and affectionately about my plans and everything that concerned me; and while he talked he wandered restlessly about the room with some little purple books in his hands, trying to fit them into pigeon-holes and drawers and all sorts of impossible places; at last he settled on one pigeon-hole, and made innumerable arrangements of the books, all to no purpose. *One* was always excluded. I said at last, "What are those books?"—"Oh, they are *almanacs* for 1884. I have just found them in a drawer." "Do you want to keep them?" "Yes, they are such nice little books," looking at them affectionately and stroking one of them; "so beautifully and strongly bound—given me by the Stationers' Company of which I am a patron—such a curious thing—it is the only thing left of the old censorship of the press." "Let me take them and dispose of them," I said. "No, you would throw them away." "No," I said, "I would put them about in the bedrooms." "Oh, that would never do! Why, a bishop might be staying here and be misled by one of them in making an engagement—the almanacs in the bedrooms ought always to be of the current year. Remind me to ask to-morrow whether it is so."

We went on talking and he went to another place which necessitated much stooping and pulling out of paper. "Oh, Arthur, what an odd thing—here are all Hugh's old examination papers at Truro, we must look at these." We looked at them long, and then he went to another place

with the little almanacs. "Haven't you got a good deal of packing to do?" I said at last. It was then nearly one o'clock. He turned round with the almanacs, "Yes, dear boy, I have: take them away and '*dispose*' of them—don't *burn* them—I am capable of sitting up till three o'clock trying to fit these away into a pigeon-hole."

This habit of doing everything himself took up much of his time; it arose from a love of perfection in the smallest matters, but as I have said elsewhere, was a form of unconscious recreation. I remember once at some extremely busy time, going to see him at Lambeth and spending half-an-hour with him putting a roll of papers away. Every drawer proved too small or too deep—at last it was fixed—but on coming to dinner an hour after, "I've been in *despair* ever since. I was afraid it might *swell up* in the night and make it impossible to open it, so I had to take it out, but can't find a place yet."

As another instance of this intense precision in detail, I remember that when one of my brothers received a few hundred pounds, and asked my father about investing it, my father gave him advice and then said, "You must keep a *book* of your investments—it must be a *square* notebook—with plenty of room to describe them and ruled with a double money column to show difference between nominal and actual value." My mother did her best to procure such a book, and about thirty account-books were procured from the Croydon shops; my father examined and rejected all of them with elaborate reasons for their unfitness. A consignment was then sent from town, and at last a book was selected, though it was not thought to be *perfectly* adapted for the purpose. My brother murmured somewhat at the trouble involved, pointing out that this was the first and last investment he would probably ever be able to make.

"Well, of course you needn't do it unless you like, but I think it's a great thing to do everything in the *right* way," said my father. The investment was then written very carefully into the book, and the book itself was lost by my brother in the following week and has never been seen again.

It was remarkable that side by side with this intense precision in detail coexisted a certain radical inaccuracy on certain points in my father's mind: I used to think that a good deal of his almost exaggerated exactness arose from a determined effort to overcome and conquer this tendency, and I am certain that the microscopic minuteness with which he verified references, was due to the consciousness of great untrustworthiness of memory on small points, especially in questions of figures.

As an odd instance of this instinctive tendency to exaggerate, my sister mentions that she heard him state to someone in conversation, shortly after his visit to Africa, that there were many cities in the Sahara with over 100,000 inhabitants. She imagines this to have been a rendering of the fact that had greatly struck him, that there were over 100,000 palm-trees in the oasis at Biskra. At the same time he was apt to be annoyed if these conversational statements were contradicted or refuted, and never seemed to rejoice that the truth was made plain, though not unapt to cast doubt on the statements of other imaginative people.

It was curious too how particular about little details such as dress he was and yet how inaccurate in questions of texture: "What a nice cloth dress!" he used to say to my sister about a very ordinary merino: "my little canvas bag" he always called the brown holland vehicle for the swan's-meat. He would say to a son or an intimate friend "How badly that coat fits!" (pulling it about) "It ought to be tighter here, and here—like *this!*" (a vigorous pull)

"and this! Oh! dear! How I waste my time—well I always think that if the Church was disestablished I could get my living as a tailor's fitter! I don't believe" (with profound conviction and very seriously) "that there is a man in England who can fold up a coat or roll up a rug better—I ought to have been a *valet!*"

The following note sent gravely out of a meeting to my mother, on a day when they were leaving Lambeth for Addington, is an amusing instance of the same characteristic.

Razors,
Right-hand drawer
Looking glass table
Dressing room.

Please pack tight *and bring* in shabby old case.

N.B. They'll slip out at the ends unless guarded.

And there is a precious chip of ivory under one of the razors on the undisturbed position of which the very existence of the Church Establishment depends.

I have thought how little those who were attending the meeting and saw the note written, folded and sent out, imagined what the Archbishop was gravely composing. Probably they imagined dimly that it *was* something on which the existence of the Church Establishment depended!

With an unusual power of work, and this extraordinary taste for detail he combined an immense pleasure in the acquirement of strange bits of knowledge, which often proved, as will appear, of great service to him.

...The average number of his daily letters alone was such as to keep himself, two chaplains, and a lay secretary writing hard for many hours of day and night. "The penny post," he said, "is one of those ordinances of man to which we have to submit for the Lord's sake."...Brewer's graphic description of Wolsey, in his attention to detail combined with the widest outlook,—managing Kings and Popes for great ends, yet particular about the exact shade of his Cardinal's robe and the exact shape of his Cardinal's hat,—was equally applicable to

Archbishop Benson. To hear him describe a gold ornament from Aegina, just brought to the Museum, or the proper way of cutting a lawn sleeve, you would have supposed that he had nothing else to think of. After he had been instructing his coachman (he was a great lover of horses, and, like Cranmer, an excellent rider) in the points by which to tell good oats from inferior ones, "Lord," said the coachman to someone else, "I don't believe there ain't nothing that that man don't know."

(Professor MASON in the *Cambridge Review*, Oct. 22, 1896.)

One of my father's favourite delusions was that he was very punctual. And indeed he used to chafe almost unduly at being kept waiting. He was seldom in time for a meal. He never started at the time mentioned; but he was most irregularly late; if one agreed to ride with him he would keep one dangling about for an immense time; and the gracious apologies with which he made his appearance made remonstrance impossible.

But it was impossible to count on his unpunctuality, and if one did so, one was sure to be summoned by an urgent stroke on the gong and find him fretting over his wasted time. He had a way of summoning his secretaries, and then doing thing after thing, unconnected with his work, hanging pictures, looking for books, quite unconscious of the flight of time—a practice which they found difficult to acquiesce in cheerfully.

I have said before, but the statement needs a little amplification, that my father was seldom conscious of happiness. He was often happy, I believe, when plunged in work, when immersed in Cyprian, when storing his memory with some of the beautiful sights of travel, artistic or natural. The felicitous and facile exercise of natural gifts, the conversion of mental energy into action must of itself be of the nature of happiness. But I have seldom seen my father in conscious high spirits of the spontaneous irrational kind, the *joie de vivre*, though my mother says

that outbursts of irrepressible spirits were characteristic of his early youth. In later days, when he was conscious of himself, his thoughts naturally turned to what was unsatisfactory or painful, in prospect and retrospect. He would reflect how little he had made of his opportunities, or sink beneath the oppressive thought of some difficult or delicate task which overshadowed him. I imagine that this was not always so; but it has been so ever since I have been a sharer of his more intimate thoughts. He had a natural tendency to melancholy, and such a nature finds food for sadness in everything. If there was nothing else, the prospects of his children, the demeanour of his family circle towards himself, were matters of deep concern. He would sadden himself with the thought of problematical dangers, or accuse himself of having forfeited some dear one's sympathy, which had never faltered or failed.

There is something particularly striking in the intense accuracy and minuteness of erudition displayed in the Notes and Appendices to the "Cyprian": he had taken this work up originally as a sort of counterpoise to mere serving of tables; but I think his reason for the methods he employed, his insatiable verifications, the length of time he spent on the elucidation of minute points, had a still deeper origin. In the first place he looked upon it as a severe corrective to the naturally inaccurate and imaginative tendencies of his mind. And secondly, the slap-dash sketchy way in which he was obliged to live, the ceaseless pressure, the lack of time for preparation, the impossibility of giving literary finish and artistic precision to so many of his utterances, made him hanker after some one piece of work where all might be solid and definite and exact. That is why his "lust for perfection" was so strong; it was this that explained the innumerable revisions, the incessant re-touching, the interminable delays.

There was never a stronger instance of the development of inborn as opposed to hereditary instincts than my father. He was descended from a long line of Yorkshire dalesmen, without a single clerical element. Then there came two generations of great mercantile acuteness, then a dissolute young soldier, and then his immediate parentage is an Evangelical man of science and a strong Unitarian. From this arises a nature of the most decided aristocratical and ecclesiastical tendencies.

He cared for ecclesiastical things from his earliest years, though his mother was a strong Protestant, and his adored schoolmaster a scholar and a man of wide cultivation and of liberal rather than ecclesiastical views. Yet my father was strongly and deeply imbued with these ecclesiastical tastes, liturgical and antiquarian; and the moment he was brought into contact with a strong high churchman like his cousin Christopher Sidgwick, found himself, even as a boy, in his natural element.

Then as to the aristocratical side; my father was a strong Tory, and had a great natural reverence for authority and a great ideal of an historical aristocracy. Though brought up in comparative poverty, he was never, in spirit, quite of the working democratic world; dignity, stateliness of life, ancient buildings, refined leisure—all these were dear to his heart. Not until he was four and forty was he ever brought face to face with the problems of the democratical world. But his early training, the constant association with mechanics and working-men in his father's factory, stood him in good stead here. He talked to working-men as if he was one of them; he understood them, as if by instinct; he sympathised intensely and naturally with any self-respecting workman whose heart was in his work. Moreover his sense of justice, and his overpowering desire to bring the knowledge of Christ home

to souls made the duty of sympathising with lives lived in struggle and poverty paramount. Though the circumstances of his life placed him in stately spheres of activity, he was profoundly conscious of the duties of the Church to the poor, the ignorant and the oppressed; and though he had not the impassioned zeal of the democrat or the reformer, he understood the hearts and sympathised with the ideals of the brotherhood of labour far better than many who claim to represent them.

Mr Colin Campbell writes:—

I remember on one occasion when I was riding past the House of Lords with him, just when the pigeons were in clouds before the horses' feet, we were overtaken by a hansom cab. The driver having no fare inside and perhaps cogitating upon the vanity of human nature when he sighted a Bishop who could sit in the saddle, found in the occupant of a palace (with nothing to do but ride in the Row) a concrete illustration of his text. Be that as it may—as he passed us at a leisurely pace, he turned round in his seat, and looking the Archbishop full in the face exclaimed, "Better off in this world than in the next, old man." Without a pause His Grace looked across to me with a sweet smile and "Very pithily put, wasn't it?"

It is not the first time that popular ignorance has uttered its unthinking gibe, but it has never been more sweetly forgiven.

You probably know how pained he was to have it brought home to him, as he sometimes did, how little the working man understands the actualities of a Palace and £15,000 a year.

The Rector of Lambeth found it so hard to explain matters to working men that he asked the Archbishop if he would consent to receive a Deputation of working men at the Palace and allow them to talk with him on the matter. He readily consented, and so one evening I showed up into his study four or five working men on their way home from work; one big fellow I well remember, as he deposited his bag on the floor.

In a few minutes the clamour of debate reached such a pitch that it brought me to the door, and it seemed as if everybody was talking at the top of their voice and all at the same moment; and such proved to be the case—for when I had shown them out,

and asked the Archbishop how it went off, he was much amused and much pleased with the interview—his face was "beaming"; he said, "I waited and waited for my turn to come, but it never came, and so at last I was obliged to join in and we all spoke together."

My experience of many a ride in London is that few things gave him such genuine pleasure—judging by the look of his expressive face—as the salutation of a working man; perhaps it meant to him that an Archbishop's life was better understood and more fully appreciated.

His feeling about the splendours of the Church was that they were a stately heritage, which it was right and proper to enjoy, and he had not the faintest sympathy with—only horror for—Socialistic ideas. Several times, it is true, he gave what might be thought a radical vote, as for the extension of the franchise, when he said, with great feeling, that the Church "trusted the people"—but the people that he meant should be trusted were the dignified and independent working people whom he had known in boyish days, who, he believed, acquiesced as firmly as he did in the established order and the sacred rights of inheritance.

At Addington he found the life which instinctively suited him best; he had all the instincts of the landowner; he liked to ride round, to see about planting and clearing; and he had a very strong sense of personal possession. Addington was to him, from the first, far more like a place in which he had been born and bred, than an official residence in which he spent the last few years of his life. He loved the glades and open heathery places, and knew innumerable trees by sight, delighting in their characteristic beauties. He made the Park, from a sense of duty, quite accessible to the public, but all admission was done by ticket, and was of the nature of a favour which he liked to bestow, but to bestow in his own way. As a matter of fact, far more people had access to Addington Park in my

father's time, than in the time of Archbishop Tait; on the other hand, all the conditions of admission were far more stringent, and the tickets were charged with directions, the object of which was to keep everything neat and beautiful. It was a misery to him to see the slovenly relics of picnic-parties; his love of discipline was very deeply-rooted. His sense of possession was aggrieved to an extraordinary degree by people who took flowers or ferns, blackberries or mushrooms, and I have seen him ring the bell and send out a peremptory message to a child picking mushrooms in front of the house—the very blackberrying by the village children was all by rule and line. On one occasion when he was fretting over the invasion of the park, in the blackberry season, I said something about the "kindly fruits of the earth," to which he replied smiling, "Yes, but remember it says that '*in due time* we may enjoy them.'"

On the other hand, he had a great personal affection for his lesser neighbours. A party was given during the summer to the old people who received the "Lambeth Dole," and "Corrody," and to the blind.

The "Lambeth Dole," a lineal descendant of the dole of broken meat given to the poor from the superabundance of Archbishop Winchelsea's hospitality in the Great Hall in the end of the 13th century, forms still a link between the Archbishop and some of his poorer neighbours.

Each week twenty-nine old women (unless prevented by infirmity) come to the great gate of the Palace and there receive the 2*s*. pension, which is continued by each Archbishop as a voluntary gift.

The Corrody is somewhat more obscure. It is a weekly pension distributed to thirty-four poor persons, and is supposed to be the commutation of certain annual gifts made originally to the Brothers and Sisters of the Hospitals of St Nicholas, Harbledon and St John's, Southgate. It is

now practically amalgamated with the Dole, twenty-nine persons receiving Dole and Corrody, and five the Corrody alone.

The Archbishop loved to make this link as much as possible a personal one, himself going into the circumstances of each old lady before appointing her, and always making a point of taking the service and giving a simple address in the Chapel at the close of the yearly party; and finally bidding each good-bye as he stood in his rochet at the West door leading from the Chapel into the picturesque old Post Room where buns and flowers were distributed.

This feeling of personal link between the Archbishop and his poorer brothers and sisters he always jealously guarded, and tried to make real, whether by the careful arrangements made by him for the fullest use of the Lambeth field, or by the care with which he went into the details of each "brother's" and "sister's" case whom he appointed to Archbishop Whitgift's College at Croydon, an almshouse to which the Archbishop presents, and the point he made of riding over there from Addington from time to time to visit the Warden and have a chat with some of the "brothers."

The Rev. Arthur Carr, formerly a colleague of my father's at Wellington College, and latterly Vicar of Addington, writes:—

> The Archbishop took a great interest in the parish of Addington. Many of the cottagers were his own tenants and workmen. He knew them personally and often spoke with pleasure of one or another who had shown special excellence in woodcraft or carpentry. As one of the School managers he interested himself in all our arrangements and plans for improvement and helped personally in the selection of a new teacher. He took great delight in the children; sometimes, perhaps, seeing their characters and conduct in an ideal light. I remember for instance his saying at the annual distribution of

prizes that Addington boys never threw stones; I have known him take the lesson himself and carry the children into delightfully fresh fields of knowledge. The Archbishop regularly attended the services of the Parish Church. He robed in the Vestry, which was shared by the Clergy and Choir, and joined in the procession, followed by his domestic Chaplains. He sat in the Sacrarium on the north side and always read the Absolution and gave the Benediction at the end of the service. He invariably preached on Christmas Day, and occasionally at other times. When present at Holy Communion, he usually celebrated, but only when requested to do so by the Vicar. For, with his habitual courtesy and tact he avoided the appearance of authority in the Parish. And thus the relations between the Vicar and his illustrious parishioner were always most cordial and pleasant. The use in the celebration of Holy Communion was almost precisely what it had been in Wellington College Chapel years before. The mixed chalice was used and the "Eastward" position taken. No vestments were worn, not even coloured stoles. On St Andrew's Day, the day of the intercession for foreign missions, the Archbishop was accustomed to sit in the body of the Church and to receive the Sacrament with the rest of the congregation. On the Sunday after Christmas Day we used to have a service originally drawn up by him for Truro Cathedral, called "Nine Lessons with Carols." The first three of these short lessons, consisting of five or six verses each, were read by Choir-boys, the next two by Choir-men, the following three in succession by one of the Chaplains, the Curate, and the Vicar of the parish, and the last by the Archbishop, who also gave a benediction before each of the nine carols. It was pleasant to see how devoid of awe the choir-boys were in the presence of the Archbishop. His kind fatherly manner won their hearts, and on one occasion, when some of the choir-men's coats had been stolen during the service, it was amusing to watch the small choristers eagerly explaining to his Grace how the Vestry door had been left unlocked and whose fault it was. On the same occasion it may be mentioned, as one instance of the Archbishop's invariable generosity, that each of the despoiled choir-men received next day a cheque from the Archbishop fully covering the loss of his coat. The Archbishop was very fond of the village church with its unique pre-Norman windows and remarkable narrow side aisle and early English pillars. Nor would he have newer work tampered with. When someone suggested the removal of a very modern

monument to Alderman Trecothick, one of the previous owners of Addington Park, he refused his assent, pointing out the beauty of the marble and of some of the carving. "And besides," he added, "I like to read the words upon it," a quotation from Rev. xxi. 4, the monument being opposite to his seat. In one of his last talks with the Vicar before leaving for Ireland he enjoined him to invite an architect, whom he selected (Arthur J. Reeve, Esq.), to make drawings with a view to restoring some of the ancient features of the Church. This design, with some special additional features, has been carried out as a memorial to the Archbishop.

He was always strongly moved by any disrespect, such as is not unfrequently shown in certain parts of London, to the episcopal costume; and this sensitiveness was one with the feeling that made him acknowledge any salutation from a stranger with an eager and elaborate courtesy, and welcome the increased friendliness of the people in the poorer streets of Lambeth and Westminster, to whom he became, as he rode through, a familiar figure. He strenuously resisted all suggestions to turn the Lambeth fields attached to the palace into a public recreation ground: he organised most carefully the use of the ground by cricket-clubs, and maintained that it was giving far more wholesome pleasure than if he had thrown it open for all alike: he felt a certain pleasure also in its being a concession, and not a public right, feeling that this best maintained the direct bond between the Church and the people.

Where this feudal strain came from I know not, but it was most strongly there; I do not mean that it was ever allowed for an instant to clash with his sense of Christian duty; but, in cases where his reason went against it, it was a struggle of grace with instinct.

Nothing was more characteristic of my father than his consideration for and affectionate interest in his servants. First came the beloved Beth, who for more than sixty years, with tender self-sacrifice and a heart for all, has had no

thought except for our happiness. Parker, the most genial and thoughtful of friends, was our butler at Wellington and Truro, and became our porter at Lambeth on the first vacancy, when Lipscomb, his stately predecessor at the Morton's Tower, went to be Warden of the Whitgift Hospital; Maclean, the Scotch coachman at Truro; Wyatt, the dignified Lambeth coachman whose wig became him well; Newberry, the major-domo who served three Archbishops with upright fidelity; Brim, once my father's valet and afterwards his butler; Whalley, the Scotch bailiff at Addington; Mrs Cave, my mother's maid; Mrs Jones the housekeeper; Sarah Stevens, the first housemaid at Lambeth, who came with us from Truro,—were some among many devoted servants, several of them most religious-minded men and women, whom it was our privilege to have about us. My father studied their ways, thought of them, talked to them and about them, showed his gratitude for their devotion, and won their faithful love. Servants stayed long with us, returned to us, and in after days visited us; the relations between them and my father were never formal, rather patriarchal in character.

Nothing, again, was more eager than the way in which he threw himself into the interests of his children, and this increased rather than diminished as time went on, and as his sympathies widened. He said to me once that he had been late in discovering that one cannot alter the decided bent of a character, and the interest he took in my brother Fred's writings was an instance of this. He did not care for fiction, still less for fashionable fiction; but he read my brother's books with a candid admiration for their *élan*, their vigour, though with a kind of mystification as to whence those qualities were inherited; and he was intensely amused to hear a report that he himself had read *Dodo* "with the tears streaming down his cheeks."

Though he welcomed warmly any new line, any fresh developement, which might be alien though not opposed to his own, he loved perhaps above all to recognise the fruit of seeds which he himself had sown, the upshot of interests which he himself had implanted in us.

While I was still a boy at Eton, he used to encourage me to send him anything I wrote, translations or original poetry, and he returned them carefully corrected with many suggestions. And one can hardly express with what graciousness he received and with what tenderness he valued the firstfruits of one's work,—as when I was able to present to him my first book of poems which I had dedicated to himself.

Again he had always desired that one at least of his sons should take Orders; he never urged it; but when the choice was voluntarily made by my youngest brother it will be seen with what heartfelt joy he welcomed it.

He used to be preoccupied with deep anxiety with regard to his children. My mother has told me that before she went down to breakfast, he would pray at his prie-dieu, in the simplest and most affecting way, mentioning one after another of his family by name, and praying for their special needs to be supplied. At the same time he often exaggerated trivial points, thinking them to be indications of character and bent, even when they were quite fortuitous. I remember a little instance of this when we were all staying at Porlock Weir; I was then an Eton boy and suffered for some days from toothache, which I did not happen to mention; and finding that it was painful to open my mouth, went two or three walks with him and others but said nothing; he made himself very unhappy over this and came to the conclusion I had something on my mind which I could not tell him—so indeed I had, but it was only a toothache.

He used to lament sometimes, if one of his children happened to be silent or preoccupied, over their uncommunicativeness, and say that he did not possess their confidence; indeed his sensitiveness to the way in which he was regarded by any member of his home circle was quite extraordinary and never diminished. Shortly after the death of my eldest sister, he asked our dear friend Lucy Tait, whose sister was married, to come and make her home with us, and from the moment that she entered our household she was to him as a beloved daughter. With very different traditions and instincts they often had heated arguments on points about which they disagreed. On one occasion she and my father had a difference about felling timber in the Park; he was anxious to open up views, while she disliked the trees being removed; there was a contention between them, and he spoke strongly, but atoned for it a few days afterwards by presenting her, with a smile, with a little axe made after his own design.

But it is impossible to exaggerate the intense delight that my father took in family life. Indeed it played so large a part in his whole career that it is difficult to imagine him without it. He always wanted as many as possible of his family to be with him. When he first went to Wellington my mother was for years the daily companion of his walks. As his children grew older, he always wished to have them about him and with him; he was not content with one companion, but always desired that all should be there.

"My dearest love to the dearests," he wrote to my mother on one of his visits to London in 1881,—"I think I ought always to have *one* with me here. They could go into a state of coma when I went out, and *thus* would not find it *dull*." In a similar letter, looking forward to his return to Kenwyn, he wrote: "I had rather teach Hugh Greek, or walk with the girls, than anything else—and

would promise not to be idle!" And again in more serious strain;—"How little we knew of the intense brightness which was shining over us at Wellington College! What the blessings to us of those children were! And now I do not know how to look on to the years without little children."

He was fond, as I have said, of playing writing games with us in the evening in holidays; every member of the party wrote a question: the questions were then shaken together and distributed, and answered in verse by other members of the party. But his great pleasure was to have everything written by the others read over more than once, and to express his appreciation. The following are some instances of his versifying. In answer to the question

*Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?*

the Archbishop wrote:—

Alas! my spells are earthy of the earth;
Hid juices of the leaf, petal or root,
Or harsh metallic powers, whose utmost worth
Is of the magnet or that amber fruit.

Powers that yon crucible, or silken motion
Quickens or lays to rest; their true consent
Is with the throbbing fabric; subtlest lotion
Sinks not beyond the subtle element.

But a diseasèd soul is Heaven in trouble;
A myriad angels out of heart; a light
From the seven lamps flashing out false and double;
Some deep rebellion in the infinite.

You but behold it mirrored in a glass—
You can but listen to its echo, caught
Upon a whispering shell, and made to pass
In horror o'er vain lips and broken thought.

Therefore my ministering spells are naught—
Past time and space and all created dower,
Seek to the realm wherein the willing thought
Took itself captive, shatter'd its bright power.

In answer to

*What is the most threatening cloud on the political horizon?*

he wrote in 1891:—

"Before thy temple, goddess pure,
Thou standest, and thy helmet plume
Is seen o'er all the Aegean spume,
To storm-tost men a beacon sure.

"Athena! down from Macedon,
To where sharp Malea parts the seas,
What is it thy wise owlet sees?
Which the dim cloudlet we must shun,

"Wherein some fount of wrathful fire
Lurks, or some deluge of cyclone,
Some windy wreck of rocks o'erthrown,
Some torch to light our city's pyre?"

One breath just curled that lip divine,
A sudden moisture dewed the eyes—
We gazed with faithless mute surprise,
While this sad answer swept the brine.

"Nowhence but from within the curse
That wrecks the temple and the state—
Seek self, not truth—let calm debate
In passion choke—and is there worse?

"Let rulers by the crowd be ruled:
Let law's high dooms be falsely spoke,
Then is Athena's compact broke—
And self by self is schooled and fooled.

"Farewell"—the plume in thunder waved—
The mighty lip was still once more—
The dew on that full orb was frore—
And Athens, Athens was not saved.

He began lightly and finished seriously this answer to

*Whoever said so?*

There is no balm i' the hyacinthine sea—
No song in the deep tremblings of the moon,
Nor shadow in the humming of the bee,
Nor stillness in the roll of the bassoon—
Who ever said so?

But in thy voice is balm for sick men's thought,
And in thy merest movement there is song—
And shade and light into thy whisp'rings wrought,
Make peace and joy my deepest deeps among—
Hath no man said so?

For why? because they each in each are one—
One and no more things each one doth and can.
But thou art all things sweet beneath the sun,
All bright, all strong, all peace to any man—
Me most, who said so.

I will give one further instance of his verse, written privately and laid among his papers.

He was fond of watching from his study and dressing-room windows at Addington the swallows, or rather house-martins which used to go and come in that sunny corner. In two or three of the frescoes in the Chapel he had represented a martin, settling or flying, and in 1889 he wrote these touching verses in memory of his eldest boy:

*The Martin.*

The Martins are back to cornice and eaves
Fresh from the glassy sea.
The Martin of Martins my soul bereaves
Flying no more to me.

One of them clung to the window-side,
And twittered a note to me.
"There's a Martin beyond or wind or tide
Whom you know better than we.

"His nest is hid in a clustered rose
On the Prince's own roof-tree,
When the Prince incomes, when the Prince outgoes,
The Prince looks up to see.

"Calls him hither or sends him there,
To the Friends of the Holy Three,
With a word of love, or a touch of care.
Why was he sent to thee?"

Martin I know. And when he went home
He carried my heart from me.
Half I remain. Ere Martinmas come
Go with this message from me.

Say "Thou Prince, he is wholly Thine!
Sent once on a message to me.
Yet suffer me soon, at morning shine,
To see him on Thy roof-tree."

*Sept.* 16, 1889 (ADDINGTON).

## ADDENDUM

(Note on Chap. XI.)

Until the time of Chancellor Massingberd the special functions attached to the Chancellorship of Lincoln Cathedral had been in abeyance, for many years. Chancellor Massingberd, however, being anxious to revive as far as possible the individual characteristics of the office, delivered a course of Lent Lectures in 1864 in the Morning Chapel of the Cathedral; in the Advent of the same year he delivered an Advent Lecture in the Nave of the Cathedral. He offered to undertake gratuitously the office of Inspector of religious education in the Diocese, and shortly before his death he hired a house in which the students of a "restored school of Divinity" might reside.

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KING ALFRED'S COLLEGE

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